Collier's

May 19, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

**RUDOLPH HALLEY**

How He Nailed America's Racketeers

LANDING SIGNAL OFFICER—THE NAVY PILOT'S GUIDE TO SAFETY

**Are You Smarter Than A College Freshman?**

[TEST ON PAGE 22]

# THE HIGH COST

Bill Davidson Exposes ‘Profite

MARY A BECK
10 BELL AV
PITTSBURGH 5
PA
17JA53
485797
C R2Y

# "I've been to Milwaukee, I ought to know...

# Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer!"

says George Sanders
Internationally famous screen star

● "I've been to Milwaukee many times," says genial George Sanders. "And I'm well acquainted with its fine art collection and fine premium beers. I've tried all its brews. And of them all . . . *my* favorite is Blatz. It's Milwaukee's favorite beer . . . because it's Milwaukee's *finest* beer!" Yes—*official figures* show that Blatz is the *largest-selling beer in Milwaukee and all Wisconsin,* too. Try Blatz Beer, today!

● George Sanders and his lovely wife, Sari, are both devotees of the arts. Here they're shown with the Curator at Milwaukee's famed Charles Allis Art Library. In paintings and in premium beers, George Sanders does appreciate quality.

● Take the advice of connoisseur George Sanders and always ask for Blatz... Milwaukee's *finest* beer . . . at your favorite club, tavern, restaurant, package, or neighborhood store. Enjoy that wonderful, wonderful Blatz Beer flavor today!

**Milwaukee's *first* bottled beer**

Blatz
Milwaukee's first bottled beer
Blatz
Milwaukee's first bottled beer

Blatz

BREWING
BETTER BEER
FOR THE
100th
YEAR

©1951, Blatz Brewing Co., Est. 1851 in Milwaukee, Wis.

# HELPING TO KEEP AMERICA STRONG

**America's destiny rides on her ability to produce. Day and night, the telephone helps our factories get out the goods and the guns. In many other ways it helps to safeguard the country and its people.**

**Civilian Defense.** The telephone is an essential link in national, state and local defense. One of the Bell System's most important current undertakings is the installation of telephone facilities for a Radar Network rimming the country.

**Meeting Military Needs.** Thousands of miles of private line networks have already been provided for military needs. Long Distance as well as local telephone facilities are also being built and installed in record time for military bases and training camps all over the country.

**Arms and Radar Leader.** The Nation's largest producer of gun directors, radar equipment, radio and telephones for military use during the last war was the Western Electric Company, manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. Western Electric and Bell Laboratories completed over 1200 military projects. They are again working on special defense assignments.

**Value of Growth.** Times of national emergency emphasize the value of a nationwide telephone system big enough and good enough to meet the needs of its people, its armed forces, and its industries.

Whatever the job, the Nation can depend on the telephone and on telephone people to help get it done.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

Vitalis
"LIVE-ACTION*" care
gives you
Handsomer Hair!

**FEEL** the difference
in your scalp—**SEE** the difference
in your hair!

What a wonderful wake-up glow in your scalp — when you use *"Live-Action"* Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout!"

**50 seconds'** massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates the scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair.

**Then 10 seconds** to comb . . . and your hair is neater, handsomer—set to stay that way the whole day through! Natural looking—never "slicked down." For one thing, Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum.

For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "Live-Action" Vitalis at any drug counter or at your barber shop. *Vitalis is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.*

● **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout *stimulates* scalp, prevents dryness.

*Vitalis
and the
"60-Second Workout"

**NEW!** For Cream Tonic Fans . . . VITALIS Hair CREAM . . . *lighter-bodied* than ordinary cream oils! No heavy film, no sticky comb, no messy hands!

ALBERT E. WINGER
*Chairman of the Board*

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
*President*

# Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher*
GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
JOHN DENSON, *Foreign Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*

*Associate Editors* · BERT BACHARACH · WARREN BROWN · JEAN B. CAMPBELL
SEY CHASSLER · LORNA D. CHESSON · ALLEN CLEATON · LONNIE COLEMAN
JOHN CONNER · BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · DIANA HIRSH · MANLEY JACKSON
JAMES M. KAHN · JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR · MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY
JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER · CORNELIUS RYAN · RED SMITH
JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE · JAMES N. YOUNG

*Editorial Research* · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief*
DIANE DOWNS, BIANCA TONETTI, MARTHA WEINMAN

*Bureaus*
WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief;* TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST *(Los Angeles):* THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief;* JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST *(Chicago):* BILL FAY
EUROPE *(Paris):* SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM ATTWOOD, ROBERT SHAPLEN
FAR EAST *(Tokyo):* CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, BILL STAPLETON, HOWARD BRODIE

## May 19, 1951

### ARTICLES

*The High Cost of Dying* . . . . . BILL DAVIDSON 13
*Supermarkets—There'll Be Another One Along Any Minute* . . JOHN CONNER 18
*They Know All the Answers* . . . . . HERBERT YAHRAES 22
*Rudolph Halley—How He Nailed America's Racketeers* . . . . . LESTER VELIE 24
*Man's Greatest Challenge* . . . . . WILLIAM S. DUTTON 28
(Concluding THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION STORY)
*"Annapolis of the Air"* . . . . . 30
*Prescription for Summer Comfort* . . . . . BERT BACHARACH 70

### FICTION

*Talk about Exclusive* . . . . . AL HINE 16
*Spring Is Like a Girl* . . . . . WILLARD H. TEMPLE 20
*A Shot in the Dark* . . . . . RICHARD POWELL 26
(PART FOUR OF FIVE PARTS)
*Give a Man Rope* . . . . . STUART CLOETE 32
*The Pumpernickel* . . . . . RAY BRADBURY 34
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

●

*48 States of Mind* . . . . . WALTER DAVENPORT 8
*Closing Out the Map Museum* . . . . . W. F. MIKSCH 10
*Editorial* . . . . . 86
*Cover* . . . . . BILL STAPLETON

**Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.**

**COLLIER'S** THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 127, No. 20.

**PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

**ENTERED** as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

**MANUSCRIPTS** or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Sentinel
CLOCKS AND WATCHES

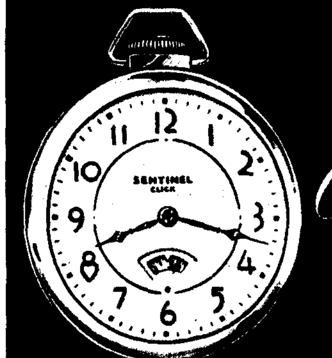
. . . . *dependable and surprisingly low priced . . . are wonderful timepiece values.*

SENTINEL
LITTLE Pal
ALARM CLOCK

*Short and sweet. Designed by Henry Dreyfuss. DEPENDABLE 40-hour movement. Just one key to wind. Ivory enameled case. Choice of plain, $3.95*, or radium, $4.50*.*

SENTINEL
Diamond
WRIST WATCH

*Efficient movement in a handsome 10 kt. rolled gold plate case with chrome plated back. Compact, but easy to read. Fine leather strap, $4.95*. With chromium plated case, $4.50*.*



SENTINEL
Click
POCKET WATCH

*Rugged, accurate. Mirror-chrome finish . . . rotating dial times the seconds. Break-proof crystal . . . raised numeral dial. Built for action! Buy it for work, for sports, for a spare, for the kids. Plain, $2.95*, or radium, $3.50*.*

Balances are electronically inspected and radar timed. Sentinels can't be overwound!

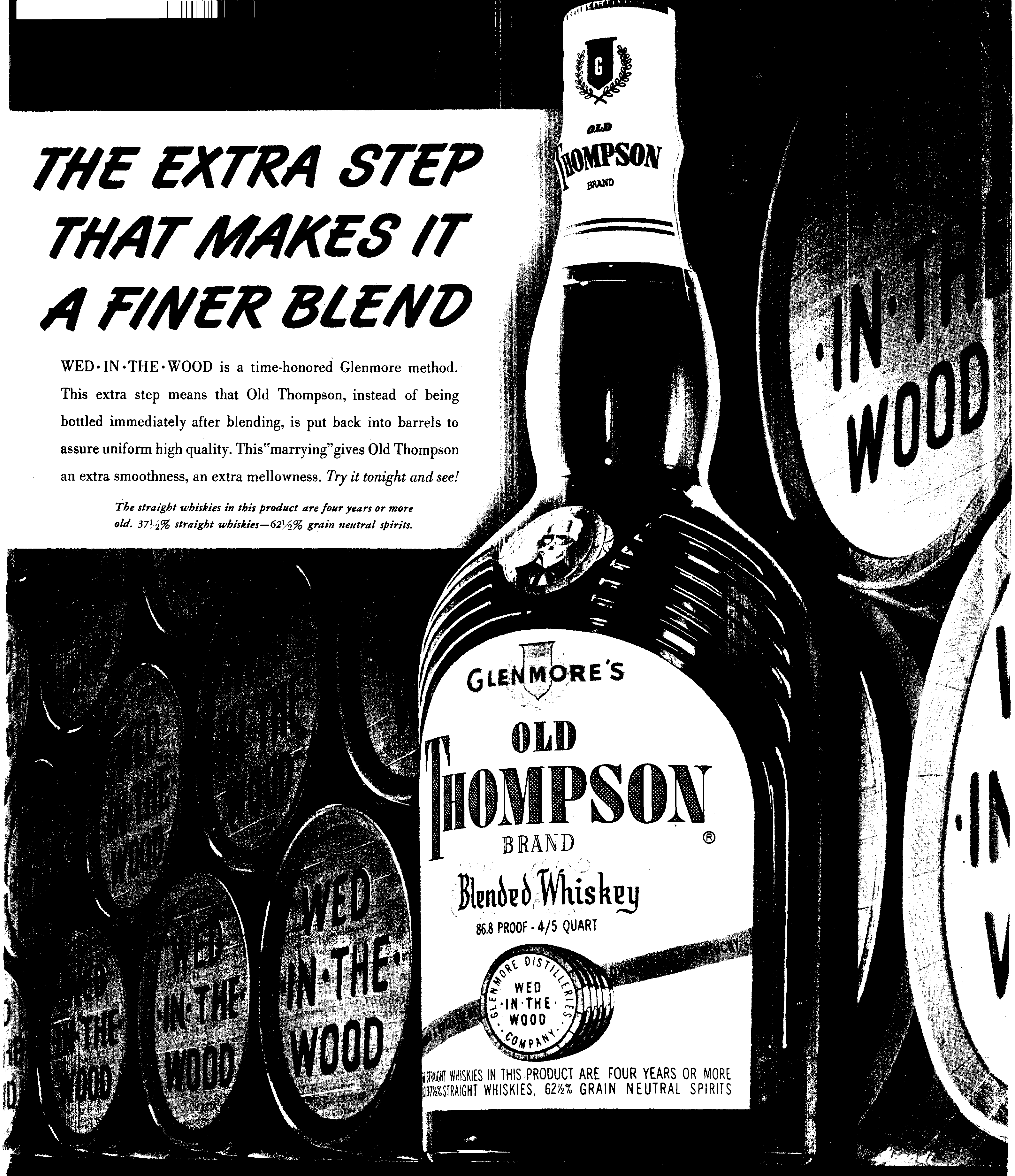
*Plus tax, specifications and prices subject to change.

THE
SENTINEL
LINE OF Clocks and Watches
THE E. INGRAHAM COMPANY BRISTOL, CONN.

# THE EXTRA STEP THAT MAKES IT A FINER BLEND

WED • IN • THE • WOOD is a time-honored Glenmore method. This extra step means that Old Thompson, instead of being bottled immediately after blending, is put back into barrels to assure uniform high quality. This "marrying" gives Old Thompson an extra smoothness, an extra mellowness. *Try it tonight and see!*

*The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.*


OLD THOMPSON BRAND
GLENMORE'S
OLD THOMPSON BRAND ®
Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF • 4/5 QUART
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
WED • IN • THE • WOOD
STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE
37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
WED IN THE WOOD
IN THE WOOD
WED • IN • THE • WOOD

© G. D. CO.

## A FINER BLEND FROM OLD KENTUCKY

NEW G·E RADIOS lead a double life!

"All year" PORTABLE RADIOS

Now! Get twice the usefulness, twice the enjoyment with this exciting new G-E radio! Outdoors, it's a handsome portable—weighs only 5 lbs. with batteries! Indoors, it's a smart table radio for your living room, bedroom, kitchen. Powerful, big-set performance everywhere on AC, DC or batteries. New dual dial for easier, surer tuning . . . upright or flat. G-E engineering assures dependability. Choose from Burgundy red or Cactus green at your General Electric dealer's now! Model 605, **$36.95***

*General Electric Co., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.*

New Super-Powered Portable

**BRINGS IN HARD-TO-GET STATIONS!**

Gets distant stations sharp and clear! On house current, easy-to-tune dial is illuminated! Wonderful performance indoors and out on AC, DC or batteries! Burgundy red or Cactus green. **$46.50***

**Less batteries. Prices subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.*

**Model 610**

*You can put your confidence in—*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

# The Cover

As a salute to Armed Forces Day (May 19th), we present Landing Signal Officer Lt. L. B. Lampman of Corry Field, near Pensacola, Fla., where naval aviation fliers learn to bring their planes to safe stops on flattop decks. With the landing area necessarily restricted, the fighter or bomber pilot must depend solely upon the man with the flags and fluorescent suit, whose quick-decision job it is to inform the flier whether his approach is correct and to signal him when to cut his engine and land—whoomp!—so the tail hook will catch one of the arresting cables on the flight deck. A veteran of 14 years, Lieutenant Lampman calls Port Angeles, Washington, his home town. For other Pensacola pictures and text on "Annapolis of the Air," see page 30.

# Week's Mail

### *Reporter's Quest*

EDITOR: You are rendering a fine service by your article A Reporter in Search of God, by Howard Whitman (Mar. 31st). I am glad to know that it is the first of a series.

Amid all the stresses and strains of our national and world affairs, it is heartening to know that people are turning to God for that inner security so necessary to a well-ordered and meaningful life.

ALBERT D. BETTS, Travelers Rest, S. C.

. . . A Reporter in Search of God is indeed one of the finest and most timely articles yet to appear in your magazine.

I feel certain that thousands of your readers will follow in the footsteps of Howard Whitman and do likewise.

ANNE GORMAN, Montreal, Canada

. . . We think Collier's is to be highly recommended for its publication of the unique article by Howard Whitman. It is heartwarming to think that Collier's, one of the leading magazines of the nation, has decided to devote articles in its coming issues to one of the most fundamental questions which we face.

ALFRED ZANE,
Secretary, The Biosophical Institute,
New York, N. Y.

. . . This is to give praise to you for A Reporter in Search of God, and for giving it number one place in your last issue. If there is an important question in the world confronting its people, this is it. More power behind it.

W. VAN NOSTRAND,
Chautauqua, N. Y.

. . . The article is interesting and timely. But I wonder why the author confines his search to the minds of confused humans?

God is not so hard to find. In fact, God makes the search easy when He tells us "Search the scriptures . . . they are they which testify of me." (John 5:39) No one should have much trouble finding me if I gave them my correct address, plus a road map. God does just that.

C. E. BOEDECKER, Starke, Fla.

. . . Howard Whitman's Search for God article is a wonderful start and if wisely followed up could be an enormous contribution to the betterment of all our lives.

ALLEN W. SMITH, Cambridge City, Ind.

. . . I do not think I can ever remember reading anything that impressed me as much as A Reporter in Search of God. I have read it three times and always get new thoughts.

I do hope it won't be too long before you print another installment.

MRS. CHESTER PENOLA, Clifton, N. J.

. . . Collier's article about a search for God is somewhat less than inspiring. It epitomizes the general search, not for a god, but for a scapegoat. Are we looking for someone to blame for our own ills? Are we cowards, ready to blame anyone, even God, for a mess that is our own fault through neglect if not by overt action?

There is no problem made by man that cannot be solved by men. (And women, naturally!) But solutions require guts and vision. The people of this article appear to have no great supply of either. It seems easier to sit by and let gangsterism and imperialism—our own as well as others—run wild and simply blame the result on God.

PRESTON SWEET, Dearborn, Mich.

. . . Howard Whitman has done an excellent piece of work in organizing his task. He really has "dealt with first things first," and dealt with them well. Such a series of articles, in a magazine like yours, will reach a multitude of searchers who never turn to the pages of the professional religious periodicals. You are to be congratulated for your insight in perceiving the need for this series in such a time as this.

JOSEPH R. NEWTON, Minister,
The Congregational Church,
Kennebunk, Me.

### *Confucius Say*

EDITOR: Your story by Murray Robinson about Max Asnas (Corned-Beef Confucius, Mar. 31st) brought to mind an experience a friend of mine had with him.

Several years back, Mannie Manheim, a Hollywood writer, was visiting in New York, and went into the Stage about 10:00 P.M. for dinner.

"Say, Max," said Mannie, "have you got any matzoth-ball soup?"

"Naw," said Max, "we ain't got it today, but if we did we'd be out of it by now."

RUTH MOSS, Syracuse, N. Y.

### *In Defense of the Sliphorn*

EDITOR: In Howard Taubman's interesting article on the great Toscanini (Mar. 31st) I find an anecdote of a tardy and careless trombonist who informs the fiery conductor, at the last minute, that "one of the low 'notes' on his instrument would not sound," and receives a demonstration of the well-known Toscanini memory. I'm sure he

*(Continued on page 61)*

*Every week, send me*

**Collier's**

☐ **for a YEAR (52 issues)** . . . **$5.00**
*SAVES YOU $2.80*
*from single copy price*

☐ **for 2 YEARS (104 issues) $8.00**
*SAVES YOU $7.60*

☐ REMITTANCE ENCLOSED

☐ PLEASE BILL ME 653

NAME ____________

*Send your order to*
**COLLIER'S, Springfield, Ohio**

"What every smoker wants... just read this page"

Dennis Morgan

See DENNIS MORGAN
Starring in "RATON PASS"
A Warner Bros. Production

FOR you

MILDNESS plus NO UNPLEASANT AFTER-TASTE

**OVER 1500 PROMINENT TOBACCO GROWERS SAY:** "When I apply the Standard Tobacco Growers' Test to cigarettes, I find Chesterfield is the one that smells Milder and smokes Milder."

**A WELL-KNOWN INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH ORGANIZATION REPORTS:** "Chesterfield is the only cigarette in which members of our taste panel found no unpleasant after-taste."

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1951, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

**"JEEPERS,** imagine meeting a guy like Bob on a cruise. But how much more attractive he'd be if he'd do something about that Dry Scalp! Dull, dry hair that won't stay put . . . and loose dandruff, too. He'll have clear sailing when I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

**IT'S SOUND ADVICE** for you, too! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day keep your hair and scalp in fine condition. Checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. Makes a grand difference in the good looks of your hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's double care for scalp and hair, and it's economical, too!

**Vaseline HAIR TONIC**

TRADE MARK®

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

# 48 States of Mind

## By WALTER DAVENPORT

Having given the country a painstaking scrutiny, peering into dark corners, cupping our ears with both hands and going even so far as to read the Congressional Record, we've come to a pretty obvious conclusion. There's no doubt that what this country needs is someone who knows what it needs.

* * *

The giants who decide what shall or shall not be taught at Harvard University are thinking of setting up a course designed to teach people "how to make up their minds." However, they haven't yet made up their minds. Congress could do worse than take the course. And, we anticipate, probably will.

* * *

There were only three prisoners in the Vienna, Georgia, cooler and they seemed happy. And well they might be, because Sheriff Byrom Fokes is known far and wide as a kindly penologist and his jailhouse as a comfortable spot wherein to atone for your sins. But when the sheriff, on the trail of malefactors who had been raiding candy shops, tobacco stores and filling stations, was told that his three prisoners had been seen around town of nights, his temper began slipping. He has now nailed up the window through which they left and returned, and has banished them to a jail less solicitous for their welfare. Sheriff Fokes's sneezer is normal again—empty.

* * *

School authorities in Oneida County, Wisconsin, have adopted a plan which has thrilled the kiddies. In Oneida about 1,500 children ride daily to school in busses. They arrive with their young minds dormant and surveys indicate it takes teacher about an hour to knead them into an absorbent state. The new idea fixes that. The authorities propose to equip the busses with radios which will be tuned in on educational programs to which the youngsters will, naturally, listen attentively. Thus, when they arrive at school, they'll be all warmed up and no time will be lost particularly in Howdy Doody history and Hopalong geography.

* * *

If everything goes well in Indiana, we foresee the day when a Hoosier can go shopping for, say a tonsillectomy. The State Medical Association is playing around with the idea that it might be good public relations if doctors would post their rates on their office walls. A couple of the lighter-minded medicos suggest posting rate cards in their windows. They argue that if a man's in a hurry for his operation, he can't waste time popping in and out of offices to read wall signs. The idea has been adopted in a few Indiana localities, and the Colorado Medical Association has already requested all the doctors in that state to adopt the idea. Obviously, if you're merely suffering from the itch, or a headache, or a cold in the noggin, you can saunter up and down seeking bargain-basement charges or until the fresh air fixes you up for free. You'd have more trouble, of course, shopping around with a broken leg.

TODAY'S SPECIAL
APPENDECTOMY
TONSILLECTOMY
$49.50

* * *

Senior Police Inspector Miles Furlong wishes the populace might come to some fairly enduring decision about his motorcar. Since January, his automobile has been stolen twice and, frankly, he's getting just a trifle tired of it. Betweentimes, the inspector uses a squad car. Last time our Detroit man saw him he was standing on Grand River Avenue thumbing a ride. "Not—not—oh not—," began our man. But the inspector interrupted him wearily. "Yep," said he, "it's gone."

* * *

We have a letter from a young man in Spartanburg, South Carolina, asking us to use our influence with the RFC. He'd like a couple of million dollars to finance a plan to manufacture plugs for income-tax loopholes. Offers to cut us in for 10 per cent. And another from a member of Congress asking us to sound out the public on a bill he'd like to introduce. It would make it illegal to write letters to your congressman.

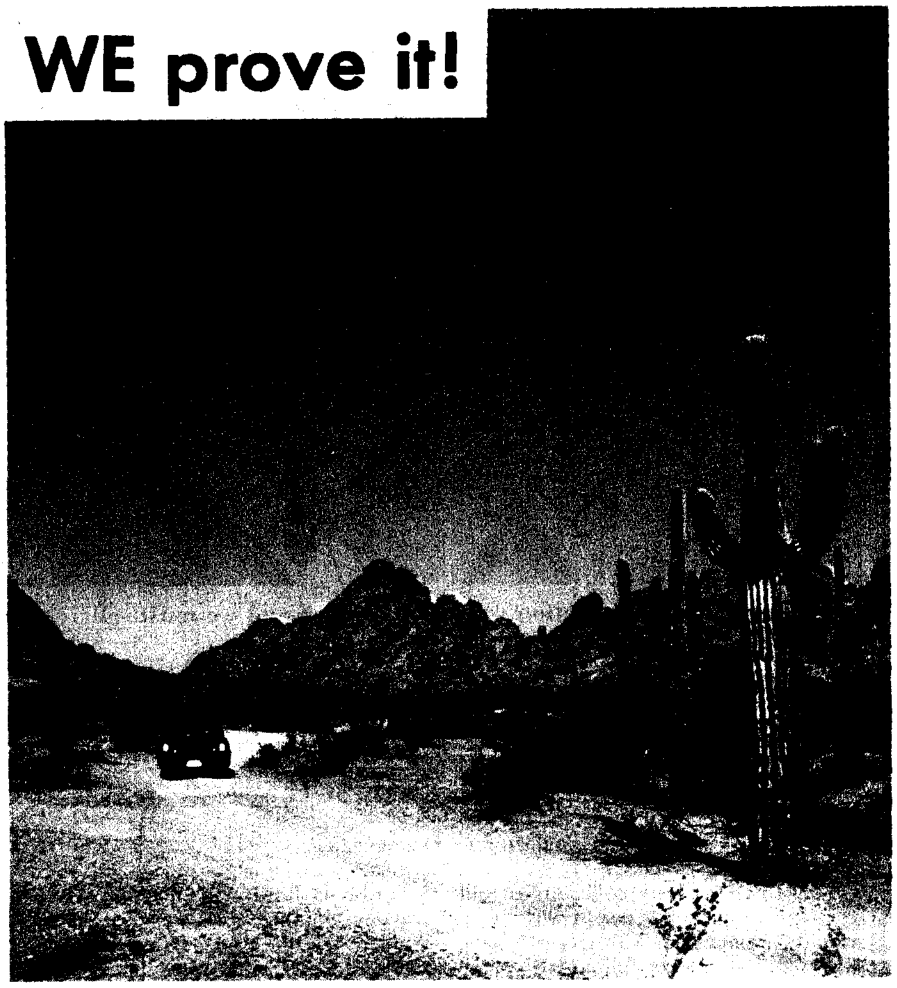
* * *

She wandered daintily across the young spring grass of the White House lawn, paused for a moment to survey the stately portico, yawned pinkly and, treading softly like a suave diplomat, entered the mansion. Then, having surveyed the men at repairs and given them her approval, she ascended the broad staircase with dignity and circumspection. On the second floor she paused at the door of the bedroom that

*(Continued on page 55)*

JACK BETTS

## WE prove it!

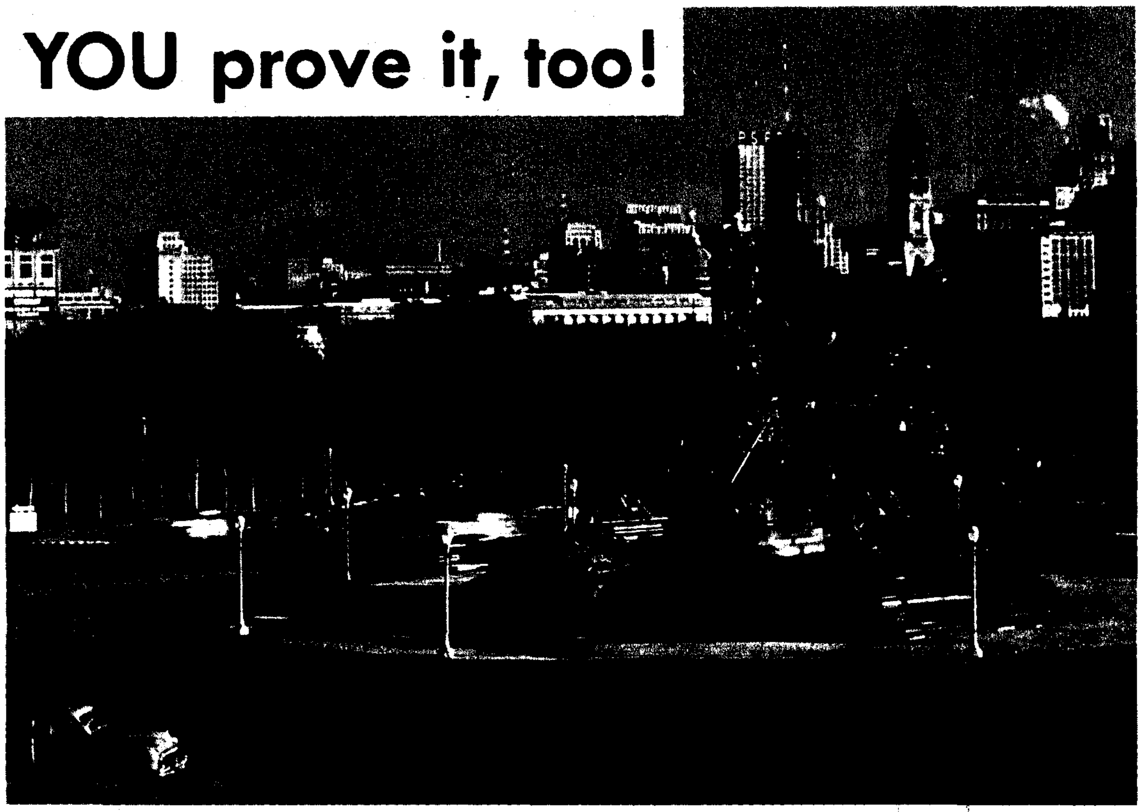


**You'd drive** a hundred miles out of your way to avoid the kind of roads we look for when we test Super-Cushions! Pounding these tires over such rough terrain as this Western desert road, we've proved time and again that for *all-around* performance the Super-Cushion is in a class by itself!

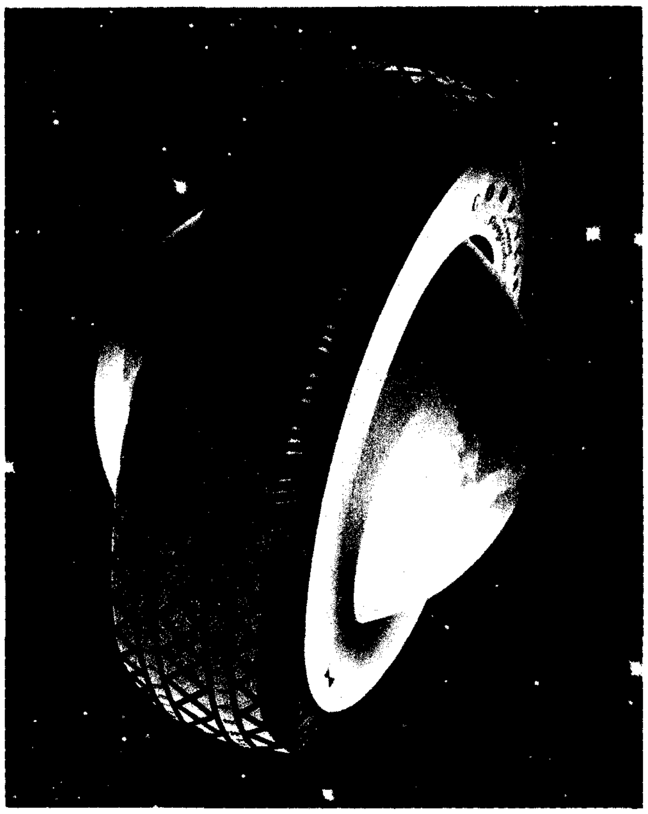
## CAR MAKERS prove it!

**Automobile manufacturers** test-drive their cars on all kinds of roads, such as this one at Cheyenne Canyon, Colo. These automobile manufacturers in Detroit, motor capital of the world, really know tires—and *put more Goodyear Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire.*

## YOU prove it, too!



**Put Goodyear Super-Cushions** on your car. Your own driving experience will then show that for all-around performance—*safety, soft ride, and long, trouble-free mileage*—Super-Cushions can't be equalled. No wonder more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind! (Above: Philadelphia, Pa.)



**This month,** Goodyear will produce its 525,000,000th pneumatic motor vehicle tire! Not just *more* tires—but *millions* more—than any other manufacturer.

## More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

**Super-Cushion by GOODYEAR**

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

But When is Sometime?
ANNE'S GOING TO GIVE ME A DATE "SOMETIME"—BUT "SOMETIME" NEVER COMES! AND WHAT SHE HAS AGAINST ME IS ANYBODY'S GUESS!
IF YOU WANT MY GUESS, YOUR TROUBLE'S BAD BREATH, DICK! SO DIAL YOUR DENTIST, CHUM, AND SEE HIM—FAST!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
SINCE I DISCOVERED COLGATE CARE ANNE AND I ARE AN "ALL-TIME" PAIR!
Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

**READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with**

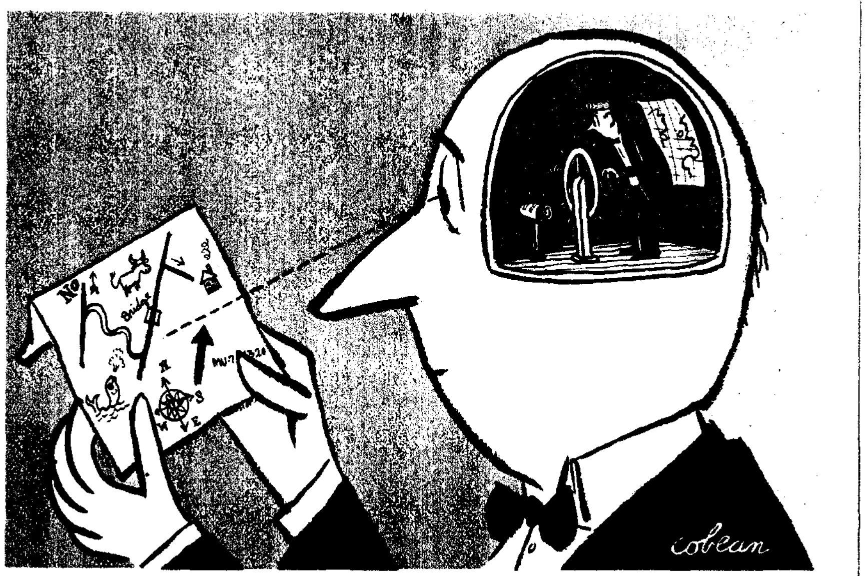
**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST**

**MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!**

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

***YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the *one and only* toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.**



**Our priceless collection is attracting mice and we must sell**

# *Closing Out the Map Museum*

## By W. F. MIKSCH

DRAWING BY SAM COBEAN

IF THERE are any collectors of old maps in the audience, I wish they would communicate with me, as I have a whole desk drawer full, any of which would look peachy in a frame or pasted on a lamp shade.

My wife and I acquired these maps over a period of years mostly from friends who lived in or moved to the suburbs and who urged us to drive out and find them some Sunday afternoon. "Here, let me draw you a map," they would say, "and then you can't miss it." Either they underestimated our prowess at missing things or they sketched in a couple of wrong turns so as to guarantee themselves undisturbed Sabbaths.

The few times we tried to follow one of these routings we wound up axle-deep in mud at the dead end of a cow-path, or—if it was our lucky day—right back in our own driveway. After a little of this we simply accepted the maps, murmured our thanks, and filed them in the desk drawer mentioned.

*But now that this priceless collection* has begun to attract mice, we are forced to auction it off. Here is the Advance Catalogue of Sale:

ITEM 1: A fairly unusual specimen of impromptu cartography by one Fred Kleintop, purporting to show directions to his new home in the outskirts of Trenton, New Jersey. A highly interesting feature of this map is the way the artist has drawn U.S. Highway 1 running east and west. A true primitive, drawn with the end of a burnt match on a scrap of paper picnic napkin.

ITEM 2: Map consisting solely of three bold, disconnected pencil strokes on the reverse side of a used bridge-game tally. Artist unknown. Destination doubtful. Only clue is written notation· "We live in here about six," which could mean six doors in, six blocks in, or six miles in.

ITEM 3: Miniature map, exquisitely done with a balky ball-point pen on the inside cover of a match folder. Drafted especially for us by Charlie Gusset the summer the Gussets rented a cottage in the Poconos. Curiously enough, neither the Gusset cottage nor the road leading in to it is shown, as Charlie ran out of space. But he did start off with a beautiful sketch of *our* house, almost as if he hoped it would look so good to us we wouldn't want to leave it to go and visit them.

ITEM 4: Rare map in multicolored crayons pointing the way to Camp Wakkaloosi for boys. Drawn by ten-year-old Cub Scout vacationing there and mailed to his parents, who happen to be our next-door neighbors. At lower right, in a border of crudely drawn powder horns and frontier rifles, is this legend: "Dear Dad—Sinse you and mother don't have a car why don't you get the Peopel next door to drive you up here Sunday becawse its eazy to find?" A fascinating map inasmuch as it contains many authentic Indian trail signs; otherwise quite inaccurate.

ITEM 5: Topographic study showing how to get to Ray and Flo's house. Ray has carefully marked in every diner, hot-dog stand and ice-cream cup along the route, which is a rather amusing side light if one happens to know Flo and how she hates to cook.

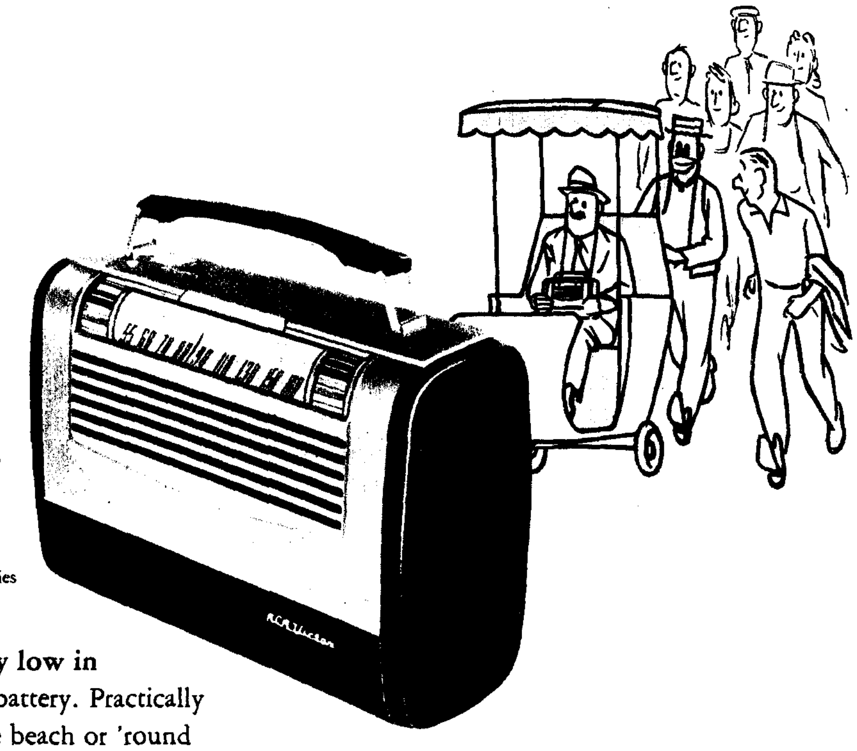
ITEM 6: Odd lot of three anonymous maps. The artistic merit of each lies chiefly in the highly ingenious mediums employed: eyebrow pencil on cellophane, nail-point etching on scrap of asbestos shingle, and a most uncommon example of writing on aluminum foil candy-wrap with the end of a chocolate bar. (The latter is a little too badly smudged to guarantee that it was a map originally, but it does resemble one that might have been done by some resourceful fellow who suddenly found himself without paper or pencil. At least it demonstrates how a good grade of milk chocolate will hold up even after months in a glove compartment.)

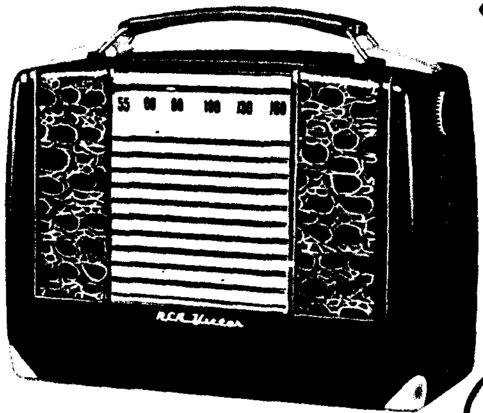
ITEM 7: Detail map on unprinted portion of Christmas card, including this most revealing holograph by the artists: "Did we tell you we moved? When you're out driving around, look us up. Peggy and Claude." The road to their place seems to go off in all directions, even doubling back and intersecting itself at several points. Finally it runs right off the bottom of the card, but just before this there is a little square with an X inside that is labeled: "House. We don't live here but you can stop and ask directions."

Naturally the above items represent only a partial listing. The entire collection may be viewed at our home, which you can hardly miss if you stay on Route 309 as far as Sellersville and then turn . . . Wait, let me draw you a map. THE END

*Wherever you go, whichever you get,*
*You'll travel with the smartest set*

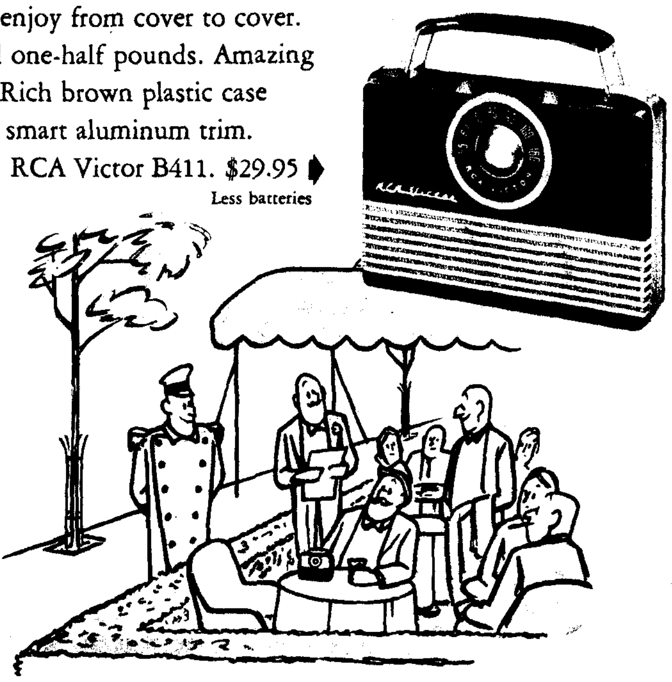
**The "Globe Trotter"—Aristocrat of Portables**—brings in distant stations *clearly*. Handsome, lightweight case is *weatherized* aluminum with leatherette trim. Plays on AC, DC or battery. "Golden Throat" tone system. RCA Victor BX6. $49.95 Less batteries





◄ **3-way Portable, comfortably low in price.** Plays on AC, DC or battery. Practically a necessity on a picnic, at the beach or 'round the house. "Golden Throat" tone system. Stunning alligator-grain plastic finish. RCA Victor BX57. $34.95 Less batteries

**"Personal" Radio, no bigger than a book**—and it's one you'll enjoy from cover to cover. Weighs only three and one-half pounds. Amazing tone, big room-size volume. Rich brown plastic case has smart aluminum trim. RCA Victor B411. $29.95 ►
Less batteries



Good company anywhere
RCA VICTOR
pick of the portables

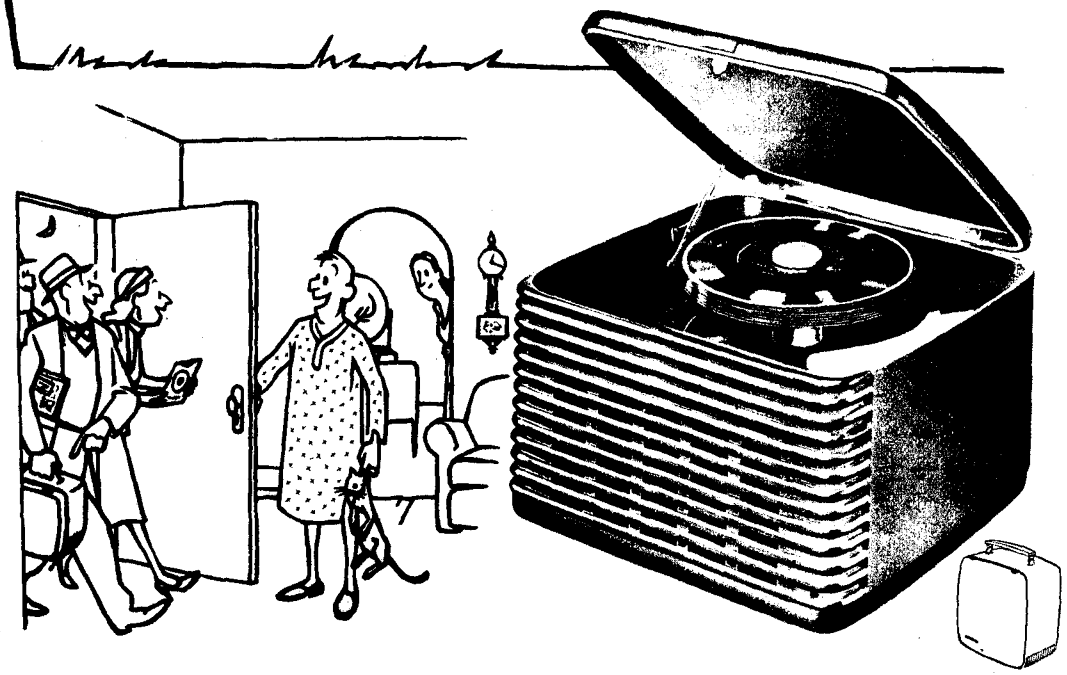
Always buy RCA batteries. They're engineered for extra listening hours.

Prices shown are suggested list prices subject to change without notice, slightly higher in the far West and South.

*Your welcome's sure when you arrive,*
*If you plug-in 'n play this "45"*

**"Victrola" 45 Personal**—a complete phonograph that plugs into any standard AC electrical outlet. It's "all play and no work" with the non-breakable 45 rpm records. Press one button—hear an hour-long concert of *just* the music you want. RCA Victor 45EY3. $34.95

"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



In lightweight plastic, with convenient carrying handle.

**RCA VICTOR**
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
**World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television**

# *Thoroughbred Performance*

## *starts with* TOP QUALITY

THE GENERAL TIRE appeals most to those who expect the most from their tires. The most protection against present-day driving hazards. The most security against blowouts and skidding. The longest-lasting, trouble-free performance that only Top Quality provides.

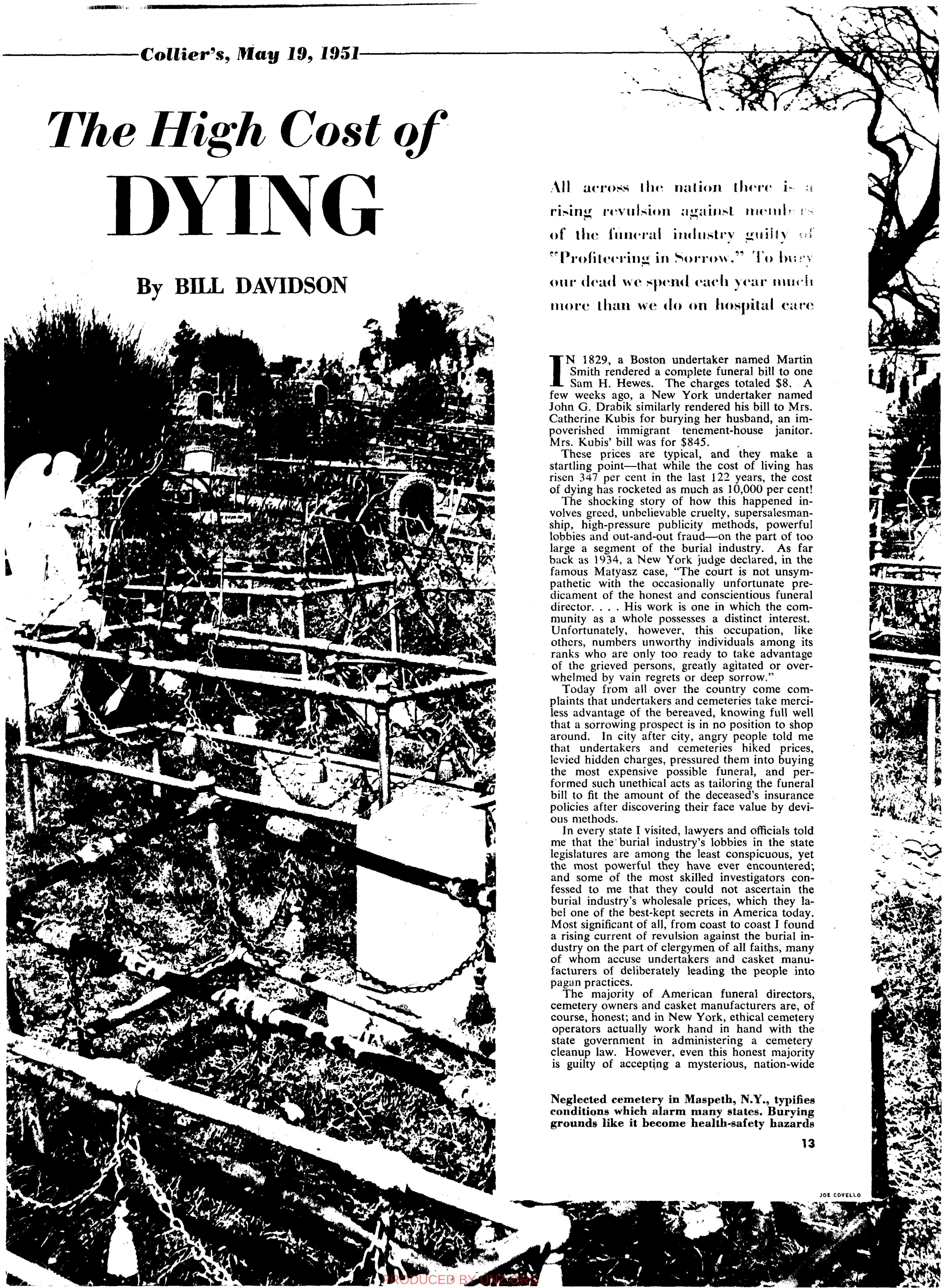
*Goes a Long Way to Make Friends*

**THE GENERAL TIRE**

*Clothes*
*from*
*Bonwit Teller*

# *The High Cost of* DYING

### By BILL DAVIDSON



**All across the nation there is a rising revulsion against members of the funeral industry guilty of "Profiteering in Sorrow." To bury our dead we spend each year much more than we do on hospital care**

IN 1829, a Boston undertaker named Martin Smith rendered a complete funeral bill to one Sam H. Hewes. The charges totaled $8. A few weeks ago, a New York undertaker named John G. Drabik similarly rendered his bill to Mrs. Catherine Kubis for burying her husband, an impoverished immigrant tenement-house janitor. Mrs. Kubis' bill was for $845.

These prices are typical, and they make a startling point—that while the cost of living has risen 347 per cent in the last 122 years, the cost of dying has rocketed as much as 10,000 per cent!

The shocking story of how this happened involves greed, unbelievable cruelty, supersalesmanship, high-pressure publicity methods, powerful lobbies and out-and-out fraud—on the part of too large a segment of the burial industry. As far back as 1934, a New York judge declared, in the famous Matyasz case, "The court is not unsympathetic with the occasionally unfortunate predicament of the honest and conscientious funeral director. . . . His work is one in which the community as a whole possesses a distinct interest. Unfortunately, however, this occupation, like others, numbers unworthy individuals among its ranks who are only too ready to take advantage of the grieved persons, greatly agitated or overwhelmed by vain regrets or deep sorrow."

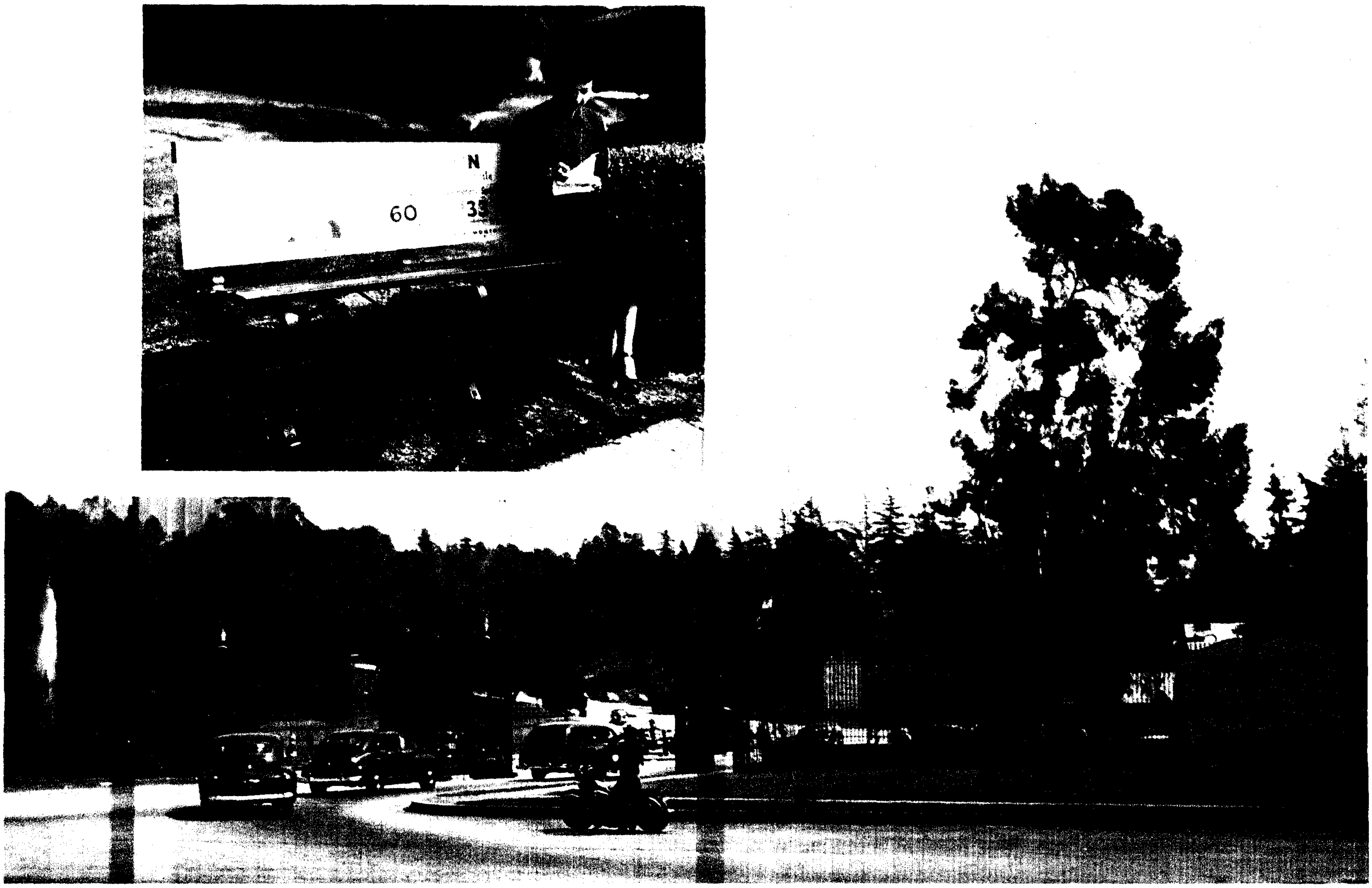
Today from all over the country come complaints that undertakers and cemeteries take merciless advantage of the bereaved, knowing full well that a sorrowing prospect is in no position to shop around. In city after city, angry people told me that undertakers and cemeteries hiked prices, levied hidden charges, pressured them into buying the most expensive possible funeral, and performed such unethical acts as tailoring the funeral bill to fit the amount of the deceased's insurance policies after discovering their face value by devious methods.

In every state I visited, lawyers and officials told me that the burial industry's lobbies in the state legislatures are among the least conspicuous, yet the most powerful they have ever encountered; and some of the most skilled investigators confessed to me that they could not ascertain the burial industry's wholesale prices, which they label one of the best-kept secrets in America today. Most significant of all, from coast to coast I found a rising current of revulsion against the burial industry on the part of clergymen of all faiths, many of whom accuse undertakers and casket manufacturers of deliberately leading the people into pagan practices.

The majority of American funeral directors, cemetery owners and casket manufacturers are, of course, honest; and in New York, ethical cemetery operators actually work hand in hand with the state government in administering a cemetery cleanup law. However, even this honest majority is guilty of accepting a mysterious, nation-wide

**Neglected cemetery in Maspeth, N.Y., typifies conditions which alarm many states. Burying grounds like it become health-safety hazards**

JOE COVELLO



**Motorcycle escort accompanies funeral cortege through main gates of California's fabulous Forest Lawn. Sign (inset) at bus stop not far from cemetery advertises undertaking bargain, but spot check set up by writer established that terms offered actually were not available**

fixing and raising of prices to the point where the American people now pay three quarters of a *billion* dollars a year to the burial industry—almost one-and-a-half times what they pay for hospital care.

Such funeral costs are unheard of in any other country except Canada; and in the nations of Europe with the highest standards of living it still is possible to get a complete, dignified funeral for well under $100. This is what makes the entire American industry suspect. But even more shameful is the industry's continuing sanctimonious claims for all its members, when court records and government investigations turn up one case after another of what New York's Attorney General Nathaniel L. Goldstein recently labeled "Profiteering in Sorrow."

Goldstein discovered, for example, that Springfield Cemetery in Queens County, New York, was charging a fixed fee for the burial of stillborn babies and then interring the infants, at a shallower level, in already occupied graves. In his official report to Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the attorney general also reported the case of a soldier killed in action in Germany whose body was brought back to be buried in his own family's paid-up plot in Cedar Grove Cemetery on Long Island. But the GI was refused burial by cemetery officials and his funeral was held up until the boy's grief-stricken father would agree to pay an assessment "for general maintenance of the cemetery grounds" through the years—a charge for which he had never been billed before.

In a famous Pennsylvania case in 1942, an immigrant dock laborer named Mellon died, leaving about $1,350 which he had saved out of his $4- to $20-a-week earnings. A local undertaker got hold of Mr. Mellon's remains and promptly gave him a magnificent funeral costing exactly $1,350. This sum was cut to $350 by the trial judge, who declared, "If no one else objects to such expenditure, the court will."

In Texas and Delaware, state courts tried heartrending cases in which funeral directors were found guilty of substituting cheaper coffins for the ones that were selected and paid for by the survivors.

### Widow Collects for Mental Cruelty

Most callous of all was a North Carolina case in which an establishment known as the Fraternal Funeral Home actually held a man's body without burying it, as security against the widow's paying the funeral bill. This behavior so enraged the judge that he ordered the undertakers to pay compensation to the widow for mental cruelty and then forced them to pay an additional bill for punitive damages.

In New York last year, the State Cemetery Board had to ask the legislature for a more effective law to curb burial society officials who, with bodies awaiting burial, demanded tips of from $25 to $100 before they would affix the society's stamp on burial permits for graves that had been completely paid up by their owners. In Illinois, officials uncovered a fraud whereby Chicago cemeteries were selling four-grave plots that were just large enough for three and a half coffins. When body number four arrived for burial, the cemetery would hold up the funeral until $120 was paid for another full grave.

In Washington, D.C., there is intermittent open warfare between the Federal Trade Commission and the casket manufacturers. In 1936 and 1937, for instance, no less than six of these companies had to be enjoined from selling overpriced metal grave vaults on the fake claim that they were waterproof, airtight, verminproof and indestructible under ground for periods ranging from 50 years to eternity.

In the same way, the FTC had to prohibit the Embalmers Supply Company of Westport, Connecticut. from advertising, in 1943, a tremendously marked-up spray which they labeled "a formula developed by the U.S. War Department for exhumations on the battlefields of France." The FTC flatly stated, "The respondent did not obtain from the U.S. government the formula used in connection with the exhumation of the remains of American soldiers buried in France during the war, and the spray is not the same as that preparation."

These are cases of actual misrepresentation. Equally shameful, however, is the practice (which still is perfectly legal) of marking up prices for all that the traffic will bear, at a time when the victim is most helpless and unable to bargain.

For example, when 111 coal miners were killed in the Centralia, Illinois, mine disaster in 1947, the U.S. Coal Mines Administration unearthed the shocking information that the local undertakers had

**Handout by mortuary chain on West Coast, pairing civil defense information with burial brochure, incited demands it be withdrawn**

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

charged the sorrowing widows an average of $732.78 per funeral, with some running as high as $1,178.50. Since much of the labor had been contributed free (the local Hod Carriers Union assisted with the grave-openings) and since the national average for funerals is less than $500, the United Mine Workers Journal raised a lusty protest in their August 1, 1947, issue.

The paper charged that "service" fees varied by hundreds of dollars for similar funerals, that a price of $575 was listed for a simple "cedar cloth casket" (wholesale price about $100), and that one "gray metal casket" cost $835 compared with $645 for a better-grade "bronze metallic casket." The paper blasted the undertakers for "unconscionable greed that literally followed the victims to their graves and mulcted the surviving dependents of sizable sums from the Welfare Fund death gratuity and state compensation they received."

The Journal identified this as an extension of the old undertakers' trick of ferreting out information on the amount of insurance carried by the deceased and then jacking up the funeral bill in order to separate the widow from nearly the entire amount.

The question of the reasonableness of funeral charges has been a matter of bitter dispute for years, principally because the burial industry guards the secrets of its costs as zealously as the Atomic Energy Commission guards Oak Ridge.

### Value of Caskets Is Kept Secret

It is almost impossible, for instance, to get the wholesale prices of caskets, and by simply lumping together "casket and services" on the bill (the customary procedure today), a funeral director can fix his price for almost any profit he wishes. Many undertakers make a big point of listing "60 services" or "89 services" to indicate how extensive their ministrations are. But when you examine the list of specifics, you find it to be mostly padding. For example, on the list of William Chambers, a big Washington, D.C., undertaker, Service Number 51 is Smelling Salts, Service Number 52 is Ammonia, Service Number 56 is Hand Fans, and so on.

It was this same Chambers who lifted the lid on some of the mystery of the industry's practices, in retaliation for the fact that his colleagues tried to run him out of business for price cutting and advertising. In 1947, he told the Maryland legislature that he could embalm a large elephant for $1.50 (the standard undertaker's charge for embalming human beings is $50 to $75); and on April 20, 1947, he made an amazing statement in Congress before a joint Senate-House subcommittee hearing on the licensing of funeral directors and embalmers in the District of Columbia. Chambers said: "When you can embalm a body for $1.50 and get any tariff that you want for it, and you can take a $35 casket and get $150 and $200, it is mighty inviting, mighty inviting.

"I can teach anyone that has common sense how to embalm a body. I can teach him sanitation in 60 days. I came right out of a livery stable, watching the operations of these undertakers. What appealed to me mostly was when I saw one of them buy a casket for $17 and sell it to a poor, broken widow for $265. I do not say there are any unscrupulous undertakers. I have never charged my colleagues with being unscrupulous. I just charged them with sucking out all the dough they could get out of widows and orphan children unnecessarily."

Court records can be used to back up the disclosures made by Mr. Chambers. In a noted Pennsylvania case involving the burial of a girl named Monroe, the court ruled: "There could be no justification for the charge of $565 for a casket costing $100, or a charge of $200 for a vault costing $68, decedent having been an unmarried domestic girl who had no dependents. All the facts showed that the charges were unconscionable, exorbitant and unreasonable and extravagant."

In Kentucky, a judge found that "the funeral directors were attempting to charge $1,500 for a casket which cost them only $400"; and in dozens of cases in other states, similar 300 to 600 per cent markups were uncovered. These cases come to trial because many states have laws limiting funeral expenses for a person without immediate relatives to a sum in keeping with the standard of living of the deceased when he was alive. Often, too, distant heirs show up to challenge undertakers' bills, and sometimes outraged public officials start suit.

A classic case developed in a California court within recent years, where a courageous federal agency exposed a great many undertakers' tricks. A lonely Basque immigrant shepherd named Gaston Malgor died on September 9, 1944, and since all his relatives were in France, an administrator was appointed, who turned the burial details over to an undertaking firm named Godeau & Martinoni. These gentlemen disposed of Mr. Malgor for the astronomic sum of $3,101, plus $245 for a grave and $35.87 for a casket spray.

The fee was paid out of the shepherd's meager estate, and the case would have gone unnoticed, as it does in perhaps 999 out of 1,000 cases, except for one thing that never occurred to the undertakers: France was occupied by the Germans at that time, which put Malgor's heirs' assets under the protection of the federal government's Alien Property Custodian. The Alien Property Custodian took one look at the Godeau & Martinoni bill and brought suit against the undertakers in California's courts.

The case reached California's Second District Court of Appeal on January 6, 1947, and the decision pulled back the cloak of mystery from funeral price hiking. It turned out that the frugal Mr. Malgor was given a "solid cast-iron metal casket with ivory-velvet tailored interior" costing $2,500; and his estate was charged $100 for "funeral direction, including director and four assistants." He had a motorcycle escort ($5), a slumber room ($50), gloves and boutonnieres for pallbearers ($12), newspaper notices ($24), a $5 manicure, a $25 organist and soloist, a $61.50 vault, a $10 flower arranger, a $7.50 "memorial book," plus a dozen other expensive refinements.

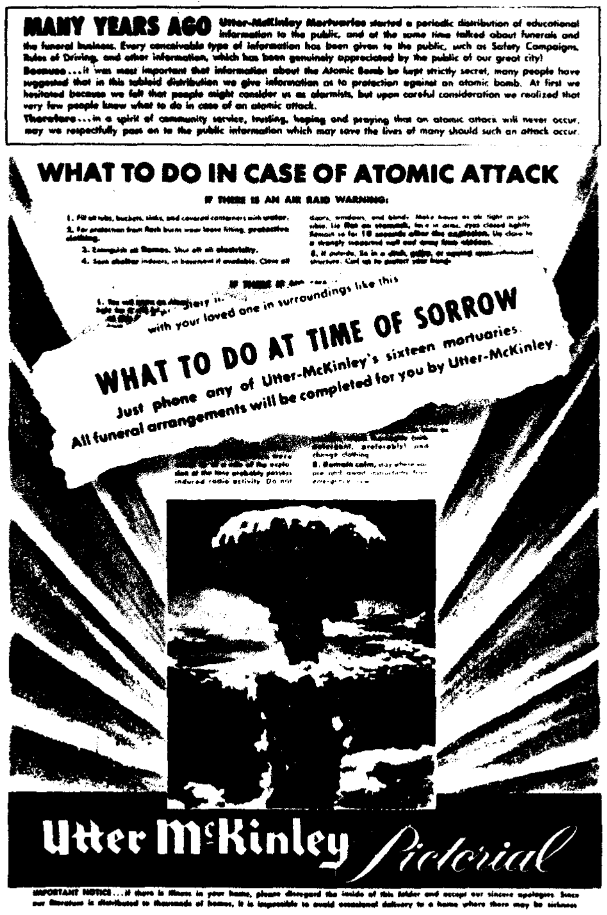
### Court Rules Against Lavish Outlay

In the decision, the court wrote: "Nothing was brought forward to indicate that Mr. Malgor would have desired an elaborate and expensive funeral. It was not justified by the manner in which he lived. His life in a trailer in the Imperial Valley was not one of ease or elegance. He had to cook for himself as he traveled with his sheep and he chose the hardship of that life in preference to a more comfortable existence. . . . A witness for the undertakers testified that the special administrator had told him that Mr. Malgor was fond of the better things of life, as if this fact alone justified his burial in a $2,500 solid cast-iron casket with ivory-velvet tailored interior.

"But the better things of life, which he enjoyed, so far as shown by the record, were a room in a hotel at a dollar a day, when he came to Los Angeles, and a meal costing a dollar and a quarter. These were, in fact, the better things of his simple life, but they did not indicate a desire that he be laid away under the auspices of a funeral director with four assistants at a cost of $100. . . . It was quite necessary that the body be placed in the casket (for which the charge was *only* $10), but we cannot see that it was necessary for the special administrator to have a car and driver at his disposal at a cost to the estate of $25."

The court angrily reduced the $3,101 bill to $750.

The case highlights another significant point—time after time, the record shows, a lower court finds in favor of the funeral director and, subsequently, a higher court reverses the decision. This emphasizes the burial *(Continued on page 55)*



**MANY YEARS AGO** Utter-McKinley Mortuaries started a periodic distribution of educational information to the public, and at the same time talked about funerals and the funeral business. Every conceivable type of information has been given to the public, such as Safety Campaigns, Rules of Driving, and other information, which has been genuinely appreciated by the public of our great city!

**Because**...it was most important that information about the Atomic Bomb be kept strictly secret, many people have suggested that in this tabloid distribution we give information as to protection against an atomic bomb. At first we hesitated because we felt that people might consider us as alarmists, but upon careful consideration we realized that very few people knew what to do in case of an atomic attack.

**Therefore**...in a spirit of community service, trusting, hoping and praying that an atomic attack will never occur, may we respectfully pass on to the public information which may save the lives of many should such an attack occur.

**WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF ATOMIC ATTACK**

IF THERE IS AN AIR RAID WARNING:

1. Fill all tubs, buckets, sinks, and covered containers with water.
2. For protection from flash burns wear loose fitting, protective clothing.
3. Extinguish all flames. Shut off all electricity.
4. Seek shelter indoors, in basement if available. Close all doors, windows, and blinds. Make house as air tight as possible. Lie flat on stomach, face in arms, eyes closed tightly. Remain so for 10 seconds after the explosion. Lie close to a strongly supported wall and away from windows.
5. If outside, lie in a ditch, gutter, or against some substantial structure. Curl up to protect your hands.

with your loved one in surroundings like this

**WHAT TO DO AT TIME OF SORROW**

Just phone any of Utter-McKinley's sixteen mortuaries.

All funeral arrangements will be completed for you by Utter-McKinley.

detergent, preferably) and change clothing

8. Remain calm, stay where you are and await instructions from emergency crew

induced radio activity. Do not

**Utter McKinley** *Pictorial*

IMPORTANT NOTICE...If there is illness in your home, please disregard the inside of this folder and accept our sincere apologies. Since our literature is distributed to thousands of homes, it is impossible to avoid occasional delivery to a home where there may be sickness

## *Here's Something YOU Can Do*

**The story of "Profiteering in Sorrow" revealed by Mr. Davidson in this article is well known to many public officials throughout the country. However, these officials cannot act unless they receive direct evidence. If you have a just complaint against the burial industry, I suggest that you write to the Attorney General in your State Capitol. I am confident that he will find the means to initiate an investigation and promote the necessary legislation to bring a grim and grievous story to its deserving end.**

NATHANIEL L. GOLDSTEIN,
ATTORNEY GENERAL,
STATE OF NEW YORK

ACME

**N.Y. Attorney General Nathaniel L. Goldstein**

# The EXCLUSIVE

***It was a difficult problem, and it came on Herbie more suddenly than he would have wished, and he had to decide it in a matter of seconds—right or wrong***

HE bronze bell (a gift of the Class of 1928) in the tower of McGinnis Administration Building rang loud in the clear May morning. Herbie Warren groaned and turned and hugged the mattress of his cot, struggling for sleep and the retention of a dream in which he seemed simultaneously to be dribbling a soccer ball down a field open to the goal and dancing comfortably close to Nancy Love. Bummy Russel, his roommate and a man of little sensitivity even for sixteen, was already out of the upper cot and pummeling Herbie in the ribs.

"Rise 'n' shine," Bummy thundered. His brother Ben had been a sergeant in Burma. "Rise 'n' shine, son. Up 'n' at 'em. All out for reveille!" Every morning Bummy shouted, "Rise 'n' shine!"

"Stinker," Herbie said. He abandoned Nancy and an easy goal and pulled himself to a sitting position at the edge of the cot. Bummy was already half dressed. Herbie stumbled foggily to the bureau, unlooped a canvas bag containing soap, toothbrush and tooth paste, and went out the door and down the hall to the bathroom.

The bathroom was a morning chaos of Shrewsbury's finest, all shapes and sizes and ages, from the Third Form spherical rosiness of Homer Wells to the perfect model of a prep-school student leader, Bradley Brown.

Herbie saw an opening and appropriated an empty basin next to Brad. "Honest to gosh, they ought to stagger washing time and make the lower-formers get up earlier or something," he said.

"We'll live through it," Bradley Brown said.

Herbie splashed handfuls of lukewarm water over his face, rubbed it perfunctorily with soap, and splashed again. By the time he looked up, blinking, Bradley Brown had left and Ed Turner was at the next basin. Ed was a senior, like Brad. He shaved, too, like Brad.

"Hi, Herbie," Ed said, spouting a fluff of lather. Then, lowering his voice, he said, "Got a minute?"

Herbie nodded.

"Got something to tell you," Ed said mysteriously. "To your advantage. Wait till I finish shaving." He made a clean swathe through the lather with his razor. Herbie started to make some reply, but Ed was ignoring him, looking intently into the steam-murky mirror.

Herbie loitered aimlessly in the hall, incurious, waiting, swinging his canvas bag in one hand, strolling down to read the bulletin board next to Mr. Potter's door and reading all the notices he had read countless times before. *There will be the usual meeting of the St. Andrew's Society in the Common Room at 8:30 Tuesday night. Roy McLaughlin will speak on Values in Everyday Life.*

*LOST: Somewhere between McGinnis and Dilworth. One new ball-point pen with initials H.M.R. See Hy Reinman. REWARD (Substantial)*

Ed tapped him on the shoulder. "Hammurabi Tap right after lunch," Ed said in a hushed tone. "You're in it. Just to tip you off, boy." Herbie started to sputter thanks, but Ed's finger was to his lips as he turned and disappeared down the hall. Herbie walked slowly back to his own room.

Hammurabi was the honor society of Shrewsbury. Only fifth-formers and seniors were eligible—captains of all sports teams; most major-sports letter men; most organization presidents, unless they were real meatballs, and even a few of *them*, Herbie understood, if the Head, Mr. Drummond insisted. Hammurabi had initiations and passwords, and its ceremonies were conducted with the strictest secrecy. It was the only student society besides the drama club that had its *own* dance, its *own* annual dinner at the golf club. How had the Drum expressed it in one of his chapel talks . . .

"Hammurabi should not be confused with some of the secret, undemocratic high-school fraternities that we have carefully kept off the Shrewsbury campus. Hammurabi is part of the school, men, and an important part. It's part of your introduction to Life in the World and the problems you'll meet there. Hammurabi is a recognition of individual merit. Mr. Duckworth, Bucky Bolton, Mr. Potter, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Aiken, Mr. Anderson and myself, for the faculty, feel proud and privileged to have been included as honorary members . . ."

AND today, after lunch, Herbie was going to be tapped and invited into the select fellowship. He suddenly realized that he was back in his room and that Bummy was talking to him.

". . . I mean is, while we got all the guys in the form feeling the way they do now, why don't we draw up a paper of some kind so we'll remember it next year when we're seniors? Only way you'll ever get any action on this senior privilege junk is to have it coming from the seniors. But every year, once the guys who've been kicking about it in fifth form get to be seniors, they forget about it. They can smoke in their rooms and cut study hall if they get on the honor roll, so they forget what a misery it was when they were fifth-formers. See?"

"Yeah," Herbie said. The *(Continued on page 72)*

FRUITS
JUICES

RALPH ROYLE

**At Grand Union's Manhattan store, president L. P. Shield demonstrates food slide he developed**

CRAWF
EASTER
annual
games,
me!

JOHN FLOREA

**West Coast supers go in big for promotional stunts. Crawford's, in El Monte, Calif., gives lilies and candy to housewives who appear at the store's annual Easter party in silliest hats**

KENNETH RARICH

**W. H. Albers was first president of Super Market Institute. He started 60-store Cincinnati chain**

# *Supermarkets-*

## A merchandising revolution, they account for 40

IT WAS shortly after 9:00 A.M., and the audience of schoolteachers had gathered to hear a fascinating story: the origins and phenomenal development of a merchandising revolution. The speaker, a natty, bespectacled man, warmed to his subject as he told his story of success. "On top of our record multimillion-dollar sales last year," he said impressively, "we've jumped the number of our superstores to 122." He paused for emphasis—and at that moment felt a sharp tug at his sleeve.

"Pardon, Mr. Marcus," an aide whispered hoarsely. "It's 123. We opened another at Fort Lauderdale just a few minutes ago."

All over the United States, the supermarkets—the prodigious issue of a marriage between brilliant showmanship and the world's most modern distribution techniques—are springing up almost faster than they can be counted. Last year they opened at the rate of better than three a day. Myer Marcus, executive vice-president of Food Fair Stores, Inc., had merely lost track of the time; he knew, as he addressed the schoolteachers, not only that his firm's 123d store was then opening in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, but that number 124 would be launched soon after it, and that 28 more Food Fairs would be in business before the year was out.

The statistics for the industry are staggering. In all, there were 1,128 new supermarkets last year, bringing the nation's total to 14,217. Although this accounts for only 4 to 5 per cent of the retail food outlets in the country, the supers did 40 per cent of the food business in 1950; their total sales figure was $10,250,000,000, and the average single-store volume was more than $720,000. Every week, the supermarkets serve some 83,000,000 people.

The formula for this merchandising miracle is a

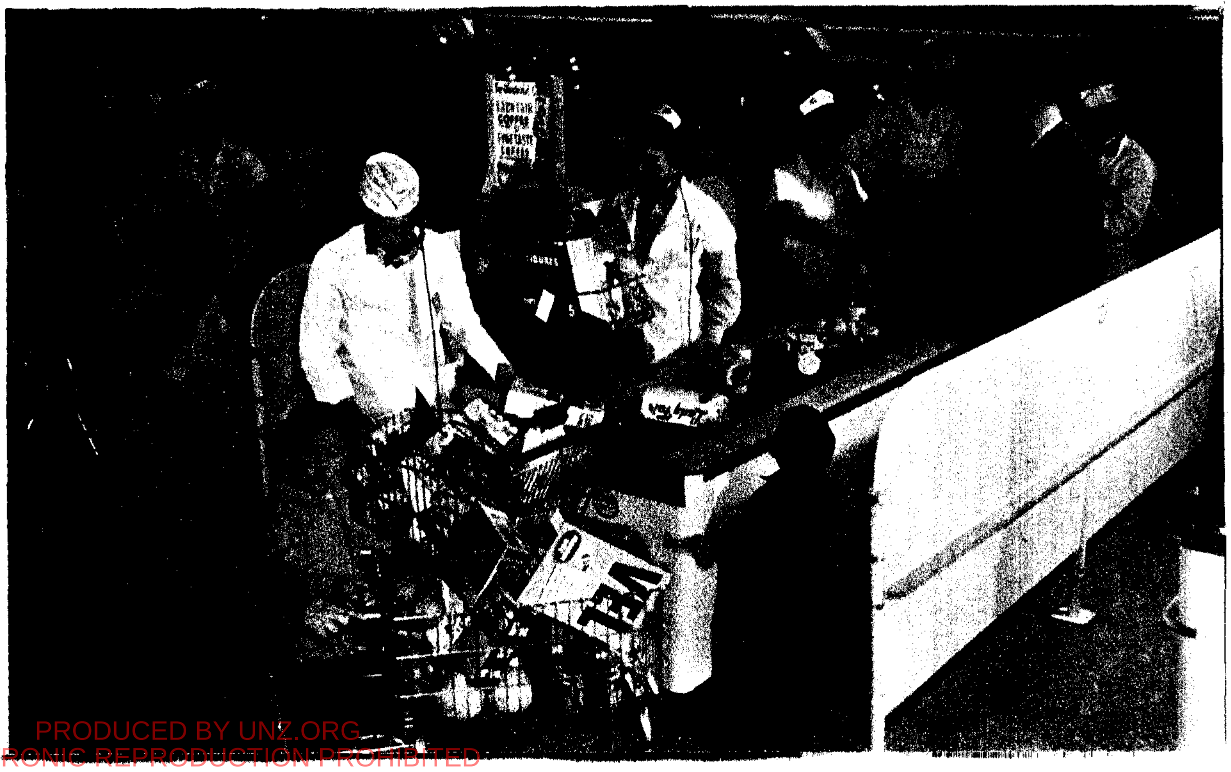
**At this Los Angeles market, housewives serving themselves can see meats being prepared in rear**

JOHN FLOREA

VON'S
VARIETY MEATS
SPARKLING FRESH
SEA

**Checkout bottleneck is super headache. At this Philadelphia Food Fair, pricer puts items on endless belt, calls price to cashier by phone. Other girl collects money; boys pack bags**

LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS



W. D. VURDY

Customer shops for daughters' clothes in "home center" of big Weingarten super in Houston. Store has wide variety of merchandise other than food

Food Stores A&P Founded 1859
A&P Package Store

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Many companies now build their stores to conform to architectural styles of adjoining communities. This A & P is at Fairfield, Conn.

# *There'll Be Another One Along Any Minute*

per cent of U.S. food sales—and are seeking new fields

**By JOHN CONNER**

simple one: In a supermarket the housewife buys her groceries (and a growing variety of other things) faster, because of self-service, and cheaper, because volume sales enable the stores to keep prices at a minimum. It is self-service, plus a certain minimum annual business, that is generally considered the mark of a super. The Super Market Institute, which embraces 4,500 such stores, originally set a membership requirement of at least $250,000 a year in sales; today, the minimum is $500,000. (The institute, with about one third of the nation's supermarkets, shares the role of spokesman for the industry with the National Association of Food Chains and the National Association of Retail Grocers.)

Nothing that could conceivably lure the housewife has been left undone by the supermarket operators. Their grocery stores are the world's most beautiful. They've gone into color therapy to rest the shopper's eyes; installed benches to rest her feet; put up playgrounds and nurseries to care for her children; invented basket carts with fingertip control; revolutionized a packaging industry to make her mouth water; put on grand openings worthy of Hollywood *premières*. They've completely made over the nation's greatest business—food—to attract more and more of her interest and her dollars.

Behind today's gleaming food palaces lies a story of distribution that began 91 years ago.

Back in 1859, a man named George Huntington Hartford opened a grocery store in Manhattan. The first thing he did was paint the store front red. Then he gave away dishpan premiums to bring out the housewives, hired a band to attract the kids, and made his bid for the interest of the men by offering a $20,000 prize to anyone who could guess correctly the weight of a team and wagon he sent rumbling around town.

Hartford didn't know it, but he was starting the first grocery chain. Lured by his circus stunts, customers flocked to the store on New York's Vesey Street. Pretty soon Hartford opened another store, and another. When he died in 1917—having put the business in the hands of his sons George and John some years before—the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, which he had launched, had 3,700 outlets. By 1930, A & P had 15,422 stores from coast to coast, and was doing a billion-dollar-a-year business.

That year may be said to mark the point at which one revolution in the marketing of groceries began to give way to another, even greater, revolution. Supermarkets brought the *(Continued on page 61)*

Fred Meyer store near Portland, Ore., features this rooftop parking lot with a 300-car capacity. Meyer's 16 supers draw 1,250,000 patrons weekly

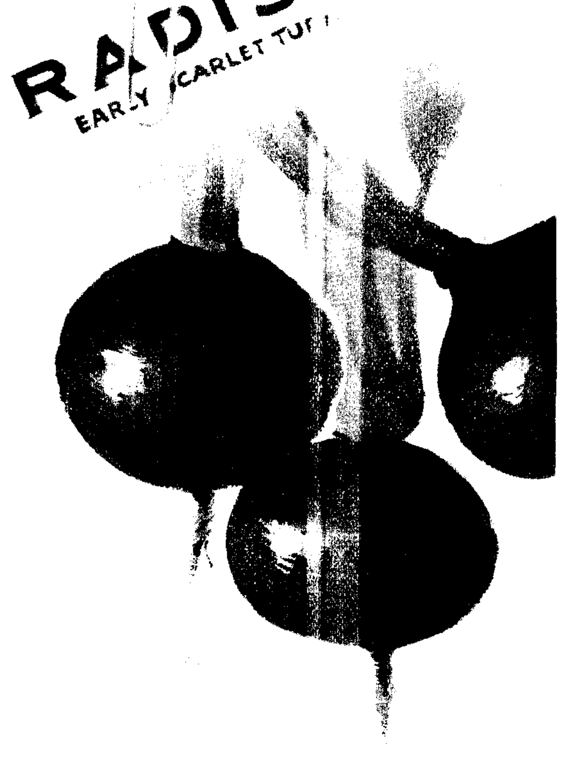
RAY ATKESON

Store operators arrange fruit and vegetable displays carefully to help sell produce. This is First National store in Brookline, Mass.

GEORGE H. DAVIS STUDIO

VEGETABLES
FRU

# SPRING Is Like a Girl



It was spring, and I'd just started a garden and met Ellen. I'd have done fine with both of them—if it hadn't been for that Wally Weston

## By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

I WOKE up that Saturday morning with a head twice as big as my neck size called for and the taste of an old overshoe in my mouth. I sat on the edge of the bed, and the wind blew the curtains away from the open window. There was a smell in the air that I wasn't accustomed to, and I realized suddenly it was spring. I couldn't smell exhaust fumes; I could just smell the spring. I looked out into the bright apartment courtyard and took a long breath. It was like inhaling champagne, and it made me feel very strange.

I had a sudden weird feeling that Willy Peeple was going to come around the corner, smacking a baseball into a glove and hollering up at the window, "Hey, Skinny."

I could see myself reaching for my Louisville Slugger, Rogers Hornsby Model, and racing for the back door, hoping to get outside before my mother could think of some chore for me to do first.

For a couple of minutes it carried me right back, and then I felt very blue. I hadn't seen Willy Peeple in fifteen years, and nobody in the whole wide world was ever going to call me Skinny any more.

I shuffled out into the living room and for a moment I forgot the spring and I remembered I had had a poker game at my apartment the night before. The card table was set up and there were half-empty beer glasses on the floor; the ash trays were overflowing, and I recalled that I had lost four dollars and sixty cents.

I opened all the windows and started cleaning up. After I'd shaved and made orange juice, I went back to the living room and looked out the window and I noticed a patch of ground covered with weeds back of the apartment-house garages. There had been a lot of talk about turning that ground into a parking area, but nothing had ever happened.

Right then and there I got the notion of having a garden. I was still intoxicated by the spring. Nobody would ever call me Skinny again, the past was dead and gone, but at least I could get in shape working in the good earth. No more poker games, I thought. No more staying in New York nights until 2:00 A.M. This was spring, and I was going to reform.

I got dressed and went over to the real-estate office that managed the apartments. When I walked up to his desk, the official braced himself, expecting a complaint.

I told him what I wanted to do, and he said, "Go right ahead. That's supposed to be a parking area sometime but you're welcome to use the land in the meantime. Bring me in a tomato this summer."

I went on down the street to the hardware store. I was like a kid let loose in the toy department. I bought all the tools and then started in on seeds. I bought squash, lettuce, carrots, corn, tomatoes, radishes, bush beans and pole beans, and broccoli. I went to the workingman's store next door, picked up a pair of overalls and drove back to the apartment.

Ten minutes later, my arms full of tools, I went out the front door. I'd gone half a dozen steps when a voice screamed down at me.

"Hey, you."

I looked up and saw a brunette hanging out the second-story window. She must have been a new tenant; I had never seen her before. The south wind was ruffling her hair and she looked very cute but very annoyed.

"When are you coming up here?" she said.

"You don't have to yell," I said. "I'd be delighted to come up any time."

"I'll do more than yell," she said, "if you don't get up here pronto."

It didn't make sense, but it was spring and even in the dead of winter I wouldn't have argued with a girl who looked that attractive. I leaned my tools against the side of the building and went to her apartment building and up to the second floor. The door was open and she stood just inside, her hands on her hips. She didn't have any make-up on. Her eyes were blue, and I thought to myself that she really didn't need make-up.

"It's about time," she said.

She seemed to be expecting me, so I walked inside and she shut the door. It was slightly baffling. Of course, I thought, women are more emancipated every day. Maybe this was the millennium. Maybe she had seen me from her window and couldn't resist me. Maybe she was going to abduct me. I made up my mind not to resist.

"Don't just stand there," she said. "It's in the kitchen."

"Is that a fact?" I said. I went on out to the kitchen, but whatever *it* was I didn't see it. The kitchen was standard, like my own. It had a sink, refrigerator and stove. Nothing odd. I smiled at her to show that whatever happened I was game.

"Don't just stand there," she said. "Do something."

I had a sudden notion that she might not mean for me to crush her in my arms and press my burning lips to hers. It just might be something else she wanted, especially in the kitchen.

"Just what did you have in mind?" I said cagily.

Red spots glowed in her cheeks, her eyes flashed, her chest expanded; she was lovely.

"I had in mind getting breakfast if you ever fix the stove," she said, speaking between clenched teeth. "I spoke to you on the phone last night, I telephoned again this morning—"

"To me?" I said.

"Well, maybe it wasn't you," she said. "Maybe it was the head janitor I talked to."

I looked down at my overalls and felt very blue again. Willy Peeple would never call me Skinny any more, and this girl had not taken one look at me and fallen hopelessly in love. She thought I was one of the porters. It was hard to take on such a beautiful spring morning.

"Just what seems to be the trouble?" I said. "I regret to tell you that the head janitor failed to brief me on the details. Just what ails your stove?"

She looked at me peculiarly for a minute. "It doesn't work," she said shortly. "You turn the gas on and there's no flame. Didn't you bring any tools?"

"We diagnose before we operate," I said gently, and got down on my knees to peer into the stove's innards. The pilot was out. I lighted the pilot. I straightened up and turned on one burner after another, and little blue flames danced merrily around the stove.

HER eyes shone, and all her anger vanished like a morning mist. "I'm sorry I lost my temper," she said. "But I didn't think anyone was ever coming and you know how it is in the morning when you want a cup of coffee."

"I'm very fond of coffee," I said. After all, the garden could keep for a few minutes. Long enough for me to have a cup of coffee.

She didn't rise to the hint. She started back toward the door, and I followed her reluctantly, admiring the rear view. "Just wait a minute," she said, and she disappeared into the bedroom. She came out carrying her purse.

"Thank you very much," she said. "Er—what's your name?"

"You may call me Skinny," I said. "What's yours?"

She looked surprised. "I'm Miss Colver," she said, and the truth was she seemed anxious to be rid of me.

"Here you are—uh—Skinny," she said.

She handed me fifty cents. I looked at it for a moment. "You didn't need to do this," I said. "I would have done it for nothing, gladly."

"It's perfectly all right," she said. "You'd better go now. You probably have things to do, garbage to carry out or something. Good-by—uh—Skinny."

"Call on me again," I said. "Any time. Don't hesitate. Day or night. I'll come running."

"Good-by," she said *(Continued on page 48)*

**"Fred," Ellen said. "I've got the job. Now I can help. I'm all ready. Let me show you"**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

TOMAT
RUTGERS
BACHELOR'S
CORNFLOWER DC

# They Know All the Answers

## ARE YOU SMARTER THAN A COLLEGE FRESHMAN?

This is a short test of your Verbal Comprehension: your ability to deal with word and thought relationships and to read with understanding. Verbal Comprehension is a basic human ability which is of central importance in most school and college work and which is called into play in all occupational and leisure-time activities involving words.

This test, created especially for Collier's by Educational Testing Service, consists of 20 questions and is divided into four parts. Directions are given at the beginning of each part.

The time limit for the whole test is 12 minutes. To obtain your score, simply add up the number of questions which you answered correctly. According to Educational Testing Service's estimate, about 10 per cent of college freshmen in this country would be expected to make a score of 17 or better on these 20 questions; 25 per cent, 15 or better; 50 per cent, 11 or better; 75 per cent 7 or better. (Note: The score on a test as short as this one cannot be expected to establish with any precision an individual's level of Verbal Comprehension.) For correct answers, see page 53.

### PART I

*Directions:* Each question in this part consists of a group of four words, *two* of which are approximately *opposite* to each other in meaning. Underline the two words in each group which are most nearly opposite.

1. 1–cleft 2–abbreviated 3–extensive 4–irredeemable
2. 1–lethal 2–graceful 3–effectual 4–futile
3. 1–eminence 2–learning 3–ignominy 4–latitude
4. 1–fleeting 2–impenetrable 3–permeable 4–perjured
5. 1–temporal 2–eventual 3–aerial 4–spiritual
6. 1–foreign 2–affluent 3–persuasive 4–indigent

### PART II

*Directions:* Each of the questions in this part consists of two words which have a certain relationship to each other, followed by five numbered pairs of related words. Underline the numbered pair of words which are related to each other in the *same* way as the original pair of words are related.

7. FUEL:FIRE :: 1–cold:heat 2–fire:forest 3–food:man 4–wood:tree 5–smoke:coals
8. HARE:TORTOISE :: 1–telegram:letter 2–thesis:essay 3–numbers:words 4–egotism:modesty 5–lie:truth
9. SKELETON:BODY :: 1–prisoner:cell 2–law:society 3–prisoner:law 4–jury:sentence 5–law:jury
10. OINTMENT:BURN :: 1–tears:consolation 2–bread:meat 3–butter:bread 4–consolation:grief 5–happiness:grief
11. FIBER:FABRIC :: 1–average:aggregate 2–nucleus:cell 3–member:league 4–appurtenance:object 5–obstinacy:deadlock
12. HOURGLASS:CLOCK :: 1–acorn:oak 2–foundation:temple 3–temple:church 4–catapult:church 5–catapult:cannon

### PART III

*Directions:* In each of the sentences in this part there is a blank space, indicating that a word has been omitted. Beneath the sentence are five numbered words; from these five words you are to underline the one word which, when inserted in the blank space, *best* fits in with the meaning of the sentence as a whole.

13. One of the most prevalent erroneous contentions is that Argentina is a country of ——— agricultural resources and needs only the arrival of ambitious settlers.

    1–modernized 2–flourishing 3–undeveloped 4–waning 5–limited

14. The last official statistics for the town indicated the presence of 24,212 Italians, 6,450 Magyars, and 2,315 Germans, which ensures to the ——— a relative preponderance.

    1–Germans 2–figures 3–town 4–Magyars 5–Italians

15. Precision of wording is necessary in good writing; by choosing words that exactly convey the desired meaning, one can avoid ———

    1–duplicity 2–incongruity 3–complexity 4–ambiguity 5–implications

16. Various civilians of the liberal school in the British Parliament remonstrated that there were no grounds for ——— of French aggression, since the emperor showed less disposition to augment the navy than had Louis Philippe.

    1–suppression 2–apprehension 3–retaliation 4–concealment 5–commencement

### PART IV

*Directions: One* of the numbered words in each of the following paragraphs spoils the sense or meaning of the paragraph as a whole. Read each paragraph and decide which *one* of the numbered words spoils the meaning. Then underline the numbered word which you have chosen.

17. Thus the date$^{1}$ that most surely$^{2}$ sets the bounds$^{3}$ between the history and the prehistory of a given people is that at which the art of writing was lost$^{4}$. History depends upon written records, or at least upon inscriptions; prehistory reads$^{6}$ past events from ruined structures, from flints and pottery$^{6}$, from bones and teeth$^{7}$.
18. The literary$^{1}$ critics$^{2}$ of the seventeenth century, especially in France, were fond of representing$^{3}$ their political$^{4}$ theories graphically$^{5}$, by drawing elaborate allegorical$^{6}$ *maps of the land of* poetry$^{7}$.
19. What we all need$^{1}$ to forget in our personal$^{2}$ bereavements$^{3}$ is that never$^{4}$ a tree falls but$^{5}$ another, and perhaps more than one, springs up to take its place—not the same tree, perhaps not even the same kind of tree, but a tree nevertheless, with stout trunk and spreading limbs, good$^{6}$ support for a man to lean$^{7}$ against.
20. For but a moment each man stands on the banks of the river of time, and his estimate of its source, its destination and its power must always reflect$^{1}$ the narrow$^{2}$ range of his vision. Because of the limitations inherent$^{3}$ in a temporal$^{4}$ and highly circumscribed$^{5}$ existence, any attempt on the part of man to ignore$^{6}$ the full meaning of life must fall far short of finality$^{7}$.

On NASSAU STREET in Princeton, New Jersey, stands a five-story structure whose red bricks and white trim contrast sharply with the cathedral-like gray of the university buildings just across the way.

The people passing through its doors—which are almost hidden by shops for haberdashery, lingerie and pet fish—include a host of attractive young girls who merit a second look. But there is not even a name plate to suggest that the place is anything other than an ordinary business establishment, pleasingly designed in keeping with the town's colonial tradition.

Any one of America's millions of high-school and college students who knew what it housed, however, would almost certainly shudder as he walked by this innocuous building. It's a safe bet he would be less interested in the girls going in and out than in the business secrets they could—but won't—tell.

For this is the headquarters of the Educational Testing Service and, as such, a sort of Supreme Court for America's students. It is the business of ETS to devise the questions which bedevil them at exam time, and to score their answers.

Out of the brain trust at ETS comes a virtually unending torrent of such posers as: Where in the human body are hormones produced? What is the opposite of *profound?* Is it true that degrees of longitude vary in length more than degrees of latitude? What siege is generally believed to mark the turning point for Russia in World War II? Whom did Tom Sawyer care least for—Aunt Polly, Becky Thatcher, Sid, Huckleberry Finn or Joe Harper? If 20 out of a company of 80 men are transferred, what per cent of the original company remains? Chippendale is a name designating a style of what?

Literally hundreds of thousands of ETS-devised questions of every size, shape and subject—served up in test form—bring furrowed brows to high-school boys and girls taking those famed nationwide exams known as the College Boards; to applicants for West Point, Annapolis, the Coast Guard Academy and the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps; to aspirants to Navy R.O.T.C. scholarships and U.S. Atomic Energy Commission fellowships; to would-be entrants to many of our law, medical and engineering schools and to the State Department's Foreign Service; to college students wanting transfer to another institution and A.B.s and B.S.s aiming for a master's or Ph.D. degree.

Even more fateful, under government contract, ETS devised tests to help determine which male nonveteran college students might be deferred from military service to pursue such essential professional careers as medicine, dentistry, engineering and so on. ETS not only devised the tests, but was authorized to give and score them. On the basis of the result, plus a student's rank in class, draft boards could decide which students to defer in the interest of "maintenance of the national health, safety or interest."

In addition to so-called "program tests"—specially got up for one particular organization, school or group of schools, and given on specified dates during the year—ETS also keeps in stock ready-made tests, sold any time to any school at 10 and 15 cents per test. The subjects range from elementary English to home economics, biochemistry, Russian and astronomy. Last year such tests were taken by 7,500,000 perspiring scholars in every state and on most levels of our school system.

Test making is indisputably big business. ETS's annual budget is close to $2,000,000. About half of this budget is devoted to ETS's own testing programs, research and sale of tests. A third more is concerned with contracts with other nonprofit educational associations such as the College Entrance Examination Board and the Association of American Medical Colleges. The balance of the budget covers government contracts for research and testing services.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

By HERBERT YAHRAES

**Almost anyone who sweats over a test nowadays can blame a little-known organization of New Jersey scholars. They write exams for the nation**

The making of a test usually begins when a school suggests that a new exam is needed. ETS then calls in a committee of educators to draw up specifications for it; next, ETS question makers—called item writers—go to work. Each of them must have at least one college degree and a brilliant scholastic record; preferably they've done some teaching. For the questions, they draw not only on their own experience, but on books, newspapers and magazines, and on specialists in specific subjects whom they interview.

Devising the right setting for a question is often their biggest problem. A math question based on the number of pounds of flour required to make a certain number of cakes would be ruled out for prospective West Pointers. But it would be okay for a high-school group, because it would get the girls interested—and in math tests the girls have to be interested, because they always do worse than the boys anyway.

The questions thus devised are checked and added to by the educators' committee, and, finally, ETS gives a trial test to sample groups. It analyzes the results and tosses away questions that prove too hard to understand or that fail to separate good students from bad. The whole test-making process takes several months.

A recent inventory showed that the ETS warehouse contains 2,977,000 copies of 368 different tests. But the organization values even more highly than this hefty stock the 135,000 questions which are filed individually in the cabinets of its research and development staff and which are constantly being added to. These are used to refurbish old exams and put together new ones at the rate of 200 a year on any subject under the educational sun.

Chances are pretty good that your youngster will eventually face some of these questions. The results of his exam may do no more than help determine where he ranks in his high-school algebra class. Or they may help decide whether or not he gets to college. More important, if *(Continued on page 53)*

**Henry Chauncey, president of the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, N.J., with one of the group's examination tabulators**

Senate crime committee at its windup sessions in Washington. Left to right, Rudolph Halley, Senators Lester C. Hunt, Herbert R. O'Conor, Estes

# RUDOLPH HALLEY—*How H*

An 18-hour working day,
a fabulous memory, great gifts
for cross-examination—
these were the weapons he used to
make gangsters quail and
talk to the Senate crime probers

RUDOLPH HALLEY, whose mask of a face and monotonously intoned questions set gangsters' nerves grating during the Senate Crime Investigating Committee hearings, regards himself as a shy man. Inside Halley there is so much emotion that his doctor prescribes a relaxing shot of whisky before lunch and two before dinner. On important hearing days chief counsel Halley's mask would be as expressionless as ever. But behind it, the emotional turmoil had increased. His sinuses would kick up.

On such a day the shy and slightly lisping Halley took on Frank Costello.

"He had a tremendously strong streak in him," Halley recalls. "You could just whip him to pieces, but he'd say what he had to say. I questioned 400 witnesses. I can't remember another one at whom I could throw his own evasive answer four or five times without having him hesitate or break."

Yet when Halley had finished with Costello, the racketeer's façade of respectability was shattered. Joe Adonis, the New Jersey gangster, commented: "What a sucker. He should never have tangled with Halley."

"Costello's never been through a more thorough going over," said his lawyer, George Wolf. "Halley's a master craftsman."

When Halley prodded California mobster Mickey Cohen with a stream of questions ending with, "Why are you always surrounded by violence?" Mickey lost control.

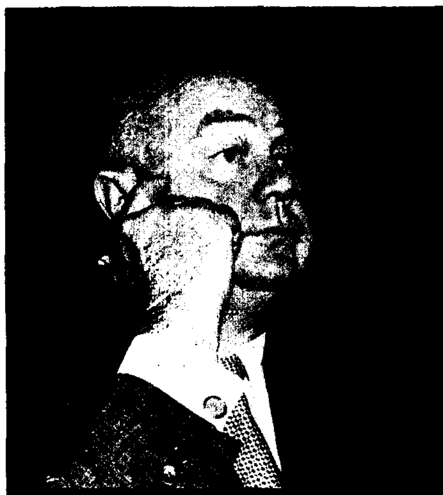
"Surrounded by violence! Surrounded by violence!" Cohen shrieked. "They're shooting at me, and the man says I'm surrounded by violence!"

The soft-spoken committee chairman, Senator Estes Kefauver, rephrased the question to ask: "Why do so many people take pot shots at you, Mr. Cohen?"

"Senator," Cohen said, "why can't this fellow (pointing at Halley) ask questions nice like you do?"

About Halley, the man who couldn't "ask questions nice," the gangsters had other reasons to complain. He was more than chief counsel and cross-examiner. As head of the crime committee staff, he was also the master sleuth who dug up the underworld linen which he later washed in public.

Halley was the man behind the investigation. Kefauver gave it vision and the strength of his character. Halley gave it strategy and direction. Before hearings could be held in Miami, Kansas City, Chi-



**ERICKSON**

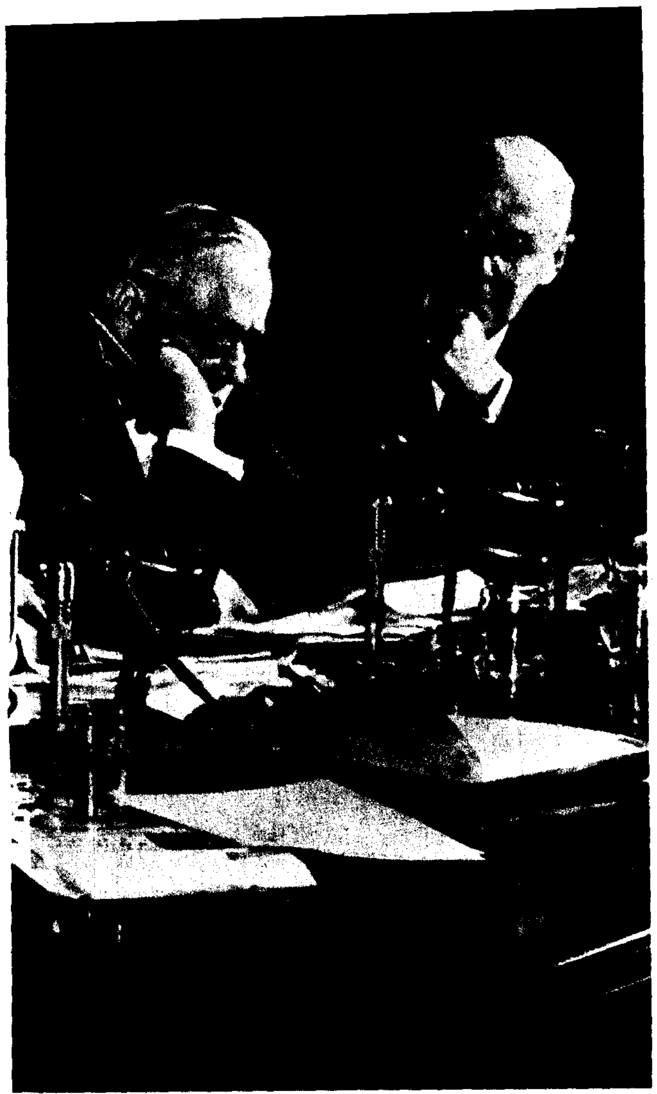
His records were dynamite

**GUZIK**

Little Jack melted away

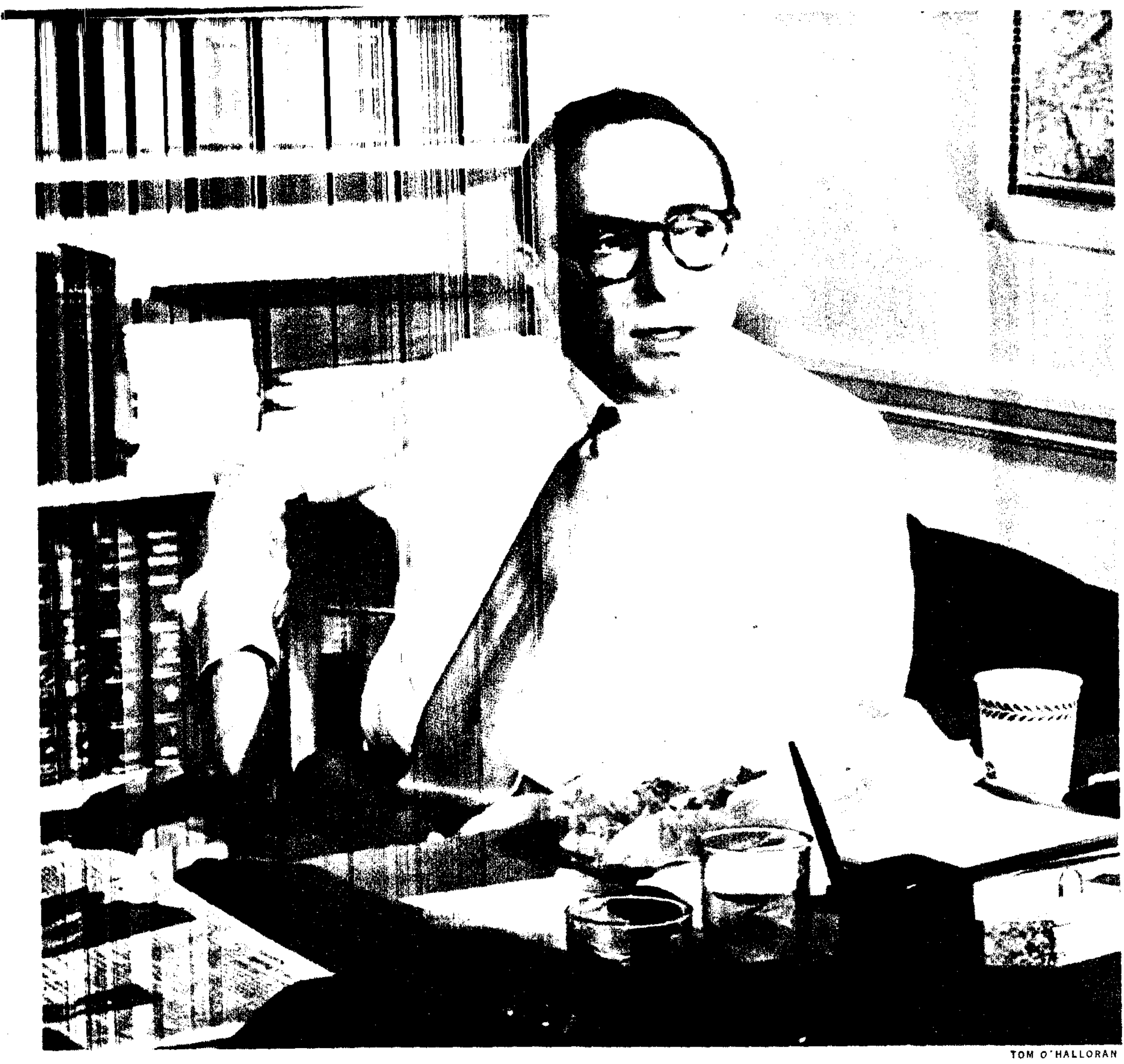
**HILL**

Hysterics in secret session



TOM O'HALLORAN

Kefauver, Alexander Wiley, and Charles W. Tobey



TOM O'HALLORAN

Hard-working Halley relaxes for a few minutes at a desk-lunch between sessions in Washington

# Nailed America's Racke

### By LESTER VELIE

cago or anywhere, Halley would descend on the town with a half-dozen investigators. In a few frantic weeks, packed with 18-hour working days, he would unearth the material on which questions would be based.

To his roles of cross-examiner and sleuth, Halley also added that of producer. It was he who staged the hearings, selected the witnesses and directed the order of their appearance. Halley is a nephew of the late playwright Sam Shipman who wrote East Is West, Friendly Enemies and other Broadway hits. To Anita Loos, author of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Halley's New York show was such a smash hit that she wired:

"You're a greater dramatist, Rudy, than your uncle ever was."

As dramatist, Halley made what may be the crime committee's greatest contribution. Through television he brought the gangster right into the living room.

Halley looks younger than his thirty-seven years. A peerless prosecutor with a mask for a face, he takes the mask off in private. The emotions that are corked tight inside during cross-examination come bubbling up. His broad, round face lights up with soaring elation when he's had a good day, or the senators praise him. It can darken with deep gloom—as it did when the Chicago press needled his thin hide.

Dead-pan in court, even after hours of exasperating evasion by gangster witnesses and their lawyers, Halley becomes so irritable under routine office pressure that he can blow his top by hurling a telephone into the nearest wastebasket. The toneless nasal voice he uses in cross-examination becomes so excitable in conversation that it slides into a lisp. To cope with this speech defect, Halley took two years of corrective lessons while in high school.

Another defect that might have proved fatal to a career as cross-examiner Halley never has conquered. Away from the courtroom he is painfully shy. Halley has known Harry Truman ever since Truman Investigating Committee days, when Halley was both chief investigator and counsel. The President often asked about Halley and wondered why his former aide never came to see him. Yet Halley couldn't get up enough courage to visit the White House until he became crime committee counsel, and the President sent for him.

"The President's a pretty busy fellow," Halley explained.

Away from the hearing room, a Hollywood producer, taking in Halley's round shoulders, huge glasses and intent mien would probably cast him as a college grind. The Hollywood producer would be right. Halley's capacity for cramming, say colleagues, made the hearings and the investigation a success.

Before a hearing, Halley locked himself in for the night with his brief case the size of a small traveling bag. Keeping brain clear with a half-dozen pipes of tobacco, a couple of cigars and a half pack of cigarettes, Halley pored through grand jury minutes, accounting records and other documents running to tens of thousands of words, boiled them down and fixed the scattered facts in his mind. Next morning, fresh from two or three hours of sleep, he'd appear at the hearing room with a small sheet of notes. With only this aid to memory he'd quiz witnesses for hours.

When Halley's foraging *(Continued on page* 78)

**COHEN**

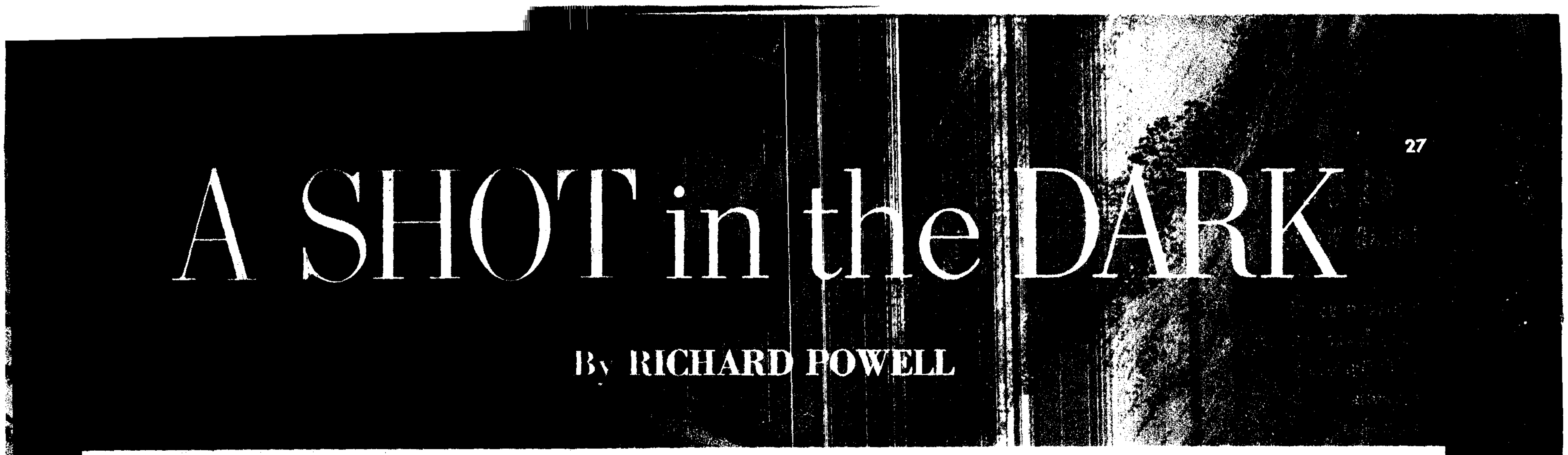
". . . ask questions nice"

**SHERMAN**

No. 1 took it on the lam

**COSTELLO**

Had he lied?



# A SHOT in the DARK

### By RICHARD POWELL

**Sally's plan was a good one; any moment [illegible]**

**Maybe it was too good, Johnny thought. Maybe [illegible]**

**The Story:** For the last month Johnny Edwards had been a Border Patrol Inspector in Fort Myers, Florida. He was hunting a killer, but the trail that had led him to Fort Myers seemed to have gone cold.

Johnny was after the murderer of his friend, Tony Mendoza. He knew the man was head of an alien-smuggling racket, and he'd learned that the aliens were brought up from Havana and landed near Fort Myers, so he'd wangled a transfer there. His partner was Tim McCarter, a tough old-timer who disapproved of him because Johnny had used political pull to get into the Border Patrol. Sally McCarter, Tim's sister, hadn't much use for him either, and though Johnny was attracted to her, he couldn't forget that she'd messed up his man hunt more than once.

On Johnny's first night in Fort Myers, someone had shot at him from a cabin cruiser as he walked along the riverbank; since then, things had been disturbingly quiet. Then, one day, an old cracker named Jenks tipped him off that Howard Pingree, a fisherman, had taken his boat out of Fort Myers without any fishing tackle but with enough supplies for a long trip. For a week, Florida Patrol units kept a fruitless lookout for Pingree's boat. Just when Johnny had decided that Pingree had eluded them, Jenks telephoned him to say that Pingree's boat had just gone up the river. Johnny jumped in his car and raced to Pingree's Landing.

He'd waited a few minutes when Pingree's boat glided to the dock with two aliens aboard. As they got off, Johnny challenged them. The aliens ran but Pingree surrendered meekly. However, as Johnny leaned forward to handcuff him, a blow on the head knocked him unconscious. He came to, to find Pingree and the boat gone.

After that, Johnny spent all his time searching the hundreds of mangrove-shaded coves of the river for Pingree's boat. When he found the boat, it was deserted, but he saw a recently made path through the swamp and was convinced that Pingree would be back. Night after night Johnny waited on the boat. And then one evening, he heard footsteps. He aimed his revolver and as the footsteps neared the boat, he snapped on his flashlight. The beam showed him the terrified face of Sally McCarter.

## IV

SALLY stared blankly into the light. "Johnny?" she said in a soft wail. "Johnny." Right from the start Sally McCarter had been messing up his plans. First she helped wreck his trap in the Plaza de la Fraternidad in Havana. Then she came along with her boy friend at just the right moment to let Rankosci escape. Now she would ruin the boat deal. And just a moment ago—although it probably wouldn't impress her at all—she had almost interfered with the trajectory of a bullet.

"By an odd chance," he said harshly, "it *is* Johnny. It could just as easily have been a guy with a .30-.30 rifle."

She gasped in relief and said, "I'm so glad it's you. I was getting scared."

"You shouldn't have been. I was only going to shoot you once."

"I didn't think of that until the last moment," she said, trying to keep her teeth from chattering. "Then I didn't know quite what to do."

"Come aboard. I wouldn't want to lose you to a water moccasin after going to all the trouble of holding my fire."

He pulled the boat close inshore and stretched out a hand. She jumped aboard with a flash of slim bare legs. In snake country, bare legs. High-heeled shoes, too. Her legs were scratched and the shoes were covered with mud.

"I bet it's quite a sight," he said, "to see a bare-legged girl in high heels kicking it out with a snake."

She said in a faint voice, "I wish I thought this would amuse you. I wasn't dressed for snakes. I was dressed to kick it out with that redhead you claimed to be dating."

"You were going to take my hand and lead me home?"

"Please, Johnny. I didn't know what I was going to do. All I knew was that something was terribly wrong, and maybe I could help."

"Was it your car trailing me several nights lately?"

"Yes. I kept leaving the house before you did and waiting along your route. Then I'd trail you a while and lose you. But I also watched from the other end for you to come back. Of course, I eliminated the beach the first night because you got home before I did, and yet your car never came back across the beach bridge. So I kept narrowing things down from both ends until last night I saw you driving back from Iona Cove. I parked near there tonight and followed you here without lights."

"The Border Patrol needs you."

She sighed and said, "I wish *you* did."

Next to this dame, Little Red Ridinghood was a woman of the world. Some night she was going to be out with the wrong guy, and her naïveté would win her a double helping of trouble. It would be doing her a good turn to throw a little scare into her, so she'd be more careful in the future. "Of course I need you," he said, putting a juke-box croon into the words. "It gets lonely here. Now you just slip out of your inhibitions and into something soft and clinging, and we'll play house. Or do I mean boat?"

"Don't be ridiculous," she said calmly.

He frowned. He reached out and took hold of her shoulders and said, "I'm ridiculous, am I? Did anybody ever tell you that no man likes his wolf call tagged as a bleat?"

"It was an awfully phony wolf call. And, besides, you've been running from me ever since you met me."

"One of these nights you might corner me, though," he said. "I feel a little cornered right now."

She gave a queer sort of irritated laugh and twitched her shoulders to shake off his grip. He began to get mad again. Did she think she could get away with treating every man she met like a social service case? Suppose she chased after the wrong guy some night, just meaning to help him out of trouble, and found herself in a lonely place and pulled a stunt like this. She didn't seem to realize what might happen.

HE HAD tried to give her a hint but words didn't impress her. Maybe a little action would teach her a lesson. He slid his hands down her arms, grabbed her wrists and jerked them behind her back. Her body curved in helplessly against his. She gasped. The white blur of her face tilted away from him. All right, he thought, now beg or cry or fight. Then you can run back to your dolls.

She didn't move. She wasn't even breathing quickly. She was just waiting for him to get tired and go away. That wouldn't work. Frankly, he was getting less tired every second.

He clamped both her wrists in one of his hands and slid his free hand up to the back of her head. Her lips felt cool and childish against his, as though she were being taught how to play post office and didn't like it much.

He let her go and stepped back. "All right," he said. "Take it easy. The all clear just sounded."

"Was it fun?" she asked weakly.

"I haven't had so much fun since the last time I had frostbite."

"You were trying to prove something, weren't you, Johnny?"

He wished he could watch the expressions on her face, but it was too dark. "I was trying to prove that when a girl chases a man she can catch herself some trouble."

"According to the best authorities," Sally said with a tiny laugh, "she can often catch herself a man, too."

"Don't tell me you wanted to catch *me*."

"I don't know. *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

Director M. J. Senn of Yale Child Study Center watches tots through one-way screen as they take test under the guidance of Mrs. Theodora S. Bury and Paul H. Hartman

## *Concluding* THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION STORY

# Man's Greatest Challenge

### By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

*A large percentage of the vast fortune amassed by John D. Rockefeller—about $285,000,000—has been given to promote the progress of medicine and its related sciences. Last week's article in this exclusive series on the Rockefeller Foundation told how philanthropies of the Great Oil King have taken doctoring out of the horse-and-buggy age over the last 40 years. Now Rockefeller funds are being used to tackle man's greatest problem—how to end wars. The hopeful story is told in the following article, the last of the series.*

### IV

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S dedication of his vast fortune to the well-being of humanity, in the belief God had given him the money for that purpose, has made possible two massive assaults on mankind's greatest problem—how to end wars.

One is aimed at increasing food production in a world where half of the population is close to starvation and another quarter is underfed. Dr. Marston Bates, special adviser to Chester I. Barnard, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, calls this "beyond any question" the greatest challenge facing man in his quest for peace and a better life.

Already the Foundation has proved that science can bolster the failing food supply of an entire nation. In seven years, agricultural specialists working under the Foundation's supervision took Mexico, with 25,000,000 people, off the list of countries which were not raising enough food to feed themselves. Success in this major test of the Foundation's theories and methods has spurred hope that the same happy result can be achieved in other parts of the world.

The Foundation's other effort to find ways for men to live in peace lies in a unique study of human behavior. As conducted at the Institute of Human Relations at Yale University, this study postulates a new theory—that most normal behavior is determined by fixed natural laws, laws as definite as those of chemistry, physics or the other natural sciences. If this theory holds up, scholars can probe human behavior with confidence that they can get at our basic motivations—the obscure drives which, no less than the desire for plenty of food, lead to wars.

The story of these two great undertakings begins with two women, one of whom was the Old Oil King's wife, Laura Spelman Rockefeller. Mrs. Rockefeller was earnestly interested in charity throughout her life. She gave to the church, the W.C.T.U., Y.W.C.A., Girl Scouts and to scores of social causes. She was especially interested in children. When she died after more than a half century of unswerving loyalty as a wife and mother, the stricken billionaire, in his eightieth year, set aside $74,000,000 in a memorial fund to keep up her gifts as she might have done.

The Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, founded in 1918, was the Old Oil King's fourth and last great benevolent trust. Out of it grew, in 1929, the Social Sciences Division of the Rockefeller Foundation. More than any other outside influence, that division has stimulated today's awakening in the social sciences at Yale and elsewhere.

The second woman whose part was important in that awakening was an Iowa housewife, Cora Bussey Hillis, whose husband, Isaac Lea Hillis, was once mayor of Des Moines.

As a bride, she became responsible for the care of a hopelessly crippled younger sister. Later, three of her own children died when very young. The rearing of normal children became her lifetime concern. Consulting one supposed authority after another, she could find no reliable standards on the subject. Normal children were expected "just to grow up as the Maker intended." The sickly alone were of scientific consequence.

In 1901, Cora Hillis began a campaign to establish an unheard-of thing: a research center that would give to normal children the same kind of scientific study given crops and cattle. For more than a decade, Iowans joked about Child Culture vs. Corn Culture, Kids vs. Pigs. Then we got into World War I. Thousands of "normal" Iowa boys were rejected as unfit for military service. Pedigree-conscious Iowa abruptly stopped joking. In 1917, the state founded the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station as a part of the University of Iowa. It was a historic first. Soon the bold experiment was being watched by scholars everywhere.

It was also watched by a little group of men in New York City. The group included John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Cleveland E. Dodge, Raymond B. Fosdick and Arthur Woods. They were trustees of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Fund. During the next dozen years, when the practical test of Cora Hillis' idea was under the world's skeptical scrutiny, a million Rockefeller dollars were pumped into it.

Slowly, acceptance of the Iowa Plan spread to other great universities, and, as it did, Spelman Memorial grants in yet larger aggregate amounts spread with it. Today, wherever science is concerned with children, it is concerned, too, with the normal boy or girl. And, since great ideas spark others, a generation of scholars has grown up with a new awareness of the mounting problems confronting not only normal children, but all normal people.

The Spelman trustees and their advisers, men such as James Rowland Angell, president of Yale, began to grasp at something big. They saw that "through the social sciences might come more intelligent measures of social control that would reduce such irrationalities as are represented by poverty, class conflict and war between nations."

The trustees raised a new question: Was not the division of the social sciences into economics, political science, sociology,

*(Continued on page 67)*

**Farm experts from Mexico, Guatemala and San Salvador, under Rockefeller Foundation leadership, study wheat near Mexico City**

ACME

**Rockefeller funds paid for famous Kinsey sex report. L. to r.: Drs. Wardell B. Pomeroy, Alfred C. Kinsey and Clyde E. Martin**

COLOR PHOTO FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

Midshipman Vernon Fitch, 21, of Manhattan, Kansas, has been through Pensacola. He is ready for anything the future holds

Lt. (jg) Joseph Elmer, 27, of Princeton, N.J., is Annapolis and Pensacola trained. He was selected for advanced jet training

INSTRUCTIONS

# "Annapolis of the Air"

THE United States Navy runs a school at Pensacola, Florida, designed to put punch, power and skill into the young in heart and the brave in spirit. One of the biggest, most efficient, best-integrated pilot-training academies in the world, Pensacola's Naval Air Training Command teaches young men how to handle the fast planes which form the working core of America's magnificent aircraft carrier task forces.

Pilot training at Pensacola is a nonstop program keyed to everlasting preparedness. The base itself, on the Gulf of Mexico, has been a naval installation since 1824, when it was used as a Navy Yard. Just before World War I, it was commissioned as a Naval Air Station, and it has been growing ever since. During the second World War, almost 30,000 pilots received preflight, ground and basic flight training at Pensacola and its satellite fields—Whiting, Corry and Saufley, completing their courses on an aircraft carrier in the Gulf of Mexico.

Today more and more pilots are qualifying for naval air duty in a stepped-up program paced to the requirements of America's new defense program. But no matter how many pilots are trained or how urgent the need, Pensacola never skimps. All men, even in time of war, receive about 18 months of intensive education. The "Annapolis of the Air" doesn't believe in saving time. It believes in training men.

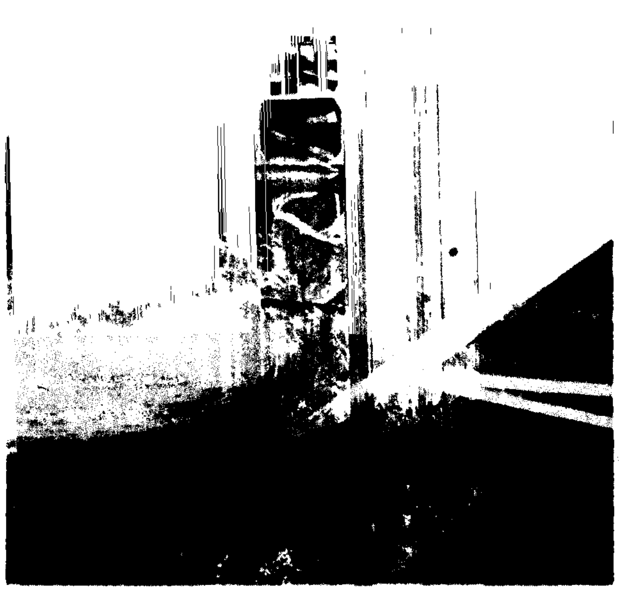
First step in the education of naval cadets (NavCads) is the preflight school at the main base at Pensacola, where emphasis is on navigation, aerology and engines. Next, NavCads learn to fly SNJ "Texan" trainers at Whiting Field. At Corry Field they are toughened up on instrument and night-flying techniques and passed on to Saufley Field for formation flying, gunnery and cross-country navigation. The final step is the big one—Carrier Qualification, for which NavCads must make six successful landings in an SNJ "Texan" aboard the light carrier USS Monterey. Pilots who make the grade are ready to move on to multiengine planes, helicopters and fast, powerful jets.

To make the kind of man on whom the Navy pins its wings costs $45,000. But the pay-off far outweighs the expense. For every $45,000 spent the United States gets a fighting man who is the equal of any in the world.

When cadets receive their wings upon graduation from Pensacola, they are given a copy of The Navy Flyer's Creed. They are not asked to swear to uphold the creed. They don't have to; for by the time they are commissioned they have learned to live by its principles. Among the creed's most significant lines are these: "*I am a United States Navy Flyer. I have dedicated myself to my country, with its many millions of all races, colors and creeds. They and their way of life are worthy of my greatest protective effort. I ask the help of God in making that effort great enough.*" Pensacola is the first step toward fulfillment of the Navy flyer's goal. THE END

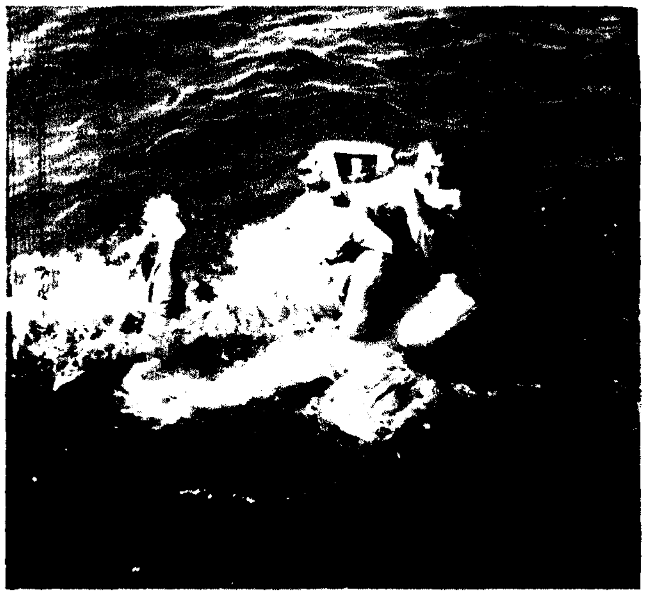
**Having blasted target in air, NavCads check hits at Saufley Field where military flight is taught**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON AND ALFRED PUHN



Pensacola's Dilbert Dunker helps cadets learn how to pull out of sinking planes

Corry Field's school teaches instrument, night flight; ground school stresses radio procedure



Pensacola's Survival School tosses men into bay to show them use of life rafts

Before launching, cadet in trainer gets warmup signal from flight-deck officer

During cadets' flight, plane handlers (center, in helmets) stand by to haul off landed planes

In event of mishap, "hot papa" in white asbestos pulls men out of burning planes

All roads, at Pensacola's "Annapolis of the Air," lead to co-operative action. NavCads learn that no man fights alone. They work, play and live together; for, as they promise to remember, in The Navy Flyer's Creed: ". . . we are part of an unbeatable team—the United States Navy"

# GIVE A MAN ROPE

**. . . and he'll hang himself. Or, by the same token, the hangman may get strung up on a similar rope, and find he needs a woman to cut him down**

### By STUART CLOETE

WHEN a woman goes to live with a man, there's talk. So when Nella came to live with old Smitty, there was plenty said by the old wives in the dorp. "His niece, indeed," they said, "a pretty girl like that—" as if a man never had a pretty niece before.

The one who talked the most was the Widow Coetzee. She was famous for talking and was said to have had designs on Big Jan ever since his wife had died five years ago. Her remarks were discounted in the dorp because everyone knew of her feeling for Smitty, and nowhere in the world is a jealous woman of fifty-odd expected to have much good to say of a pretty girl of seventeen.

The talk never worried Jan Smit. He was glad to have Nella with him, even though he was sorry for the cause of it—her being left an orphan when his brother died, and penniless too, owing to the tricks of a *slim* lawyer who had swindled her father in a most respectable and legal manner. Of course, Nella'd get Sterkfontein when Smitty died, and while he lived he'd take care of her and try to get her a good husband. But supposing she had not had a fine uncle like him?

This was in his mind as they drove into the dorp. The dorp always made him think of it, for it was in villages and towns that the spiders wove their tempting webs. He looked at the girl beside him in the Cape cart. She was a pretty thing—golden, like a Jersey heifer, if there was such a thing as a blue-eyed Jersey. It was a pleasure to have her around.

He looked at a white board hanging outside one of the houses. It was a new board with some writing on it in black. He was against new things, against changes. Few of them were ever for the better.

Nella gripped his arm. "Stop," she said. Then she said, "Don't stop."

He tightened the reins and said, "Shall I stop or go on?"

"Go on. Please go on and then drive round again slowly."

"Why?" he asked. "We've got a lot to do. I don't want to waste time."

"Please," she said.

He let the horses trot, turned right and drove round, past the backs of the houses that lined the street, and up it again.

"Slow," Nella said, "slow."

He checked the blacks while she stared at the new sign. "It's him," she said. "Oh, Uncle, it's him."

"What's him?" he said.

"It's Jarrold, the lawyer," she said. "He's the man that killed Pa, pressing him, always pressing him."

"And now he's here," Smitty said.

"He couldn't stay there," Nella said. "He'd done too much."

"The hand of the Lord is in this," Smitty said. "*Ja,* here I clearly see the hand of the Lord. The Lord has delivered him to me like the head of John the Baptist on a platter." He closed his hand into a great gnarled fist. "Often," he said, "I've thought I should go after him. It was often in my heart to go and seek him out, but does not the Lord say, 'Vengeance is mine.'? And who am I to go against the Holy Word? But now the Lord has sent him to me. Now I am the Lord's instrument."

"What will you do, Uncle?" The girl looked up into his face with blue saucer eyes.

"I shall a plan make. A plan by which he will destroy himself. Give a man rope, I always say, and he'll hang himself." Then he said, "Did he ever see you, Nella?"

"No, he never saw me."

"And your name was not on any of the papers?"

"No."

"A plan," he said, "is made in three parts. It is made of the planner—that is me; the enemy—that is him; and the trap. It is the trap we must think of."

"*Ja,*" she said.

"Now, with this kind of man, there is only one sort of bait to use. We will catch him with gold."

"But we have no gold, Uncle."

"No, we have no gold, but we will make some." He laughed. "We will make gold and set the trap. Now we must go to the store and buy what we need; then we will make our plan. Tomorrow is also a day, my young maid, and a good plan is not made in a moment. Get out, girl, and do not worry—your father will be avenged. Two things are very good," he said.

"Two things?"

"*Ja.* First, that he never saw you."

"No, he never saw me. When he came to the farm I always hid. I was young," she said, "and I did not like strangers."

"*Ja!*" he said. "That is good. And the other thing is that the name of Smit is common. There are a thousand Smits.". . .

By the next morning the plan had begun to take form. Smitty put on his best suit, a dark one, and his top hat with the wide crepe band he had worn since the death of his wife.

When Nella asked him why he wore his top hat, he told her it was part of the plan. "A man's hat," he said, "declares his intentions, and this"—he touched his brim—"is my funeral hat. It is also my wedding hat and my baptismal hat. It is the hat that I wear on important occasions." Leaving her to think these remarks over, he mounted his horse and rode to town.

HE WENT to call on *Mevrou* Coetzee. She was a fine figure of a woman and sympathetic to him. The widow welcomed him and gave him coffee. He sat on the edge of his chair.

"*Mevrou,*" he said, "I have come to you for help."

"*Ja,*" she said, "I am a woman who is always ready to help a fine-looking man." She smiled at him.

"When I was young, I was a fine man," he said. "I was as strong as a bull."

"You are still a fine man, Jan Smit," she said. "You are like a great spreading oak."

He said, "That is well spoken because I am not easy to cut down. And you, *Mevrou,* are like wine."

"Like wine?"

"You go to a man's head, and with age you improve, becoming more mellow."

"We should make a fine couple," she said. "No longer young, it is true, but fine and full of sense."

"But it is because of that, because you are a true woman, I want your advice. But what I tell you is a secret. Is that understood?"

"I will tell no one," she said. "Not a soul. Not even the wife of the *predikant.* Not a soul, Jan."

"Well," he said, "there are diamonds on Sterkfontein."

"*Magtig!*" she said. "Diamonds? Diamonds are better than sheep on a farm."

"*Ja,*" he said, "but I am a funny man."

"How are you funny?"

"I do not like strangers on my farm and I do not want money. I have enough. So I have come to ask you what to do."

"Since nobody knows you have diamonds on your farm, what does it matter?" she said.

"They will find out," he said, "and my peace of mind will be broken like a cup that falls on a stone floor."

"It is true there are diamonds not far off," she said. "There are diamonds at Swartpan. And Swartpan is only twenty miles from Sterkfontein."

"Did you ever see a diamond?" he asked.

"Only on a woman's hand." She looked down at her hand. "Never a wild diamond."

PUTTING his hand in his pocket, he brought out a little rag. It was one of Nella's handkerchiefs tied round the top with a *voorslag.* He undid the whiplash and, holding the open handkerchief toward her, said, "*Kyk,* look."

"Diamonds?"

"*Ja,*" he said. He held one up.

"They do not shine much."

"That is only afterward. When they are wild they do not shine. The difference between a cut diamond and these," he said, "is the difference between a woman working in the kitchen and the same woman *sitting* in her *voorkamer* in a silk dress, with her hands folded in her lap and her ankles crossed in front of her."

"*Ja,*" she said.

"Now that you understand why nothing must come out about this, tell me what I should do."

"Do?" she said. "Do nothing. But above all, allow no strangers on your land."

"But there is a right of way running through the farm that I cannot close. A right of way that is one hundred Cape feet wide."

"Then make people stay on it and do not allow them to stop."

"How shall I do that?" he asked.

"With a notice board. A white board with the writing on it in black letters."

"Like the one the new attorney has?"

"*Ja,* like that."

"Perhaps the same man who painted that sign could make it."

"*Ja,*" she said.

"And perhaps," he said, "you, who are an educated woman, could arrange it for me. For I, as you know, have never mastered my letters."

"For you I will arrange it," she said.

"I will come and get it next Saturday."

"Come and we will drink coffee again."

"I do not know what I should do without you, Selina. I know of no one else I could trust with such a secret."

"It is safe with me, Jan."

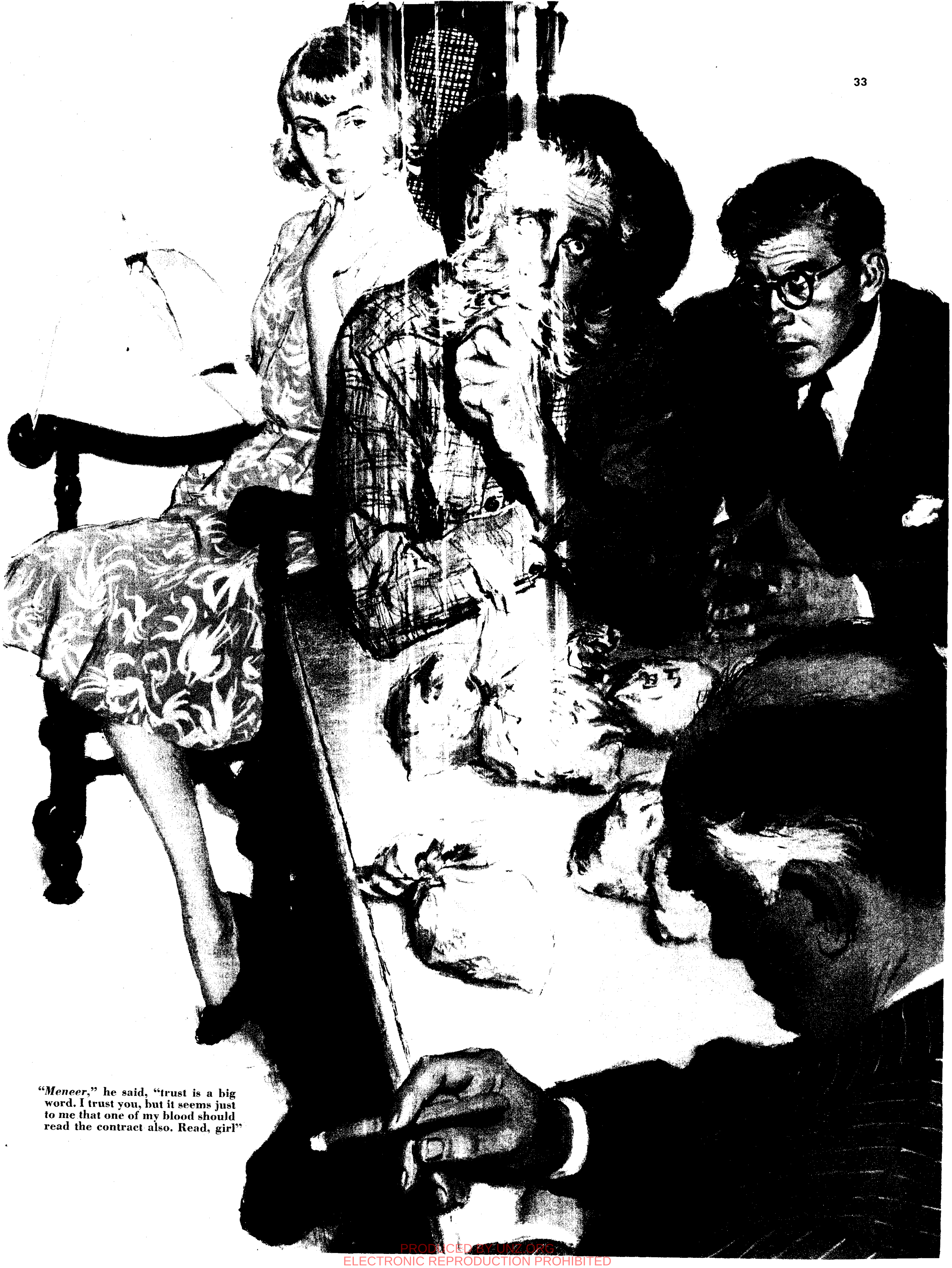
"It is safe with you," he said. "That I know." He picked up his hat from beside his chair and then said, "*Totsiens,* Selina. You are a fine woman. You are like wine."

"You are a fine man," she said, "like an oak."

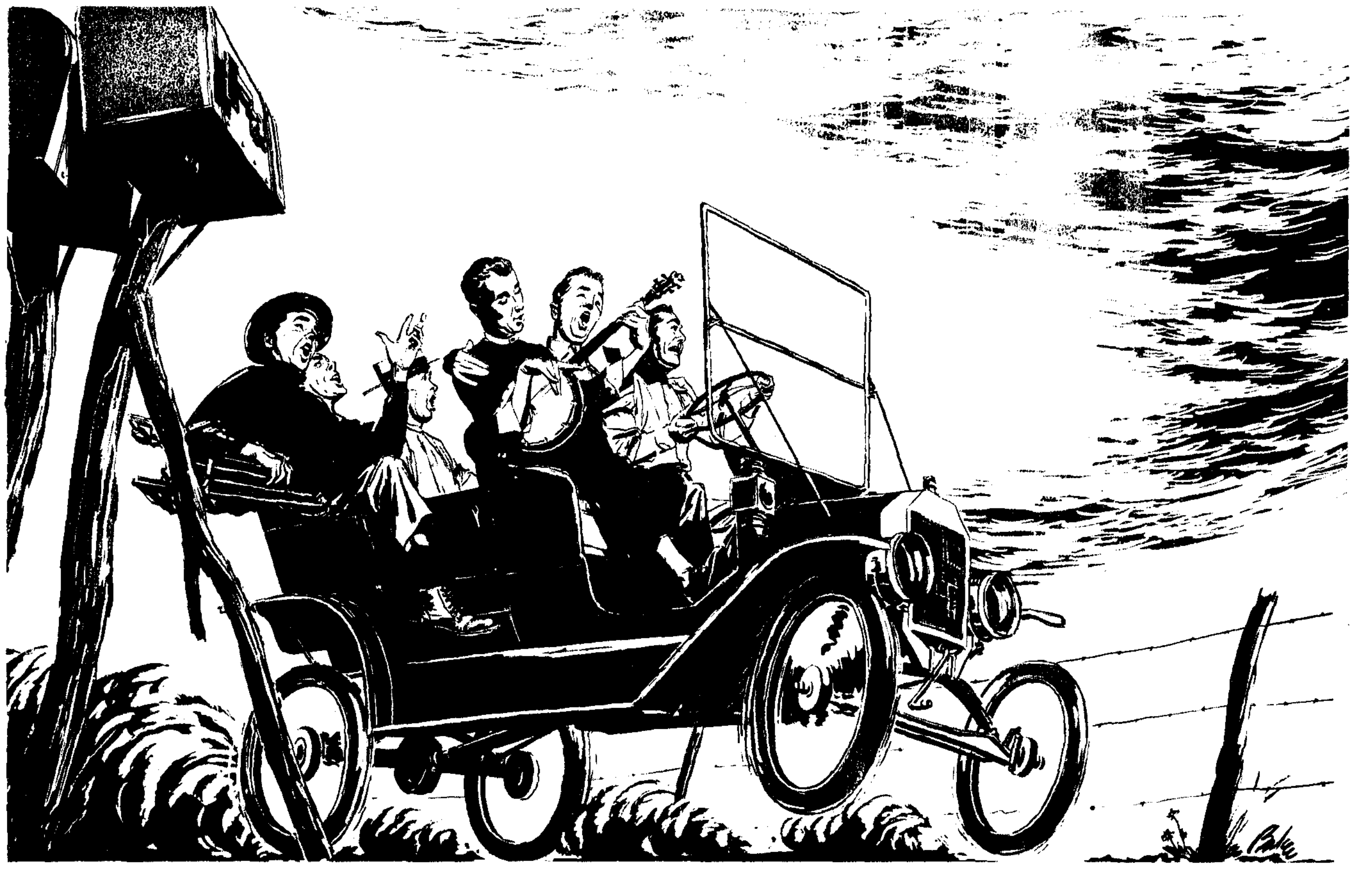
When he mounted his horse he thought: *Ja,* I am a fine man and Sterkfontein is a fine farm, and no less fine with diamonds on it. Wild diamonds, he said to himself. If you did not know better, rock crystals rubbed with a little axle grease looked very like diamonds in a room where the shade was down. And by now, before he got home, half the world would know his secret. Such a story was too good to keep for more than an hour. First the *predikant's* wife, then the sign painter, and then the attorney. Selina Coetzee was a good woman, a fine woman. God had made her like

*(Continued on page 82)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



"*Meneer*," he said, "trust is a big word. I trust you, but it seems just to me that one of my blood should read the contract also. Read, girl"



*Squeezing three in the front, three in the rear, they drove through the dusty countryside*

# The Pumpernickel

## By RAY BRADBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL BAKER

MR. AND MRS. WELLES walked away from the movie theater late at night and went into the quiet little store, a combination restaurant and delicatessen. They settled in a booth, and Mrs. Welles said, "Baked ham on pumpernickel." Mr. Welles glanced toward the counter, and there lay a loaf of pumpernickel.

"Why," he murmured, "pumpernickel . . . Druce's Lake . . ."

The night, the late hour, the empty restaurant—by now the pattern was familiar. Anything could set him off on a tide of reminiscence. The scent of autumn leaves, or midnight winds blowing, could stir him from himself, and memories would pour around him. Now in the unreal hour after the theater, in this lonely store, he saw a loaf of pumpernickel bread and, as on a thousand other nights, he found himself moved into the past.

"Druce's Lake," he said again.

"What?" His wife glanced up.

"Something I'd almost forgotten," said Mr. Welles. "In 1910, when I was twenty, I nailed a loaf of pumpernickel to the top of my bureau mirror . . ."

In the hard, shiny crust of the bread, the boys at Druce's Lake had cut their names: *Tom, Nick, Bill, Alec, Paul, Jack.* The finest picnic in history! Their faces tanned as they rattled down the dusty roads. Those were the days when roads were *really* dusty; a fine brown talcum floured up after your car. And the lake was always twice as good to reach as it would be later in life when you arrived immaculate, clean and unrumpled.

"That was the last time the old gang got together," Mr. Welles said.

After that, college, work and marriage separated you. Suddenly you found yourself with some other group. And you never felt as comfortable or as much at ease again in all your life.

"I wonder," said Mr. Welles. "I like to think maybe we all *knew*, somehow, that this picnic might be the last we'd have. You first get that empty feeling the day after high-school graduation. Then, when a little time passes and no one vanishes immediately, you relax. But after a year you realize the old world is changing. And you want to do some one last thing before you lose one another. While you're all still friends, home from college for the summer, this side of marriage, you've got to have something like a last ride and a swim in the cool lake."

Mr. Welles remembered that rare summer morning, he and Tom lying under his father's Ford, reaching up their hands to adjust this or that, talking about machines and women and the future. While they worked, the day got warm. At last Tom said, "Why don't we drive out to Druce's Lake?"

As simple as that.

Yet, forty years later, you remember every detail of picking up the other fellows, everyone yelling under the green trees.

"Hey!" Alec beating everyone's head with the pumpernickel and laughing. "This is for extra sandwiches, later."

Nick had made the sandwiches that were already in the hamper—the garlic kind they would eat less of as the years passed and the girls moved in.

Then, squeezing three in the front, three in the rear, with their arms across one another's shoulders, they drove through the boiling, dusty countryside, with a cake of ice in a tin washtub to cool the beer they'd buy.

What was the special quality of that day that it should focus like a stereoscopic image, fresh and clear, forty years later? Perhaps each of them had had an experience like his own. A few days before the picnic, he had found a photograph of his father twenty-five years younger, standing with a group of friends at college. The photograph had disturbed him, made him aware as he had not been before of the passing of time, the swift flow of the years away from youth. A picture taken of him as he was now would, in twenty-five years, look as strange to his own children as his father's picture did to him—unbelievably young, a stranger out of a strange, never-returning time.

Was that how the final picnic had come about—with each of them knowing that in a few short years they would be crossing streets to avoid one another, or, if they met, saying, "We've *got* to have lunch sometime!" but never doing it? Whatever the reason, Mr. Welles could still hear the splashes as they'd plunged off the pier under a yellow sun. And then the beer and sandwiches underneath the shady trees.

We never ate that pumpernickel, Mr. Welles thought. Funny, if we'd been a bit hungrier, we'd have cut it up, and I wouldn't have been reminded of it by that loaf there on the counter.

Lying under the trees in a golden peace that came from beer and sun and male companionship, they promised that in ten years they would meet at the courthouse on New Year's Day, 1920, to see what they had done with their lives. Talking their rough easy talk, they carved their names in the pumpernickel.

"Driving home," Mr. Welles said, "we sang Moonlight Bay."

He remembered motoring along in the hot, dry night with their swim suits damp on the jolting floor boards. It was a ride of many detours taken just for the hell of it, which was the best reason in the world.

"Good night." "So long." "Good night."

Then Welles was driving alone, at midnight, home to bed.

He nailed the pumpernickel to his bureau the next day.

"I almost cried when, two years later, my mother threw it in the incinerator while I was off at college."

"What happened in 1920?" asked his wife. "On New Year's Day?"

"Oh," said Mr. Welles. "I was walking by the courthouse, by accident, at noon. It was snowing. I heard the clock strike. Lord, I thought, we were supposed to meet here today! I waited five minutes. Not right in front of the courthouse, no. I waited across the street." He paused. "Nobody showed up."

He got up from the table and paid the bill. "And I'll take that loaf of unsliced pumpernickel there," he said.

When he and his wife were walking home, he said, "I've got a crazy idea. I often wondered what happened to everyone."

"Nick's still in town with his café."

"But what about the others?" Mr. Welles's face was getting pink and he was smiling and waving his hands. "They moved away. I think Tom's in Cincinnati." He looked quickly at his wife. "Just for the heck of it, I'll send him this pumpernickel!"

"Oh, but—"

"Sure!" He laughed, walking faster, slapping the bread with the palm of his hand. "Have him carve his name on it and mail it on to the others if he knows their addresses. And finally back to me, with all their names on it!"

"But," she said, taking his arm, "it'll only make you unhappy. You've done things like this so many times before and . . ."

He wasn't listening. Why do I never get these ideas by day? he thought. Why do I always get them after the sun goes down?

In the morning, first thing, he thought, I'll mail this pumpernickel off, by God, to Tom and the others. And when it comes back I'll have the loaf just as it was when it got thrown out and burned! Why not?

"Let's see," he said, as his wife opened the screen door and let him walk into the stuffy-smelling house to be greeted by silence and warm emptiness. "Let's see. We also sang Row Row Row Your Boat, didn't we?"

IN THE morning, he came down the hall stairs and paused a moment in the strong full sunlight, his face shaved, his teeth freshly brushed. Sunlight brightened every room. He looked in at the breakfast table.

His wife was busy there. Slowly, calmly, she was slicing the pumpernickel.

He sat down at the table in the warm sunlight, and reached for the newspaper.

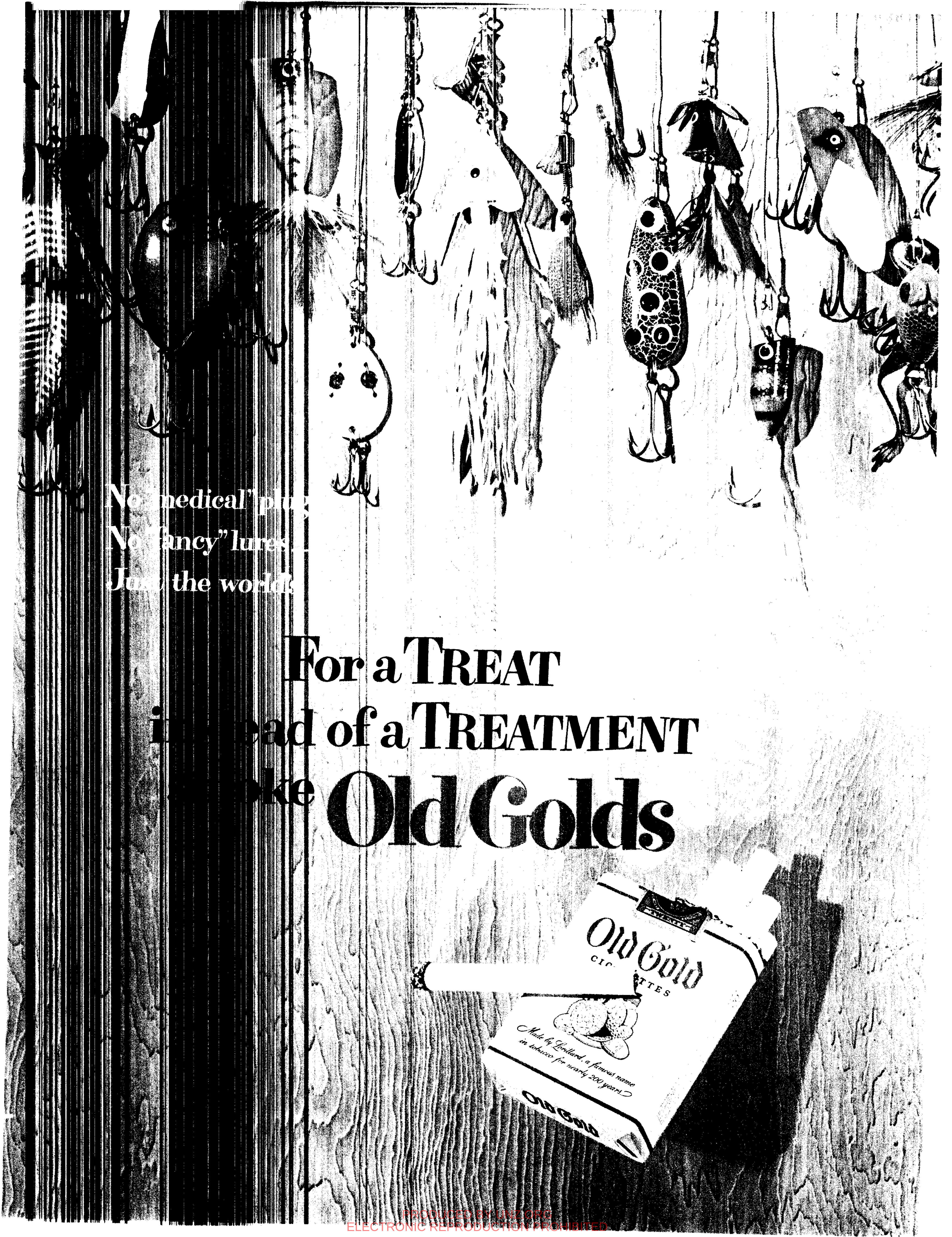
She picked up a slice of the newly cut bread, and kissed him on the cheek. He patted her arm.

"One or two pieces of toast, dear?" she asked gently.

"Two, I think," he replied.

THE END

**Collier's** SHORT SHORT


No "medical" plu
No "fancy" lures
Just the world's
For a TREAT
instead of a TREATMENT
smoke Old Golds
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
Made by Lorillard, a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years!
Old Gold

# A Shot in the Dark

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Let's put it this way: I often wondered if you might be worth catching."

"Now you know. I'm worth catching like malaria."

"You mean that act you just put on? You'd make about as convincing a villain as a man wearing a black cardboard mustache. I don't know a thing more about you than I did before."

"What do you want to know?"

"Oh, lots of things. If you want to tell me anything, you might start by explaining what you're doing here."

"Believe it or not, I'm waiting for a ferryboat."

"All right. If you won't give me any answers, I'll give you some. This is Howard Pingree's boat. You kept hunting until you found it. If someone really made you answer, you'd say you figure Howard Pingree will come back to get his boat some night, and you hope to be waiting for him. You'll claim you're doing it because you and Tim had that fight and you want to show Tim how wrong he was about you."

She was smart. That was just what he had planned to feed her. "Got it worked out pretty well, haven't you?"

"I have it worked out better than that, Johnny. I know this country and its people and Tim fairly well. Howard Pingree could never walk ashore here and hide for two weeks without Tim finding out about it."

She was a little too smart. "What happens if I stick to that first story you dreamed up for me?" he asked.

"I don't believe it, and Tim won't either."

"You're going to tell him, are you?"

"You haven't given me any reason not to."

"Let's get this straight," he said. "I always like to know exactly what the deal is when I'm being blackmailed. If I give you the full story, will you keep it to yourself?"

"I doubt it very much, Johnny. Look at it this way. Suppose Tim started searching through the mangroves here when you're on the boat. Each of you thinks the other is somebody else, and starts shooting. That leaves me holding a double funeral. So don't tell me a thing unless you want to."

FOR some reason, he did want to tell her. The hunt had been a lonely job. Nobody had hoped he'd win; nobody would feel bad if he lost. For more than seven months he had been locked up inside his own head and he wanted to get out. Maybe Sally couldn't help, but it was worth a try.

He started talking. At first it wasn't easy. He told her about how he had gone out hunting for souvenirs in Manila one day during the war and found lots of them, all firmly attached to live Japs. He explained how a timid little Spaniard named Tony Mendoza had saved him. He went through the whole sickening business of how Tony had needed help, but he, Johnny, hadn't wanted to be bothered, and so Tony was murdered. He told her about the man hunt and where it stood right now.

He finished, and looked at her. She was curled in a corner of the cockpit like a kitten trying to get warm, or maybe like a girl trying to get as far away from him as possible.

"Johnny, it's such a waste. All that drive and energy of yours concentrated on one horrible idea."

"What's horrible about catching the guy who killed Tony?"

She said faintly, "You don't want to catch him. You want to murder him."

He didn't like the sound of that word. He didn't like it at all. In fact he had been careful not to mention it to himself. But maybe it was just as well to understand right now what he was willing to do.

"I could dress it up in fancy words and talk about making the guy pay his debt to society, and about how I'd be saving the courts trouble," he said. "But—all right. Let's just say I want to murder him."

"Johnny, you could do so much with your life if you put that energy into something else."

"Sure. I could break seventy in golf or catch a record salmon or invent a drink. But you know what? I've already tried those things, and all they do is help pass the time. This is the only thing I've ever really wanted."

"And if you get it?"

"Correction. *When* I get it."

She said in sudden fury, "You don't think for one minute Tim will let you go on."

"If they throw me out of the Border Patrol, I can always stick around for the fishing. Matter of fact, now I've got this far, I might do better on my own."

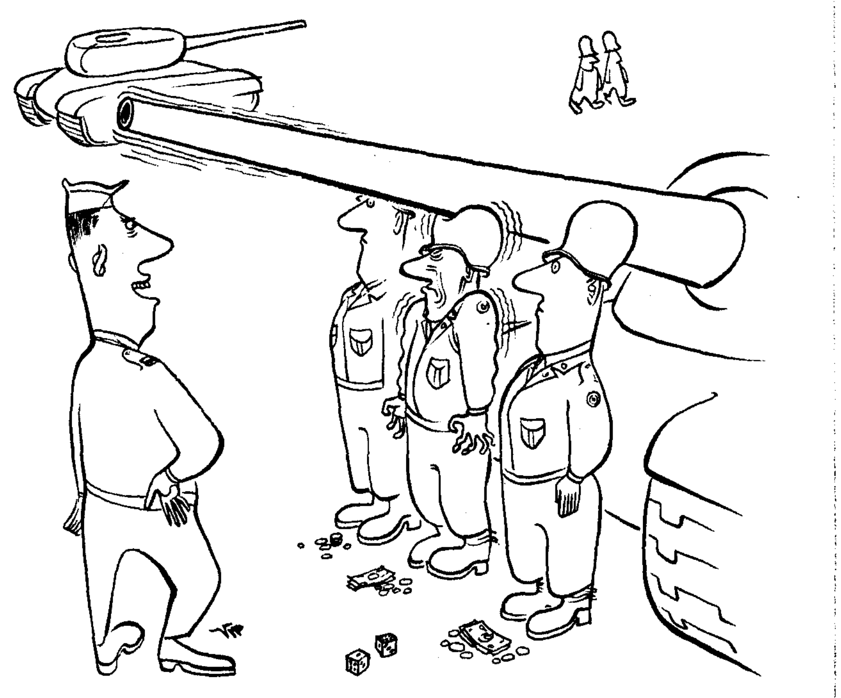
Sally got up slowly, as if there were a lot of aches in her joints. "I think I'll go home."

"And give Tim an earful, naturally."

"I'm not going to tell him anything."

He moved over to her and tilted her chin up so he could look at her eyes. That didn't give him any news. In the darkness her eyes were just smudges in her white face. "Don't be silly," he said. "Tim doesn't have any idea that the smuggling racket is centered in Fort Myers. He could walk into it with his eyes shut and come out staring at the wrong side of a coffin lid."

## VIP'S WAR



"Now that's the way I like to see men snap to attention"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"You're shopping for a coffin for yourself with your eyes open."

"At least I know the score. Tim won't, unless you tell him."

"I think you're going to tell him."

"That's a dull idea. Don't bet on it."

"I'm already betting on it. Now, will you pull the boat in so I can get ashore."

"Wait a minute," he muttered. "I'll go with you. If I stay on this tub and hear a rustle, I'll start thinking it's Tim and be afraid to shoot."

He switched on his flashlight, cleaned up the mud that had flaked off Sally's shoes, and made sure the boat looked as if nobody had been aboard. As they crept back through the mangroves, he tried to smooth out the marks of her high heels. The way the trail was being used it was going to start looking like a highway. They reached the sandy ruts leading to Pingree's Landing and found their cars and he trailed Sally home.

By the time they reached the McCarter house it was after eleven. The door to Tim's bedroom was closed; on an impulse Johnny opened it quietly and peered in. The guy was sleeping.

Johnny closed the door and found Sally standing there. "All right," he said. "I'll tell him."

"Thanks, Johnny."

"It may take me a while to work up to it. Don't expect me to start right off at breakfast. I get bored with my life story that early in the day."

"Tim won't be as hard to talk to as you think."

"That's good. Then he'll let me finish before he kicks me out."

"If you're not too tired," she said, "I have an idea that might be worth trying tonight. We could write down all the information you have about the man you've been hunting, and see how many people around Fort Myers it fits."

"I don't have any information."

"I bet you have lots you haven't thought of. Come in the dining room and let's write it down."

He shrugged. When it came to detective work, everybody wanted to get in the act. Anyway, it couldn't do any harm. They sat at the dining-room table and Sally began making mysterious charts.

"Now," she said finally, "you talked to one person in Havana who actually saw the murderer and who isn't a member of the gang—the Cuban landlady who was helping your friend hide."

"I went all over it with her, and she couldn't describe him. She'd never had much to do with Americans. So far as she was concerned, most Americans look alike. She was expecting a tall young American to come along asking where Tony was hiding, and one dropped by to ask the question and that was it. She had no reason to try to memorize the way he looked. She didn't think she could recognize him again."

Sally began scribbling busily.

He said irritably, "Where do you think that gets us?"

"It gets us looking for a tall young American."

"Great. There can't be more than a thousand around Fort Myers."

"That's right. But out of our thousand suspects, how many might have been in Havana when your friend was killed? I don't say how many were there, because we can't find that out, but how many could have been? And how many could have been in Havana when I met you there? The Havana gang must have told your man about that trap you set, and he must have wanted to run over and take a look at you."

He hitched his chair around closer to her. "You're starting to interest me," he said. "Got some more ideas?"

"Oh, yes. Now we look for a man who is smart enough to run the Fort Myers end of the operation, and that will eliminate more people. He's got to have a job that apparently lets him make an honest living and yet gives him time for smuggling. That ought to eliminate anybody employed in an office where he couldn't take time off whenever he wants. He also has to be somebody you've met more than once around here."

"You're pulling that one out of a hat."

"No, I'm not, Johnny. You came to Fort Myers to kill a man. He knows who you are, but you don't know him. Would he avoid you or not?"

"All right. You win. Sure, he'd want to keep an eye on me as much as he could without making me suspicious. Look, I can answer some of these questions but not all of them. Do you know people well enough to answer the rest?"

"When you grow up in a small town," Sally said, "what you learn about your neighbors would fill a book, and you couldn't print it, either. Tim and I have been here ten years. Get the telephone directory and we'll be scientific about this."

THEY made out a long list of names of men he had met around Fort Myers. Some weren't in the book, but as they went through the alphabet, one thing or another reminded them of the missing names.

As they went through the T section, Sally said, "You just skipped one. How about Tate, Robert J.?"

"Oh. Did I miss him?"

"Yes, Johnny. And on purpose. Why?"

"I'm giving him to you as a present. For your hope chest."

"That's very charming of you," she said, "but we won't play favorites. His name goes in."

"I hate to mess up your love life."

"You think I have one?"

"Not if you've gone overboard for Bob Tate. That would leave both of you in love with the same person."

"Meow."

He grinned and said, "Who would have thought I was that human? Let's get on with the list."

When they finished, there were about two hundred names. He stared at them and felt a shiver run over his body. It was startling to look over the possibilities: tourist-camp owners, guide-boat captains, salesmen, farmers, sports fishermen and dozens of others he had met and talked to and thought were fairly good guys. Until now, the hunt had been an impersonal affair, but having names to work on made the killer seem very real and brought him close.

He looked around at the black rectangles of the dining-room windows. It was a mild evening and most of the windows were open. It was just imagination, of course, but he thought something had flickered and vanished beyond one of the screens. He got up, knowing it was silly, and took his revolver and went outside the house. Naturally there wasn't anything suspicious. He went in and apologized for being jumpy and then, on a stubborn impulse, shut all the windows and lowered the shades.

So far, the list was a broad one. It covered men in their twenties or thirties who were tall and when he had met more than once. He and Sally started applying the other tests: was the first man on the list smart enough to run a big smuggling racket, did he have the right kind of cover job or hobby, could he have been in Havana those two times? It was a long job, and by one

## "Candy" Cummings discovered the curve ball

### His Amazing Pitch Modernized Baseball

When W. A. "Candy" Cummings stepped to the mound for the Brooklyn Stars, in a game with the Brooklyn Atlantics in the summer of 1867, he had no idea that he was destined to make history. Intending to throw a straight fast ball, the only pitch known to the game, he accidentally gave a twist to his wrist, allowing the ball to leave his hand from between the thumb and fingers. He was amazed to see the ball curve away from the plate and the batter miss it a mile. He tried the same pitch again. Again the ball curved. And a new era in baseball was born.

186
HUNTER
"First over the Bars"
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY

## When you discover HUNTER...

you'll instantly recognize the superior flavor that has made it famous as America's luxury blend. Hunter's flavor is so distinctive that no one has been able to copy it in over 91 years.

First over the Bars

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof. 65% grain neutral spirits.

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES

The Continental Insurance Company

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Co.

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

Niagara Fire Insurance Company

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

American Eagle Fire Insurance Co.

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

The Fidelity & Casualty Co. of N. Y.

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

IT STANDS FOR
SOUND PROTECTION
IN
FIVE LEADING
INSURANCE COMPANIES
●
For the Name of an America Fore Agent or Claims Office Call Western Union by Number, Ask for Operator 25.

o'clock they had only tested the first ten names. Funny, though—they had eliminated every one of those names. By the time they worked through the list, there might be only a couple of hot prospects.

Sally stood up and rubbed her eyes. "I can work on this tomorrow," she said. "I'll leave everything over here on the buffet. Tim won't go poking through it."

"You've had quite an evening."

"Do you know what, Johnny? I found out one nice thing about you tonight."

"You'd better tell me. I wouldn't mind knowing a nice thing about me too."

"I found out that you were avoiding me in Havana not because you disliked me but because you were busy. The way my mind works, that makes you a much nicer person."

While he was wondering how to answer that, she walked around the table and bent down and kissed him. Her lips didn't seem quite so cool and childish this time.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"That," she said calmly, "is so I can remember something else nice about the evening." She smiled and left the room.

She was a funny creature. He shrugged, and put the incident out of his mind. He got ready for bed and found he wasn't really sleepy and decided to smoke a cigarette. He took a new pack out of his bureau drawer, opened it and took out a cigarette, and relaxed on his bed to think about the list. It really might turn up something. Sally had been smart to think of it. She wasn't as naïve as she seemed.

If Sally worked on the list the next day she might finish checking all the names by night. She was a handy person to have around. It wasn't easy to keep her at arm's length, though.

He got up and crushed out his cigarette and switched off the light. Lying in bed again, he tried to concentrate on the list, but it just read: Sally McCarter, Sally McCarter, Sally McCarter.

SOMEONE was shaking him roughly. Johnny groaned and opened his eyes and saw Tim's face.

"What a sight to greet a man when he wakes up," he said.

"Never mind the cracks," Tim said. "Get up, will you?"

"Can't you take a joke?"

"Since when have we been making jokes?"

That's right, Johnny thought. Since when? A few things had changed overnight for the better, and he woke up thinking everything had. But, of course, there was no change so far as Tim was concerned. Tim still thought he was somebody's political pet and that he was a coward.

He rolled out of bed and saw that it was just getting light. "How come so early?" he complained.

"One of the guide-boat captains just called me. He wants to talk to us just as soon as we can get to Matanzas Pass."

"I suppose he didn't want to use that newfangled invention, the telephone, any more than he had to."

"Very funny, Edwards. It happens that people can listen in on phone conversations. This guy is taking a party out fishing in about an hour, and we have to get to the dock before he leaves. This may interfere with your rest, but once in a while the Border Patrol comes ahead of those late dates of yours."

Johnny decided it wouldn't help things to say that last night's late date had been with Sally. "How soon do you want me to be ready?"

"In ten minutes," Tim said, walking out of the room.

Johnny washed, shaved, dressed and was ready in nine minutes. That gave him sixty seconds to gulp a cup of coffee which Sally had ready. Amazing how a girl could look so bright and cheerful and pretty on such short notice.

He and Tim climbed in the Border Patrol sedan and started down McGregor toward the beach. The speedometer needle swung up to forty. At that rate they would get to the beach in fifteen minutes, hardly enough time to start giving Tim the autobiography of Johnny Edwards. He looked at Tim's profile. Later in the day might be a better time to talk. He settled down in his corner of the front seat and fumbled in his blouse pocket for a cigarette. There was only one left in the pack. He took it out and crumpled the empty package and suddenly remembered that last night he'd opened a new pack, taken a cigarette out of it and left the pack on his bureau. So why was only one cigarette left now?

He tried to smooth the crumpled package. It was hard to tell now whether it had been in his pocket a long time or not. He studied the cigarette. Usually after you carried cigarettes around for a while they lost grains of tobacco and thinned out at one end. This one was plump and straight. Of course anybody with sense would know that the almost-full pack was still on his bureau, just as anybody with sense would never have had the feeling last night that a man was peering in through the dining-room window. He tossed the empty package away and lighted the cigarette.

They parked at the bridge leading over Matanzas Pass to Fort Myers Beach, and strolled to one of the docks, where a guide-boat captain was warming up his engine. The man glanced up and waved casually.

"Nice morning," Tim said.

THE man said loudly, "Fine morning." Then he lowered his voice and said, "If you don't mind, I'll play with this engine while we talk, in case anybody wants to watch. Hope I didn't get you here on a wild-goose chase."

"Once in a while," Tim said, "we even catch a wild goose. What's the deal?"

"You know Jake Bentz?"

"Sure. Commercial fisherman. A well-known bottle-a-day man."

"Yeah. Well, I thought you might like to know Jake has just gone on the wagon. When he goes on the wagon he doesn't fool. He loaded more than a hundred gallons of drinking water on his boat before he went out this morning. You might think he figured on getting real thirsty."

"Did he figure on getting hungry, too?"

"Not too hungry. I wouldn't say he took more than a couple of sacks of potatoes and a dozen cases of canned goods."

"Thanks."

"You haven't seen me, if Jake asks. And I don't know where he went except he claimed to be heading after them kings that are running fifteen miles out in the Gulf."

Tim nodded, and they walked to the car.

"What do you make of it?" Johnny asked.

"No use guessing," Tim said. "We'll just have to hang around and meet Jake when he docks. Let's get some breakfast."

They went into one of the lunch places at the bridge and ordered breakfast. Johnny said, "I'm going to run across the road and phone."

"What's the matter with the phone here?"

"It's out in the open. They have a booth across the road."

"Why don't you give that red-headed dame of yours a rest?"

Johnny didn't answer. He walked across the road to the other restaurant and called the McCarter number. Sally's voice drifted across the wire, faint and pleasant.

"Hi," he said. "This is Johnny. Did I leave a cigarette burning on the edge of my bureau this morning? If I did, it might start a fire. It ought to be right beside an almost full pack of cigarettes."

"I'll take a look, Johnny."

He waited, drumming his fingers slowly on the telephone box.

"Hello," Sally said cheerily. "No cigarette burning. There was only one in the whole room, crushed out in your ash tray. It was nice of you to worry."

"Did you look right beside that nearly full pack of cigarettes on my bureau?"

"There wasn't any pack on your bureau."

His fingers were starting that drumming again. "Oh. This is my day for forgetting things. How's the list?"

"Well, I haven't started on it yet, Johnny. But I will soon."

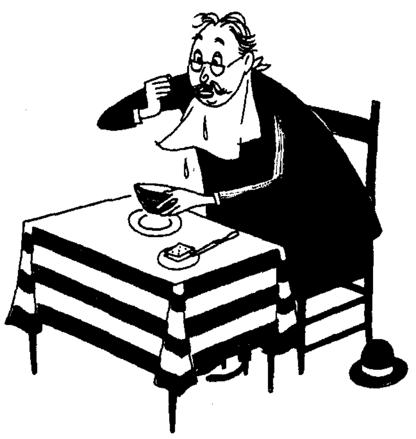
"Look," he said. "I was sort of wakeful last night and I got up and fooled around with those papers. I was so foggy I could have mislaid some. Are they all there?"

"Just a moment." After another pause she came back and said, "All there."

"I guess that's all. Thanks."

"Do you know this is the first time

HARRY GOFF



## NOW HEAR THIS!

### XII

*SOUP EN BOWL:* Sloop. glp. sloople. glp. slooop. glpl.

*CELERYENBRANCHE:* GASSH! gutch. gutch. gutch. HASSH! gutch.

*MUSH 'N MILK:* supple. sup. sup. slup. supple. sup-sup. suple.

*CRACKERS 'N CHEESE:* smitch. mnch. mmnch. smitch. snitch. mmmch. mch.

*CREAM PIE:* whom. whum. whoom-mnpm. slpl. mmn. mn. whom.

*GELATIN:* goople. glmp. goople. glmpf. gup. gupple. gup.

*COCOA:* ssssup. ssssipp. glp. sssopp. sssipp. glple.

*POTATO CHIPS:* Kip! kinch. kip. kippn. kit. kit. kinch.

*APPLE:* Chak! chunk. chonk. chunch. chunch. chonk.

*STIRRING COFFEE:* Kupple-de-kup. kupple-de-kup. kup. kup. kup. kupple-de-kupple-de-kup.

—PAULINE GALE

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

You'll never forget how lovely she looked
—your camera will see to that

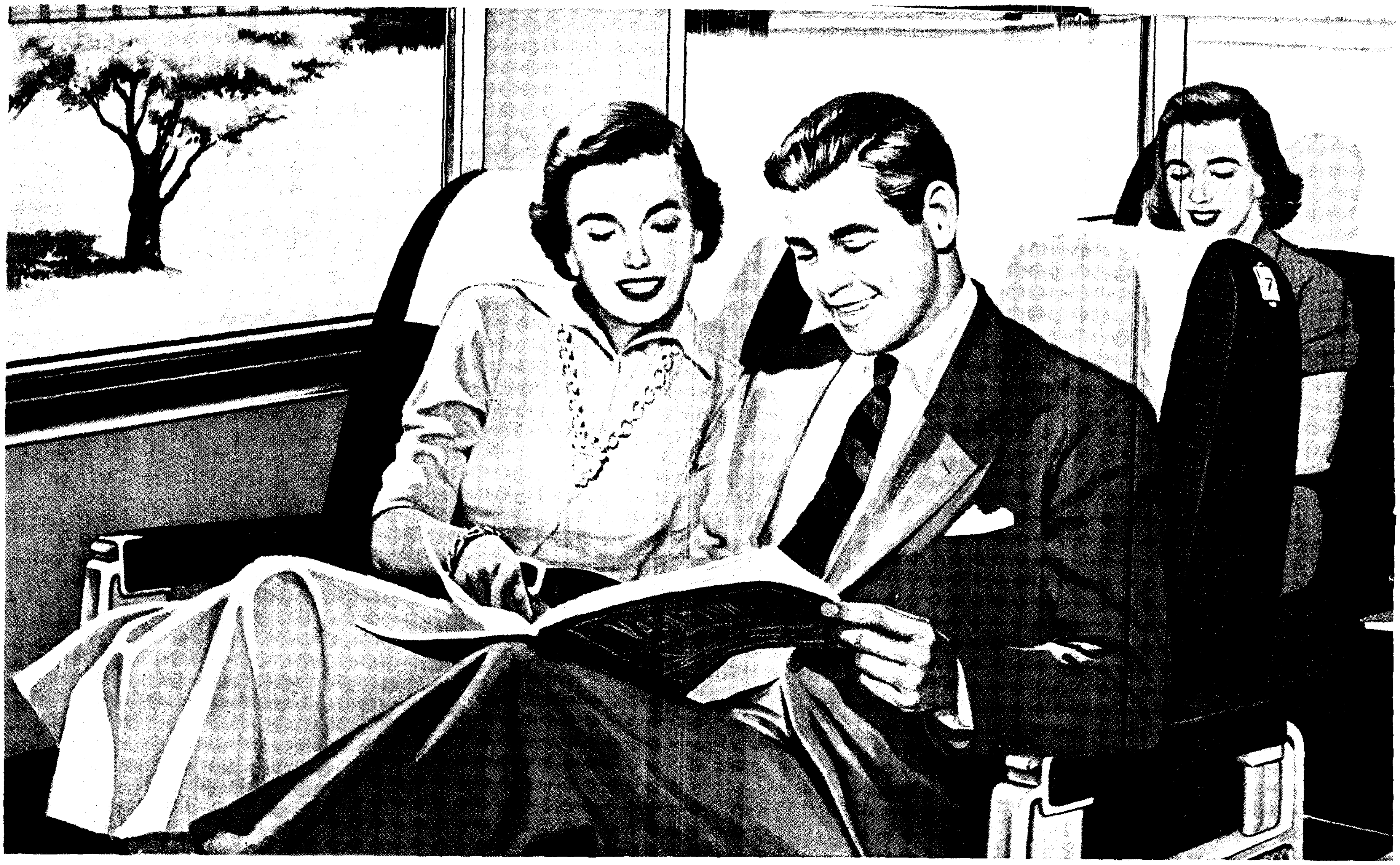
## Color snapshots honor great occasions

Your very first snapshots in color will show you how easy they are to take. You just load your camera with Kodacolor Film and follow the directions packed with every roll. When you see your pictures you'll agree: color is for *you*, with *your* camera.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

At your dealer's—
dependable Kodak
and Brownie cameras
for your spring
picture taking

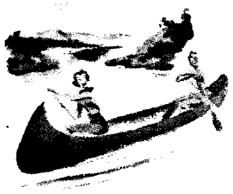
**You can share your precious snapshot record by ordering extra prints**

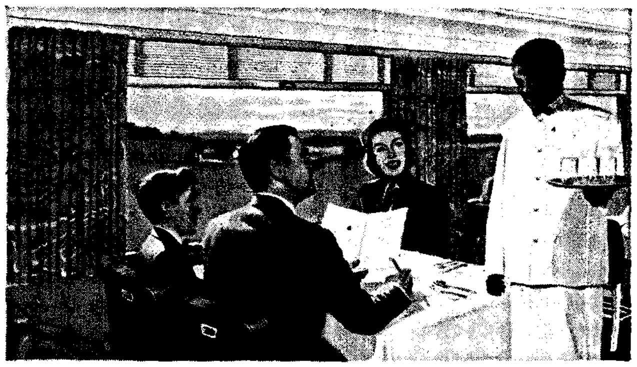


**LATEST OVERNIGHT RECLINING SEAT COACHES**—so roomy . . . with only 44 seats to a car! Extra spacious washrooms.

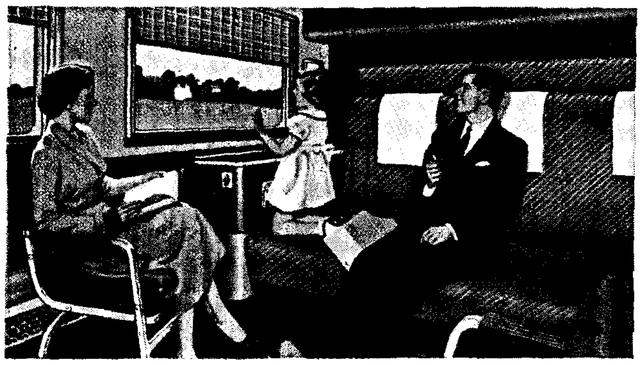
# Your Vacation is *All* Vacation when you *Go By Train!*

From the moment you step aboard your cool air-conditioned train . . . *you're on vacation!* You leave all cares behind. Whatever your travel requirements—individual or family—you have a wide choice of accommodations . . . six types of rooms in newest all-private-room sleeping cars . . . restful berths in section-type cars . . . deep-cushioned reclining seats in latest overnight coaches. All the advantages and conveniences of train travel are yours. Through your window, watch a continually changing panorama unfold. Pick your own route—go one way . . . return another. Stop off at interesting points. Liberal baggage checking allowances . . . center-of-city terminals . . . frequent, dependable schedules . . . *and low round-trip fares* all combine to make your trip and your vacation more satisfying. For extra pleasure . . . take it easy this vacation . . . TAKE THE TRAIN! Enjoy smooth electric power all the way!





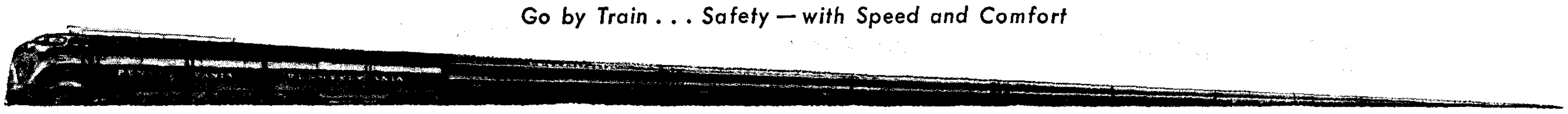
**A CHOICE OF DELICIOUS MEALS** expertly prepared and served in attractively furnished dining cars adds to your vacation travel pleasure.



**NEW DRAWING ROOMS**—for 3. Sofa and two easy chairs are replaced at night by three sleep-inviting beds. Enclosed toilet facilities.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD**

*Go by Train . . . Safety—with Speed and Comfort*



you've telephoned me, Johnny? Do you remember that first day in Havana you said you'd give me a ring sometime? I'm glad you got around to it. Well, take care of yourself."

He repressed an urge to tell her to take care of herself, because he was afraid of using too much emphasis. There was no use passing on a completely formless fear to a girl who was all alone in a house on the outskirts of town.

"Thanks," he said. "So long."

He went back across the road to the other lunchroom. Tim frowned at him and said, "You took long enough."

He bought cigarettes and began smoking one and found himself taking the others out of the pack and counting them. There were nineteen left.

Tim gave him a queer look and said, "How many did you expect to find?"

"I expected to find one from twenty leaves one. Look, are you in the mood to listen to a long story?"

"No. Let's finish and get out of here."

ALL through the morning they hung around the docks, and a good moment to talk to Tim never came. At noon Tim and Johnny went to the lunchroom. Johnny ordered the Fishermen's Special, and when it came he pushed it around on his plate. He couldn't seem to sit still.

Tim pulled a quarter from his pocket. "I'll buy you a call to your redhead," he said. "Then maybe I can eat in peace."

Johnny got up and went across the road and put in another call to the McCarter house. The phone rang and rang and he began to sweat. Then suddenly there was a click and Sally answered.

"This is getting to be a banner day," she said. "Two calls! Watch yourself or this will develop into a habit, I hope."

"Is—uh—everything all right?" he asked.

"Why, of course, Johnny."

"How's the list coming?"

"I just finished charting everybody up to K. And do you know something queer? I've eliminated every single one so far."

"You've been going fast."

"I think I could have done more," she said, "but I ran out of cigarettes and I had to drive downtown to get some."

"You ran out of cigarettes?" he said slowly.

"Yes. I was sure I had several nearly full packs lying around, but none of them had more than one or two left and so—"

"You're working too hard on that list. Why don't you go to a movie this afternoon or get up a bridge party or something?"

"But I'm fine, Johnny. And I wouldn't want to quit now. I keep feeling I'm getting closer to the answer."

"You sound tired, though."

"You're the one who sounds tired. Maybe we have a bad connection. Your voice sounds hoarse. Is anything wrong?"

It wasn't right to scare her to death with nothing to go on. As a matter of fact, she didn't scare easily, and if he tried to warn her she would probably tell him not to be silly. "Nothing's wrong," he muttered. "Must be a bad connection."

"Johnny, I hate to ask this, but have you told Tim yet?"

"We've been so busy I haven't had a chance. I will, though—don't worry."

"I know you will, Johnny. Good-by."

He said good-by automatically and heard the connection click off and then realized that he wanted to keep talking to her because every second she was on the telephone meant that she was still all right. He sat in the booth and took out his cigarettes. The pack was half empty now. He tapped it so that four cigarettes stuck out. He took one openly with his right hand and tried to palm the others. They spilled on the floor. He wasn't very good at it. There was a character named Georg Rankosci who was a kleptomaniac about American cigarettes and who was very good at it.

Rankosci was over in Havana—he hoped.

He went back across the road and joined Tim and said, "I don't feel so hot. Could you get along without me this afternoon?"

Tim said, "I couldn't, and your red-headed dame can. So don't try that on me."

"Tim, I want to tell you something. It will take a while."

"We don't have time now."

Johnny picked up his lunch check and said, "Let's go, then."

They asked for news of Bentz at all the roadside places near the bridge and at the fish packing house and at the two docks. By midafternoon they had worked around to the drawbridge tender, without learning anything. And then Jake Bentz came back. His big motorboat was riding high in the water and cutting a wake that only an eel could follow. They went down to the dock and watched him leave paint on the pilings with a sloppy landing. He made his lines fast and came weaving down the dock toward them. As a bottle-a-day man, he seemed to be working on tomorrow.

Tim said, "How were the kings running?"

Bentz stared at him and then giggled. "They was running too fast for me," he said. "Never did catch up with them. Have a drink with me, boys?"

"Where did you take the supplies?"

"Supplies?" Bentz said vaguely.

"What's the matter?" Tim said. "You need time to think about it?"

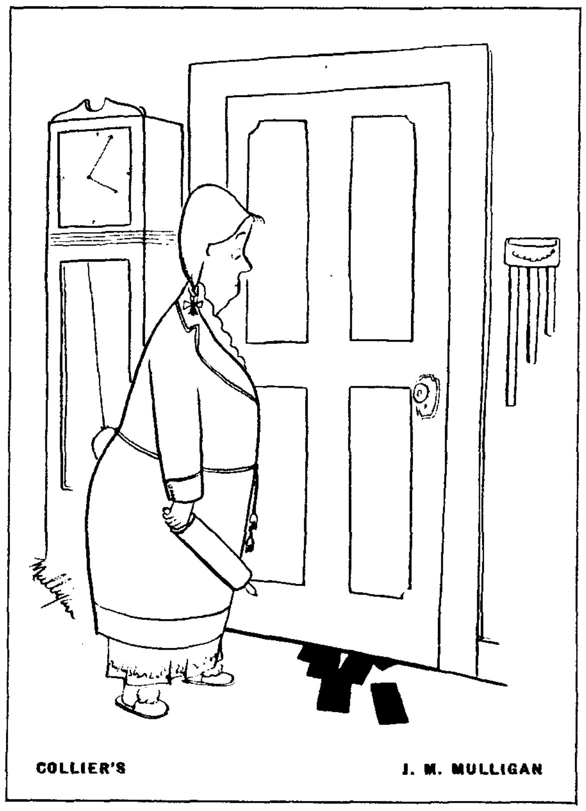
"I done nothing to worry about," Bentz said. "I was out after kings yesterday, see? They're running ten-fifteen miles out in the Gulf. This Cuban fishing schooner is out there, see? You know how they follow the schools up and down the Gulf. Well, it seems they got low on supplies and so they give me some dough to bring stuff out."

"Ordinarily you report things like that," Tim reminded him.

"I was going to report it, Inspector. Only I stayed out there killing a bottle they broke out for me and I ain't thinking very straight. I didn't bring in nothing off that boat, honest. Go ahead and look."

"Believe I will," Tim said. He and Johnny searched the boat but no Cuban goods were aboard. Tim pulled a chart out of the rack in the cabin and asked Bentz to point out the exact location of the Cuban schooner. He jotted down the compass bearing and distance. "What's the name of this schooner?" he asked finally.

"The—uh—the Dolores M., out of Havana. You don't think I done wrong, do you, Inspector? It was just a little favor and I made forty bucks out of it."



COLLIER'S J. M. MULLIGAN

"I'll let you know," Tim said. "Come on, Johnny."

They started walking back to the bridge, and Johnny asked, "Is he telling the truth?"

"How do I know?" Tim said. "I sure wouldn't pick a lush like Bentz to run errands if I was cutting inside a few laws. But maybe with Howard Pingree hiding out, somebody had to go to the bottom of the barrel and get Jake."

"You think Pingree is hiding out?"

"What do you think?"

"I might make a guess if you would listen to a long story."

"You still trying to peddle that long story? Lay off until we have nothing to do. I'm going to phone Bob Tate and see will he fly us out."

They went to the place with the telephone booth and Tim went in and closed the door and made his call. Johnny waited, fidgeting.

Tim finished and came out. "Okay," he said. "He'll take us. But he has to get the four-place amphibian down the ramp to the water and then warmed up, so we'll drive back to his place to save time."

They got in the car and started back. Tim was feeling pretty good about the plane angle. Assuming there was a schooner, they would reach it before anybody ashore could send a warning, assuming anybody wanted to. So if things weren't on the level, the crew of the schooner wouldn't have time to cover up. It was mighty nice of Bob Tate, Tim said. The guy was always ready to help. Johnny, Tim said, could do worse than take a lesson from Bob Tate. He was a guy who came out of the war with nothing, and got a couple of surplus planes and built up a good business crop-dusting and flying people to Boca Grande and Captiva and taking aerial photographs.

Johnny didn't argue. Maybe, if he listened solemnly to the lecture, Tim would talk himself into a good mood. There was a small favor he wanted to ask. Bob Tate's hangar was upriver a quarter mile from the McCarter house. So they would be driving right past the lane leading to the house.

He nodded gravely and said yes, he was changing his opinion of Bob. As they approached the lane he said, "How about dropping by the house just a minute?"

"What for?"

"I want to pick up some cigarettes."

"All day you been like a cat looking for a place to have kittens. Settle down."

"It would only take a minute."

TIM stamped irritably on the accelerator. To their left, a sunlit lane flashed past. You couldn't quite see down it to the McCarter house. Tim began slowing as soon as they were past, and a little farther on made the turn into the road leading to Bob Tate's hangar. They parked and went in.

It was a big corrugated metal building that Bob Tate had bought when the Army's Page Field was closed out after the war. Some of the space had been partitioned for offices and storerooms. The side they entered on had a regular doorway, but on the river side there was a big sliding door that opened to let planes roll down a ramp into the Caloosahatchee. A four-passenger amphibian was in the water now, its engine droning. A two-place job sat in the hangar. Tate's mechanic, Jocko Stearns, was on top of a portable steel platform, working on the engine. He peered down at them and jerked a thumb at the ramp. They went out and found Bob Tate waiting.

"All set?" Bob asked.

"Yeah," Tim said. "But before we start, have you any cigarettes? Johnny ran out, and I only smoke a pipe."

"I don't smoke," Bob said.

"Maybe Jocko has some," Tim said.

Bob shrugged and went inside.

"You didn't have to go to the

Fashioned FOR YOU!

There is a beautiful, hand-crafted Orange Blossom ring styled exactly for your type of hand. The better jeweler in your community has them. You can depend on his recommendations.

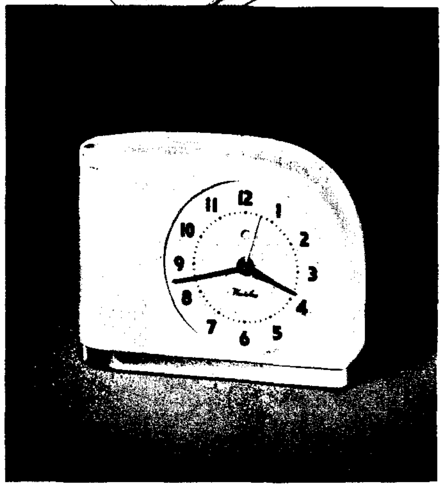
*Write for "Orange Blossom Traditions" booklet*

Genuine Orange Blossom ENGAGEMENT & WEDDING RINGS

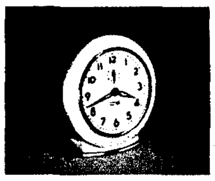
Wedding Rings - - $10 to $1,000
Engagement Rings - $50 to $5,000

TRAUB MFG. CO. • 1942 McGraw • Detroit 8, Mich.

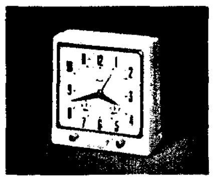
FOR THE
happiest time
OF A GIRL'S LIFE



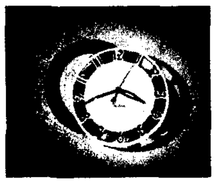
**MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM.** New, modern way to wake up! "First he blinks . . . then he rings." First call is silent—a blinking light that disturbs nobody else. But if you ignore the light, and fail to turn it off in a few minutes, Moonbeam adds to it a cheerful, audible alarm. This completely different Westclox exclusive comes either in plain or luminous dial.



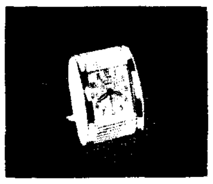
**Baby Ben Alarm.** Has a quiet tick; steady call—adjustable to loud or soft. In plain or luminous dial.



**Switch Clock.** The clock with a "brain." Automatically turns your electric appliances on and off.



**Melody Electric Wall Clock.** New, brilliant, versatile! Melody fits any room, any color scheme.



**Travalarm.** This clever little gem closes like a clam for traveling. Has luminous dial for 24-hour duty.

**WESTCLOX**

Made by the makers of Big Ben

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

"trouble," Johnny said, and Tim added, "Less trouble than stopping at home."

It was less trouble, and it was a complete waste of time. Johnny had cigarettes in his pocket. He had mentioned them merely as an excuse to stop and make sure Sally was all right. But Tim meant well.

Bob Tate brought out the cigarettes, and they boarded the plane and took off. For just a moment, as they banked to head down-river, Johnny caught a glimpse of the red roof of the McCarter house. It seemed like years since he'd left it that morning.

THE river uncoiled slowly below, and Johnny picked out the gray blotch of Pingree's Landing and the green of foliage that hid the cabin cruiser. Punta Rassa slid by, and then the tip of Sanibel Island, and then they were out over the Gulf. In the front seat, Tim and Bob checked the compass bearing and estimated the ground speed. Finally, Tim tapped Bob Tate's shoulder and pointed off to starboard. The plane banked and nosed toward the horizon to investigate a speck.

The speck grew and became a schooner, lying on the pale-green water like a toy boat in a bathtub. Two men moved lazily on deck, mending a trawl net. Across the stern were faded letters:

DOLORES M.
HABANA

Tim shouted over the roar of the engine, "How about landing so I can board her?"

Bob Tate turned sideways, looking startled. "You can't pull off a search out here," he said. "We're way beyond the three-mile limit."

"There isn't any law says I can't ask politely if they need help."

"I don't like coming alongside a boat way out here," Bob complained. "If I bust up a wing we got a long swim home."

"There isn't any breeze or sea running. It's like glass. Come on, Bob."

Bob frowned and brought the plane down and landed about as gracefully as a clamshell bouncing across water. They taxied to the starboard side of the schooner and Bob cut the engine and let the plane drift close. A Cuban in a dirty white cap ornamented with a shred of gold braid leaned over the rail and watched them.

Tim called, "This is the Border Patrol. Heard you ran out of supplies. If you're in distress you can put into the bay or river and I'll okay it."

The Cuban smiled. He said in a soft, slurring voice, "I am Luis Madero, and this is my fishing boat, the Dolores M., out of Havana. Thank you, we are not in distress."

"How's the fishing?"

"Some mackerel. Some grouper. It is most good of you to fly out. Perhaps you will come aboard and have coffee?"

"Thanks," Tim said. He turned to Johnny and whispered, "Keep your eyes open, but if you see anything, don't let on. We have no authority out here."

Johnny nodded and offered to catch the line. He climbed onto the plane's right float, grabbed the line that snaked out from the schooner, drew the plane alongside and made it fast. A rope ladder tumbled down to him. He climbed to the schooner's deck, hoping that they could get the visit over fast.

He greeted the captain politely and looked around. One thing was sure: the schooner wasn't carrying all the aliens in Cuba or even a good catch of fish, because it was riding much too high in the water. The Dolores M. was an interesting boat. It had a new radio aerial and an old patched trawl net. Fish scales were scattered around artistically, but there wasn't the odor of fish you might have expected. The hatches leading to the hold were battened down as if a hurricane were coming.

Tim and Bob Tate came aboard, and the captain led them below to his cabin and served thick black Cuban coffee. They talked politely about hunting and fishing, and Bob Tate told a rambling story about hunting wild turkeys in the 'Glades. Like all Bob's stories, this one put across the idea that he was pretty good at something. Johnny wished the guy would shoot the turkey and announce its record-breaking weight so they could start back. It would be getting dark in about an hour and probably Sally wouldn't think to pull down the dining-room shades.

After they finished the coffee, Tim fingered a stack of magazines on the table and said, "I see you go in for Western magazines. Kind of like them myself."

"Very fine," the captain said. "Cowboys, sheriffs, guns. It practices good my English, too."

"You keep right up to date on them," Tim said. "There's a new one I haven't seen yet."

"Ah, yes. The fisherman from your town, I asked him to bring me all the new ones."

"Lot of good reading there," Tim said, leafing through a couple of magazines.

First they wasted time shooting turkeys, Johnny thought, and now they were going to shoot rustlers. "If we wait much longer we'll need radar getting back."

They left the schooner and started back to Fort Myers. Tim turned around in the front seat of the plane and said, "Kinda rushing me, weren't you, Johnny?"

"I could have told you all you wanted to know about that schooner right after I got on deck. I'll eat all the fish on board."

Bob Tate said, "You couldn't have told him about those magazines."

"I don't get it," Johnny said.

"Magazines?" Tim said innocently.

"You're not kidding me," Bob said. "I know how you work, Tim. You looked through them and saw that they had been pretty well read. Can anyone tell you Jake Bentz delivered them a few hours ago and the Cuban read them since then?"

"Now you mention it," Tim said, "no."

"That's very interesting," Johnny said. "But all it proves is that Jake or somebody made a trip to the schooner before today. Where does that leave you?"

Bob said, "Spell it out for the guy, Tim. What were you doing, memorizing the names of the magazines and the dates on them?"

"Oh, in a way."

"What do you do now?" Bob asked.

"Oh, nothing much."

There was a smug note in Tim's voice, and Johnny said irritably, "You don't have to act so mysterious. You just memorized them so you can buy copies for yourself."

Tim's face got red. "If you had any brains," he said, "you'd know I'm going to go to all the dealers in town and find out who bought those magazines. There were eleven new issues of Western magazines in that stack. I figure any magazine dealer in Fort Myers ought to remember who bought eleven Western magazines all in one bunch lately. Does that satisfy you?"

"I'm sorry," Johnny said. "I didn't think it through."

"All right," Tim growled. "And I'm sorry I spoke up, only sometimes your needling gets to me. Now look, Bob, just forget what you heard, will you?"

"You know me," Bob said. "So far as I'm concerned, all the guy had on board was a set of Shakespeare."

Tim nodded and settled down again in the front seat. Of course, Johnny thought, the magazines probably wouldn't lead to anything. They could have been bought in Naples or Punta Gorda or another town along the coast. If it was Fort Myers, maybe Jake had bought them before a previous trip to the schooner, and they already knew that Jake Bentz ran errands for the Dolores M. So the magazine angle looked like a waste of time. On the other hand, there was a real possibility that the answer to the whole puzzle was in those lists Sally had. In ten or fifteen minutes he ought to know whether or not she had found it.

The shadow of the plane glided ahead of them, as if a manta were cruising just under the water. The shadow slipped noiselessly out of the Gulf, leaped across the tip of Sanibel Island and dived into San Carlos Bay. In another minute it was over the shacks of Punta Rassa and dipped into the river briefly and came out over mangroves. Bob Tate was flying low, cutting across bends of the river. The shadow rushed on ahead toward Pingree's Landing.

SUDDENLY the plane banked left, and Johnny braced himself. Bob Tate was peering out through his window, looking at something below. He leveled off and said, "That's a queer place for a boat."

"What boat?" Tim said.

"Maybe I better show you."

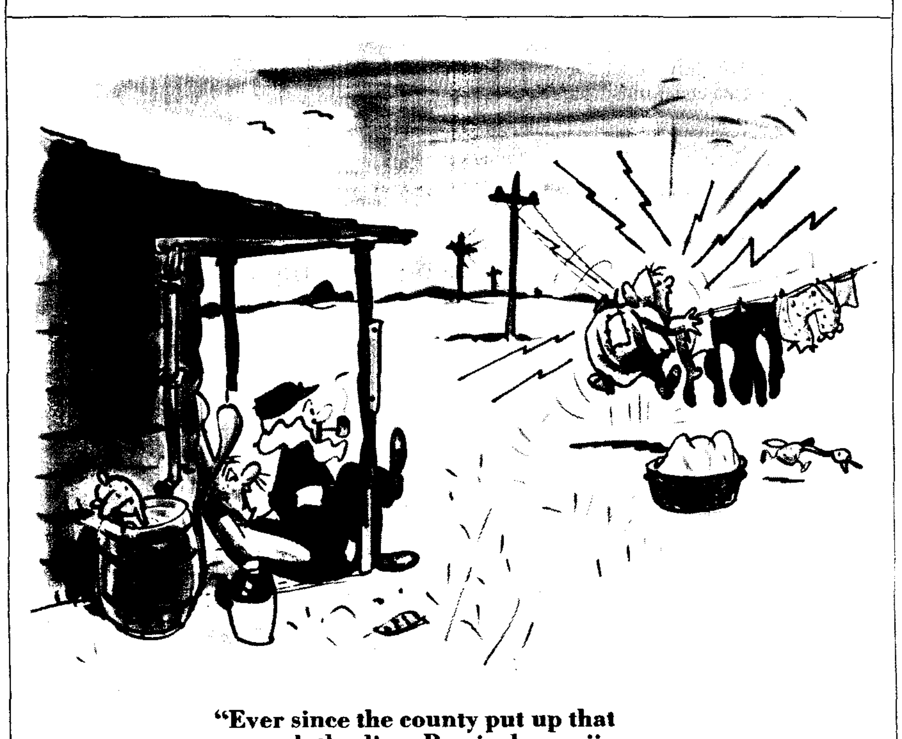
The plane banked and wheeled back. They seemed to be heading for the fuzz of green where Howard Pingree's cabin cruiser was hidden. The plane roared in. Bob tilted the wing out of the way and a blur of gray-green flickered below them. There might have been a flash of white in the blur.

"See it?" Bob yelled.

"I caught something," Tim said. "I don't know if it was just water or not. How about it, Johnny?"

This was no time to fool around with

## KENNESAW



"Ever since the county put up that new clothesline, Bessie does a jig every time she hangs up the wash"

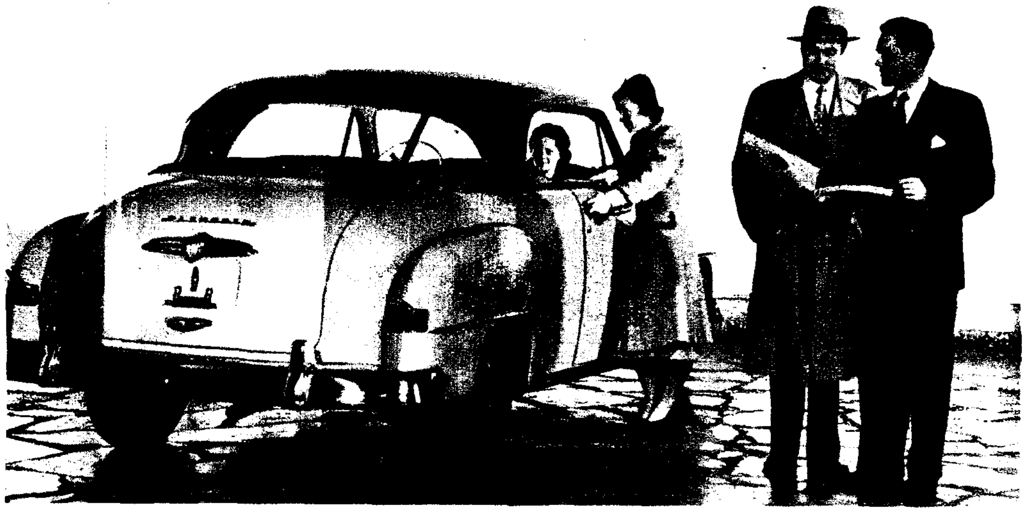
COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

## For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Why have so many found their favorite drink is a *better* drink when made with Lord Calvert? Simply because no other whiskey can match Lord Calvert's *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness*. For, of all the millions of gallons we distill, only the very choicest are set aside for Lord Calvert...custom blended for moderate men who appreciate the finest. Tonight, why not try this whiskey of distinction? Your guests, too, will compliment your choice.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

**MR. THOMAS B. FREEMAN**—*distinguished business executive—worked for his education as a farm hand and clerk. Later he opened a variety store, which he expanded into a chain. Mr. Freeman then joined Butler Bros.—largest general merchandising wholesaler in America—where he developed voluntary chains of home-owned and company-owned stores. By 1939 Mr. Freeman had become company president and later he was made president of the Chicago Assn. of Commerce. Recently Mr. Freeman has developed one of the largest real estate properties in Tucson, Arizona, where this photograph was taken.*

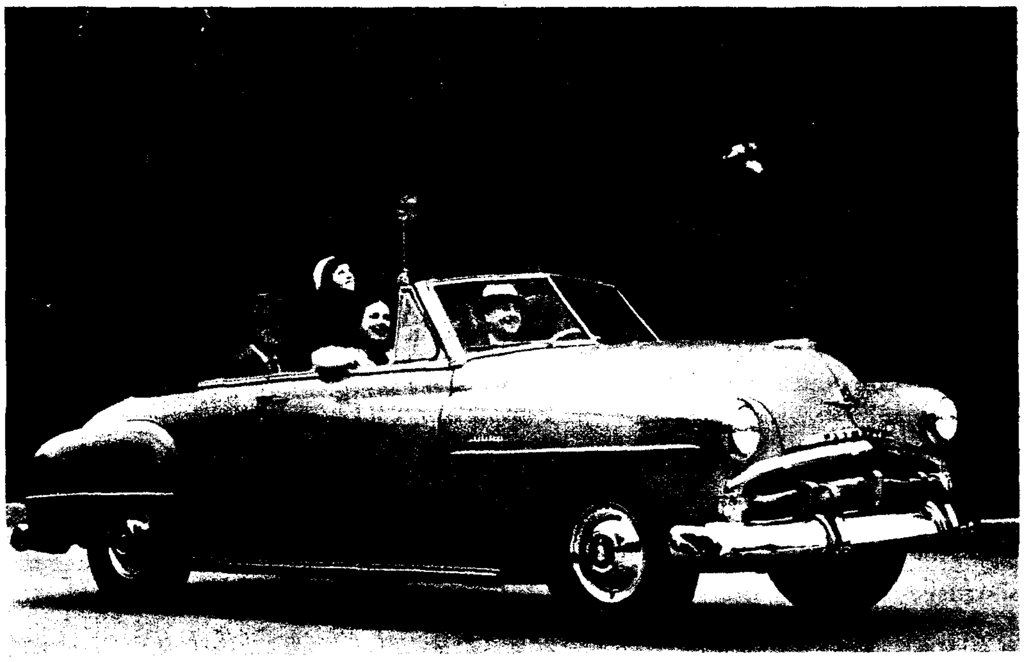


# How to select the car model that best suits your needs

After you decide on the make comes the question of which body style is best for you. As a start, we suggest that you first consider the number of passengers you'll want to carry. Then try to foresee the activities in which the car will be used.

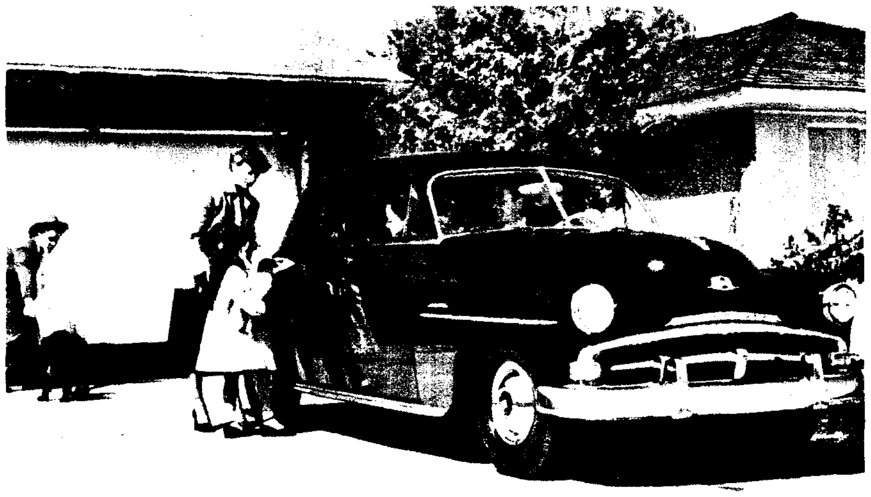
Today there is a body style to suit almost every family or transportation need. One interesting development of recent years is the "all-purpose" car, made in different ways by various manufacturers. It might pay you to investigate this type of vehicle if your activities will require more than the usual equipment or luggage space.

In general, the climate you live in is no longer too important in your choice, for all modern body styles are weatherproof and can be easily heated in winter. On these pages you see seven of the models in the new line of Plymouths. Together they illustrate the popular body styles of the lowest-priced field—plus one (the "Savoy") that is exclusive with Plymouth. We hope that looking at them will help you decide.

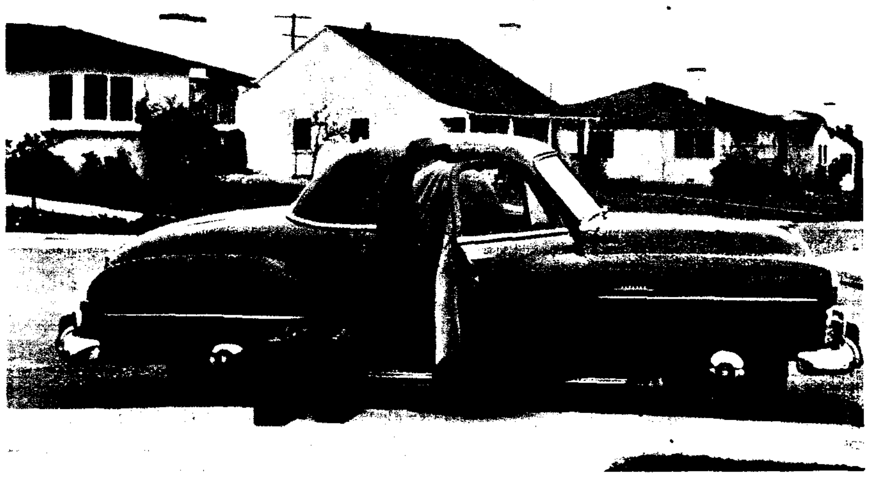


**THE CONVERTIBLE CLUB COUPE.** Enjoyment of living is the keynote of this model in the new Plymouth's "Cranbrook" series. Just touch a lever and the electrically operated top is lowered—or raised to make it snug and cozy inside.

**THE PLYMOUTH "BELVEDERE."** This is a completely new body style and certainly one of the most popular models ever designed. It offers the smart,



**THE FOUR-DOOR SEDAN.** Convenience in getting in and out, space for six adults, and a large luggage compartment make this a popular family model. Available in the Plymouth "Cranbrook" series, also in the "Cambridge."

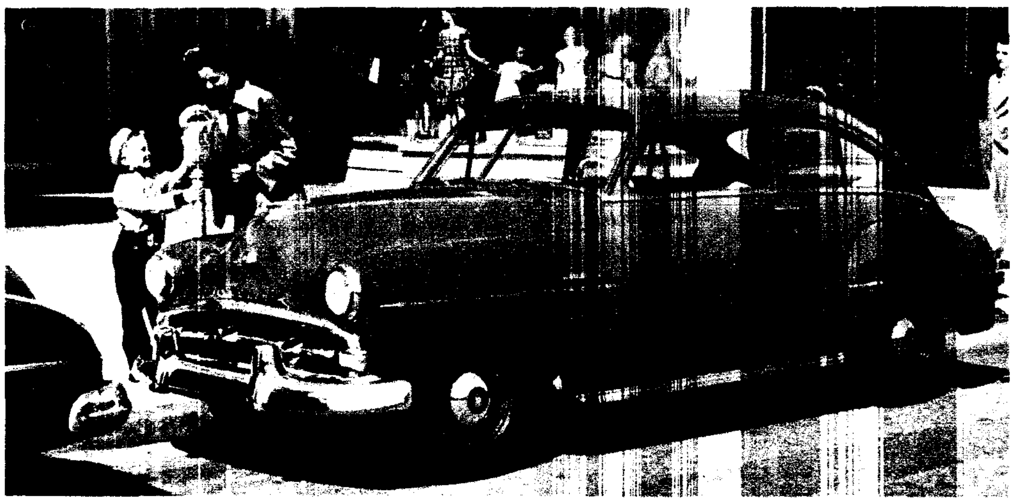


**THE THREE-PASSENGER COUPE.** Utility, and economy, too, are advantages of this body style. The luggage compartment is enormous and there is additional space behind the seat. Available in the "Concord" series.

sweeping lines of a Convertible with the strength and durability of all-metal construction. You also have exceptionally good vision. The rear window is extra large, and there are no side posts at the rear of the doors. When you roll the windows down, the entire side of the car is open.

**THE CLUB COUPE.** Spaciousness is an appeal of this model, with room for six. Door openings are extra large. Backs of front seats tilt inward as they fold forward. It's built in the "Cranbrook" and "Cambridge" series.

**THE "SAVOY"** and the "Suburban"—both of these versatile all-metal cars have rear seats that quickly fold into the floor, making a flat space almost six feet long. Even with the rear seat up, there is 3½ feet of luggage space.



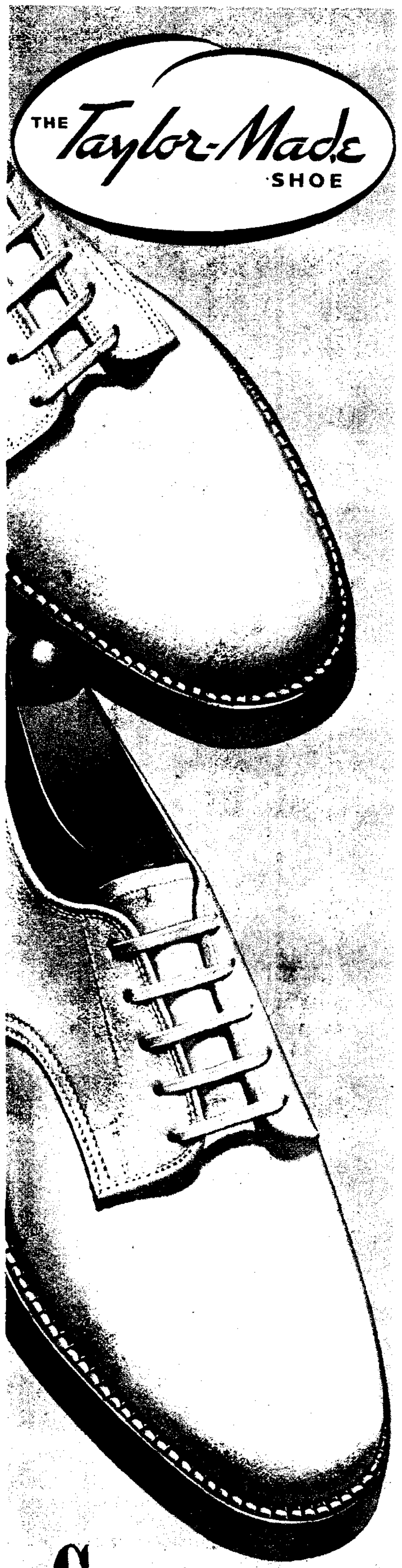
**THE TWO-DOOR SEDAN.** Economy is one reason why so many people like the Two-Door Sedan. Room for six. In the "Concord" series of the new Plymouth, it combines roominess and comfort with great maneuverability.

There's a Plymouth for every purpose, and you have quite a wide range in price. The lowest in cost is the "Concord." Next above that comes the "Cambridge," and the "Cranbrook" is the top Plymouth series. However, they are all the same car as far as quality of engineering is concerned, with such advantages as the new "Safety-Flow Ride" for smoothness and stability on rough roads, Safety-Rim Wheels that protect you in case of a blowout, and many other features that are exclusive in the lowest-priced field. Your dealer will give you a catalog showing all models.

*Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials.*

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

**Plymouth**



Customarily...

Imported Buckskin impeccably detailed and flawlessly full-cut, as in this classic blucher, is of necessity, quite expensive.

Taylor traditionally gives you such premium leathers, which insure long life and luxurious wear in any number of styles priced from $14.95 to $19.95.

Write Dept. 8 for other styles, dealer's name.
E. E. TAYLOR CORP. BOSTON 10, MASS.

Pingree's boat. "All I saw were mangroves," he said.

"I didn't see it plain that time," Bob said. "But when we first came along I did. Must have hit just the right angle."

Tim said, "What did it look like?"

"I wouldn't want to get your hopes up."

"Could it have been a cabin cruiser?"

"It not only could have been," Bob said, "it damn' well was."

Johnny said quickly, "You saw a fancy arrangement of branches, or light on water and dead mangrove leaves. Where could you hide a boat down there?"

Bob Tate turned his head and said, "A guy might think you don't want anything more to do with Pingree's Landing. Had a little trouble there once, didn't you?"

"I don't mind trouble," Johnny said. "You want to give me some?"

"I know you like to slug guys when they're not ready," Bob said. "But don't try it while I'm flying this plane. Any time after we land will suit me, though."

"Shut up, you guys," Tim growled. "You really saw a cabin cruiser down there?"

"Yeah," Bob said. "You can call it branches or leaves or water if you want. Doesn't mean anything to me."

"Somewhere below Pingree's Landing?"

"That's right. Look, Tim, I can fly around and see if I can pick up that same angle for you. Of course, the light's going and we don't have much time."

"Don't fly over it any more," Tim said. "If that's Pingree's boat, he'll get suspicious. Can you find that place from the ground?"

"I think I could."

"Okay, let's get back to your place fast."

The plane banked around and roared upriver. Johnny sat tensely, the seat belt cutting into him. When they landed, Tim wouldn't want to lose a minute—not for a telephone call or for a stop at the house or anything. The only way to handle this was to act first and argue later.

The plane dipped, hit the water and skated to the ramp. Bob Tate jumped out, calling to them to moor the plane while he got Jocko Stearns down to take care of it. Tim climbed out and began putting a line through the ring on the port float.

"Give me the car keys," Johnny said. "I'll get it started."

TIM handed them over. Johnny went through the hangar, climbed in the car and started the engine. Tim and Bob came out in a few seconds. Tim headed for the driver's side, and then saw that Johnny wasn't moving, and got in on the right. The car leaped down the road and skidded onto McGregor. They whipped by one intersection, then another. The lane branching to the McCarter house loomed up and Johnny stepped hard on the brake and turned the car into the lane.

Tim yelled, "What the hell are you doing? Are you crazy?"

"I want to see if Sally's all right."

"Why wouldn't she be all right?"

The car slid the last few feet with the brakes on. The house was dark. Johnny jumped out and raced up the walk and into the house. His feet set up hollow echoes.

"Sally!" he yelled. "Sally!"

More echoes. He flipped on the lights and ran into the dining room. Not a piece of paper in sight. You could see where she had worked, though. She'd sat in a chair with her back to the kitchen doorway. On the dining-room table in front of the chair were two pencils and an ash tray. The ash tray held five cigarette stubs and a long unbroken ash where a sixth cigarette had burned itself out. Beyond the ash tray was a cigarette package. It was empty. A little farther down the table was Sally's purse.

He stood there with his heart thudding slowly. It would be nice to think that Sally had taken the lists and fourteen cigarettes from the package and had gone to visit a friend, leaving her purse at home. But you had to be crazy to think that. If you were sane, you had a picture of her bending over the lists and not noticing a face at the window and then not hearing the back screen door being opened—

*Beginning next week*

## THE LOVE MAN

### By John D. Weaver

The engaging story of a very nice man whose glamorous past rose up to embarrass him—and of the three women in his life

Footsteps came slamming into the house and Tim yelled, "You got some reason for this, Edwards?"

Johnny turned slowly. For a moment he had forgotten Tim. "Sally's gone," he said.

"What if she has? What difference does that make? You get out to the car and—"

"Will you listen to me? I'm trying to tell you she's been kidnaped!"

Tim said in a horrified voice, "You must be out of your mind."

"If you'd taken time to listen to me today, you'd understand. But if you'd listened, this wouldn't have happened. I tell you she was working on a list of suspects we'd made and she was getting places. I know. Those phone calls I made today weren't to any redhead. There isn't any redhead. I was calling Sally to find out how she was doing. But the guy we're after must have been watching and moved in on her. So—"

Bob's voice cut him off. "What's the delay?" he said, coming into the room. "I thought you were in a hurry."

Tim made a helpless gesture. "Edwards runs in here and stares at the dining-room table and says Sally's been kidnaped."

Johnny cried, "Would she go out without her purse? And why would she smoke five cigarettes and leave a sixth burning and what happened to the others in this empty pack and . . ." His voice trailed off. It was maddening to talk to anything as blank as Tim's face. He was saying incoherent things, anyway. Tim would never see the importance of the cigarettes without knowing all about Rankosci and Havana.

Tim said, "Do you make anything of it, Bob? He said something about lists of suspects Sally was working on, and some guy spying on her."

Johnny said desperately, "You've got to listen to the whole story before it will make sense."

Bob Tate yawned. "I have all the time in the world," he said. "I only hope Howard Pingree does too. It's kinda dark now. Howard might have holed up there just for the day, planning to run down-river soon as it got dark."

"You got something there," Tim said. "Edwards—"

"Pingree isn't on his boat," Johnny shouted. "You won't find him there. You—"

"I bet you hope we don't find him there," Bob drawled. "Seems to me you're anxious to avoid him. Guy scares you, don't he?"

Johnny took a quick step forward and ran into Tim's hand. The hand gripped his blouse and shook him. "That's enough nonsense," Tim said coldly. "Yellow or not, you're going with us."

THIS was like trying to flounder through quicksand and sinking deeper every second. He couldn't blame Tim. Tim thought he was yellow. So when he started giving a lot of wild reasons why he shouldn't go on a dangerous job, what would Tim believe—the wild reasons, or that he was afraid? He decided on one more try. "Give me fifteen minutes to explain everything," he said. "Then if you don't believe me, I'll shut up and do anything you want."

Tim's grip on his blouse slackened a little. He was thinking that over.

Bob Tate said lazily, "Fifteen minutes, huh? So long, Pingree."

Tim's hand started tightening.

Bob said, "This is a nasty idea to bring up, but maybe Johnny wants to give Howard Pingree time for a getaway. Not because he's scared, either. He let Howard get away once, remember. Might be an angle to think about."

Johnny began to have a little trouble breathing. That was quite an angle Bob had mentioned. He could see Tim working on it and not liking the way some things fitted. A guy lets a smuggler get away and comes back with a story of being knocked out, but without a mark on him. Later the guy keeps running off to telephone when Jake Bentz gets into the news. The guy doesn't want to spend much time on the schooner. He can't see the cabin cruiser that Bob Tate points out. He doesn't want to go looking for Howard Pingree. It *could* look to Tim as if he'd been bought off by Pingree and a smuggling gang.

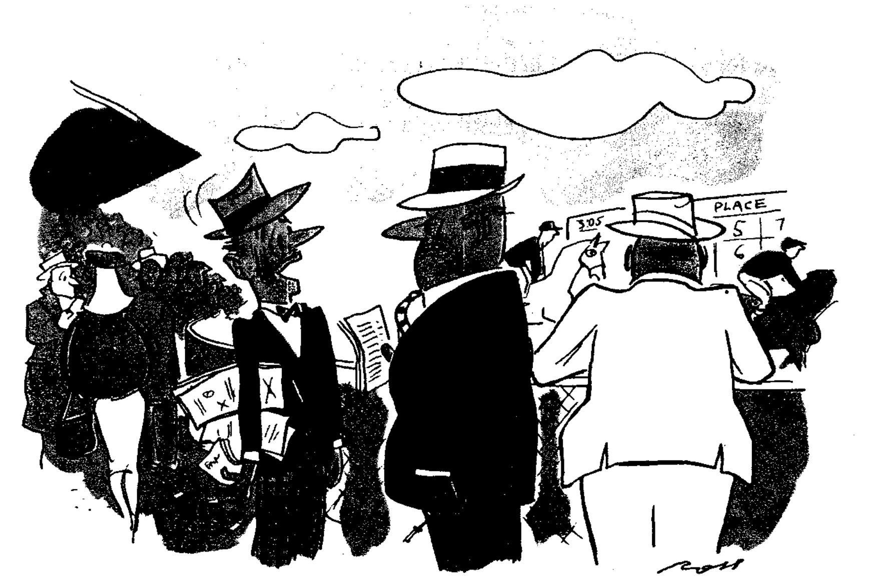
"All right," Johnny said. "Let's go."

Tim relaxed his grip. "I hope both angles are wrong," he said. "Get going."

Johnny walked slowly to the hall. Then he whirled and drove his shoulder into Tim and broke past him. He ran into the kitchen, flinging a chair back at the doorway. The screen door was unhooked. He crashed into it and leaped down the steps and raced across the yard. Light glared suddenly. A floodlight. Tim shouted, "Edwards! I'm going to shoot!"

That was fire he was sucking into his lungs, not air. He ran dizzily, swerving from side to side, toward the dark orange grove. He wasn't likely to reach it, though. Not with Tim bracing his feet carefully and bringing the big revolver down until the notch and the front sight and the running figure came into line.

*(To be concluded next week)*



"Oh, hello, Boss—I was just on my way to work when I saw the crowd and stopped to see what was going on"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

Schlitz
The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

## *Nice work and you can get it*

You can really enjoy doing a spot of gardening with a spot of Schlitz to spell you when you're dry.

No other beer tastes quite like Schlitz. As a matter of fact, Schlitz tastes so good to so many people that it's . . .

## *The Largest-selling Beer in America*

See Television's Biggest Hit:
Schlitz presents
***"The Pulitzer Prize Playhouse"***
Stars of stage and screen direct from
New York. Over ABC every Friday

Hear Radio's Brightest Comedy:
***Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman***
star for Schlitz as
***"The Halls of Ivy"***
every Wednesday over NBC

© 1951, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

# Spring Is Like a Girl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

nervously, and shut the door in my face.

I stood there for a moment feeling strange vibrations; then I went slowly down the stairs and outside. It was still a beautiful day. It was the kind of day that makes you feel good, but it was also a little painful. I sighed and picked up my tools and looked up at the window. Any minute Miss Colver would be sitting down to drink her coffee. Alone. Earlier that morning I had sat in my kitchen drinking coffee. Alone. There were certain obvious conclusions to be drawn from that—especially in the spring.

I started on toward my garden and bumped squarely into Wally Weston coming around the corner. He had won eleven dollars at my poker game the night before. Wally was one of the commuters who rode in to New York on the train every day. He wisecracked at the station morning and evening. He was the life-of-the-party boy, the collar-ad type although his last promotion had given him jowls. He looked sleek and prosperous, and I didn't like him much.

He stared at my tools. "You in the hardware trade?" he said. "Business is so tough you ring doorbells on Saturday? Sorry, Sonny, I can't use any."

The day was so nice I didn't mind even Wally. "I'm going to have a garden," I said.

"A what?" For once in his life he didn't have an answer.

"Garden," I said. "You know. Vegetables. Maybe a few flowers on the side." I waved toward the ground back of the garages. "Where there was a wilderness," I said poetically, "there shall I cultivate the earth and bring forth the fruits of same."

He was beginning to recover. *"You?"* he said. *"You* a gardener?"

An incredulous, delighted smile spread slowly across his face. He slapped his knee. He guffawed.

"Wal, I'll be hornswoggled," he said. "Air you going to plow the south forty this morning, Hiram?"

HE WENT on by me, and I hoped he hadn't spotted our new tenant yet. I had an in and meant to keep it.

I went out back of the garages and put down my tools. I was planning to be very scientific about the garden. First I laid it out and drove stakes to mark the four corners. Then I started in to dig.

I plunged the fork into the good earth. This was the life, I thought. I was back to eternal values. I felt strong and righteous and pure in heart, and then the fork hit something with a clunk. I wiggled it and brought forth a tin can. Throwing it to one side, I continued work. The sun was bright and I was beginning to feel slightly warm.

After a while I rested. There was an old box nearby and I upended it in the middle of my garden and sat on it.

The sun shone down on me, and the breeze ruffled my hair and cooled the blisters forming on my palms. What a wonderful day, I thought, and I philosophized about the vanished boy who had once been known as Skinny. It was not so bad. Instead of playing baseball I had a garden. Instead of playing post office on a Friday night—I thought suddenly of Miss Colver.

I left my garden and went back to my apartment. I had a sandwich and a glass of milk. On the way back to my garden I made a detour and went up to 2-B of the next apartment house. The little card by the bell read: *Ellen Colver.* A spring sort of name, I thought, and then the door opened.

"Gas stove working all right?" I said. "Getting plenty of hot water? Need any redecorating done?"

She gave me a long look. "The janitor arrived five minutes after you left this morning. He didn't know any Skinny." She laughed. She wasn't mad. "Anyway, thanks for fixing the stove."

She started to close the door. I said hastily, "Did you feel any sort of vibrations this morning?"

"Vibrations?" she said. "No, I don't think so."

"Maybe it takes time," I said. "My name is Fred Saxon—"

"Fred Saxon!" she said. "Why, Wally's spoken of you often."

"Wally Weston?" I said, my heart sinking. "How did Wally work so fast?"

"Oh, I've known Wally all my life," she said. "We grew up together. When I decided to come East, I wrote him, and he got this apartment for me. He's terribly sweet."

"I never noticed it," I said. It might have been spring, but I felt a chill in the air. "Maybe he's changed quite a lot," I said hopefully.

"He has that well-fed-executive look," she said, and laughed. "Everyone back home knew Wally would be successful. Thanks again for fixing my stove, Mr. Saxon. I apologize for yelling at you."

She closed the door and I went sadly down the stairs. My back ached, and she thought Wally Weston looked like an executive.

I tried to find solace in my garden. The ground was like rock. I thought perhaps I would make my garden smaller. I would give up squash which I had never really liked anyway except at Thanksgiving. Silly to grow a lot of squash with Thanksgiving so far away.

Late in the afternoon I heard voices and looked up to see Wally Weston approaching the premises. He looked fat and prosperous, and Ellen hung on his arm.

"How air the crops, Hiram?" Wally said.

I tried to straighten up and couldn't. I was lame from head to foot.

"Go ahead and laugh," I said. "Wait until the corn is six feet high this summer. Guys that laugh," I said, "don't get free garden-fresh vegetables."

"I think it's wonderful," Ellen said. She came over into my garden and crumbled a handful of soil. She sniffed at it.

"Everything all right?" I said anxiously.

"You'll need plenty of fertilizer," she said. "And it would be wise to lime it."

Wally could have been a million miles away. "Anything you say," I told her. "The first radish, the first ear of corn, the first of everything will be yours."

"You'll have to let me help," she said.

"No work, no eat, that's my motto. For a while I'll be looking for a job but as soon as I'm organized I'll come out and help you."

"The government will subsidize him," Wally said. "Ay-yup. Come on, baby."

I watched her leave. She was going to help me. Feverishly, I took the fork and plunged it into the ground. What a garden I was going to have! For Ellen there had to be some flowers.

I forgot my aches and pains. I put the tools away a little later and drove downtown to buy fertilizer and lime. Whatever vegetables I grew were going to be worth their weight in gold.

THAT night, after I'd crawled out of a hot tub, I telephoned Ellen. The phone rang and rang and nobody answered. She was out with Wally, no doubt. I got in bed and read up on fertilizer.

In the morning I moved around like a man partially paralyzed. I collapsed in a comfortable chair with the Sunday paper in my lap but I could look out the window and see my garden. It seemed to be staring at me reproachfully, and finally I put down the sports section and crept outside. I went to work and the sun helped loosen me up.

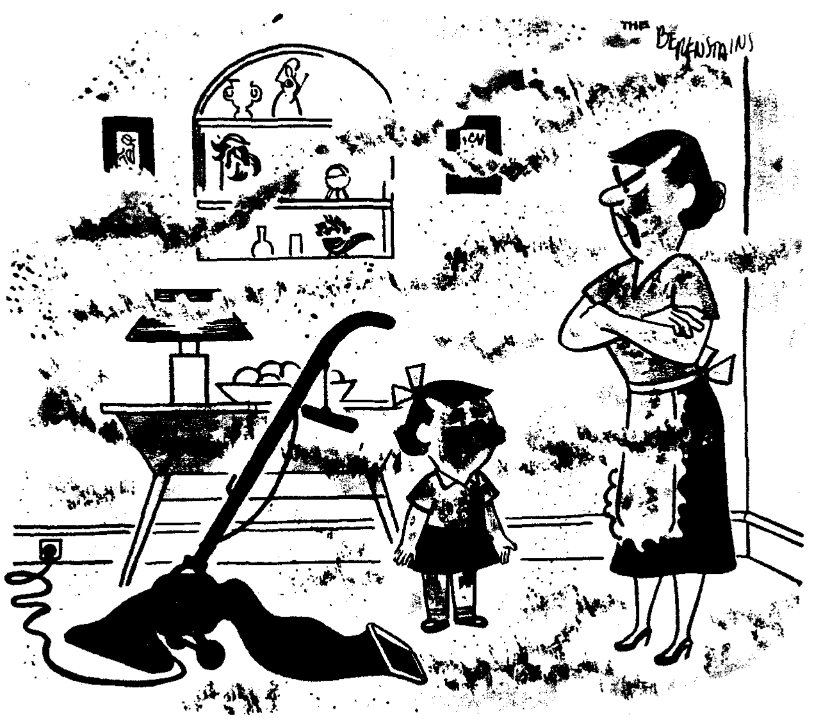
Wally came out later. He brought a beach chair, stretched himself out in the sun, read the paper and made corny comments over the top of it in my direction.

My garden was growing rocks. They were apparently shooting up from the center of the earth. I flipped a fairly large one six inches past Wally's ear and he sat up with a jerk.

"Sorry, pal," I said, and it halted the persiflage momentarily. Then Ellen came out, a spring symphony in green, and off they went. I leaned sadly on a hoe and watched them, then went back to work. I was beginning to see daylight. The wilderness was being tamed. I felt like a pioneer of the early days, but even a pioneer, I suspected, yearned for the sight of a sunbonnet bobbing around the corner of the cabin.

The next morning the boys were on hand

## SISTER



COLLIER'S

"There's something else you learned today. Always turn off the cleaner before you detach the bag for emptying"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Using too much oil?
CHANGE OVER TO PENNZOIL
Tough-Film PENNSYLVANIA OIL
SOUND YOUR Z
If you're paying 40¢ or more a quart for motor oil you're entitled to Pennzoil Quality...
INSIST ON PENNZOIL!
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

PENNZOIL® MOTOR OIL AND LUBRICANTS AT BETTER DEALERS... COAST TO COAST

# Be Happy-Go Lucky!

## LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

Fine tobacco—and *only* fine tobacco—can give you the perfect mildness and rich taste that make a cigarette completely enjoyable. And Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. So if you're not happy with your present brand (and a 38-city survey shows that millions are not), switch to Luckies. *You'll find that Luckies taste better than any other cigarette.* Be Happy—Go Lucky today!

**L.S./M.F.T.**

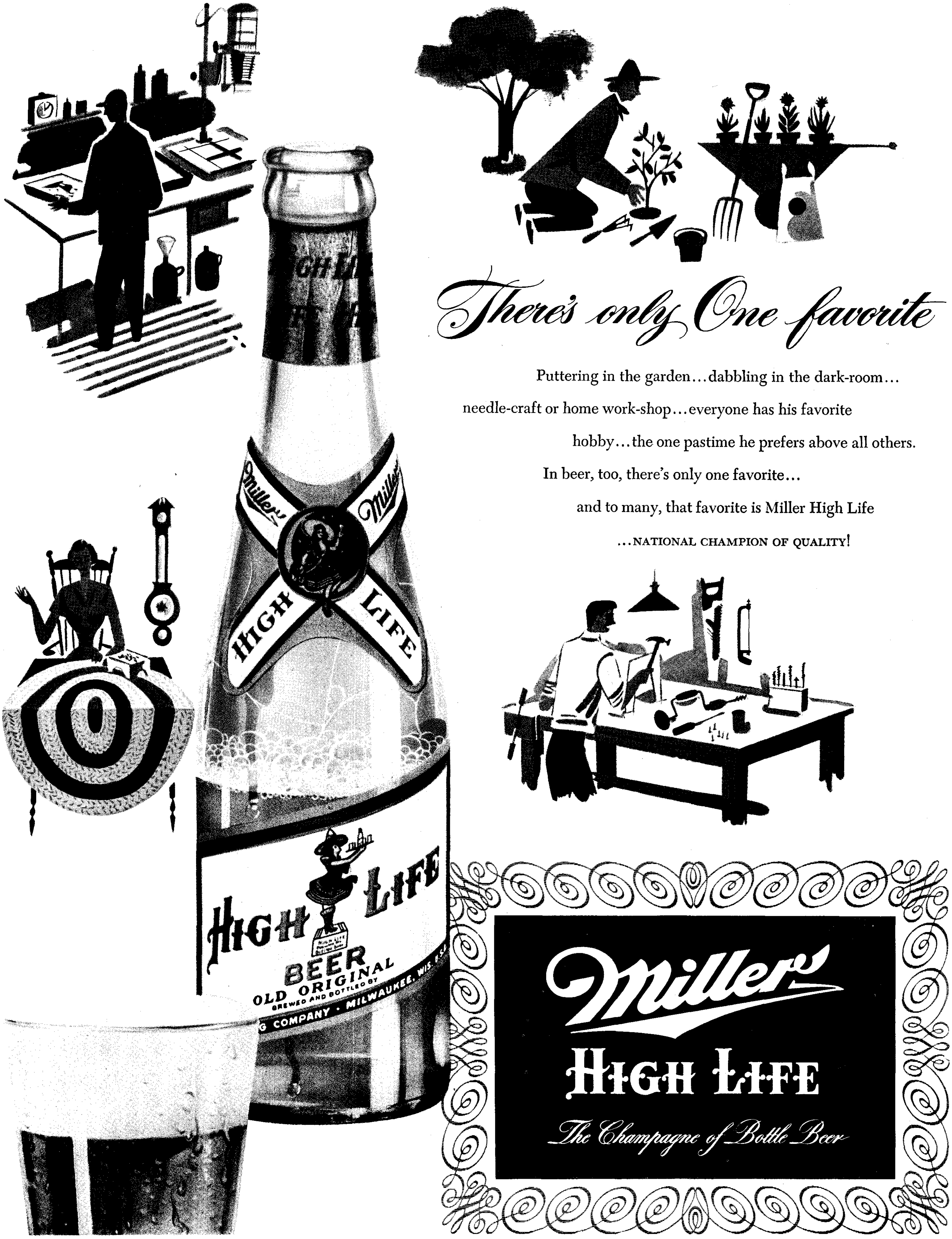
**Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco**

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

For once I hit a good shot, then
This pooch picks up the ball;
But I am smoking Lucky Strike,
So I don't mind at all!

My job is typing all day long
At Treasure Island Base,
Where Luckies are the favorite smoke—
You see them every place!


HIGH LIFE
Miller
HIGH LIFE
BEER
OLD ORIGINAL
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
COMPANY · MILWAUKEE, WIS. U.S.A.

# *There's only One favorite*

Puttering in the garden…dabbling in the dark-room…
needle-craft or home work-shop…everyone has his favorite
hobby…the one pastime he prefers above all others.
In beer, too, there's only one favorite…
and to many, that favorite is Miller High Life
…NATIONAL CHAMPION OF QUALITY!

**Miller**
**HIGH LIFE**
*The Champagne of Bottle Beer*

at the station, newspapers tucked under their arms, giving me the business. Ellen was there too, going in to the city to look for a job. She didn't needle me. But she sat with Wally on the train and I looked admiringly at the back of her neck all the way. . . .

At home that night I ate at the quick lunch near the station. I went back to the apartment, changed my clothes, and went outside with my tools and a planting chart. It was too early to put some things in the ground but I planted radishes, carrots, beets and lettuce.

Ellen and Wally came by on their way home from dinner. They strolled slowly past the garages, Wally talking expansively and gesturing with a cigar. I peered out at them. Ellen looked beautiful, but all I could smell was fertilizer.

"You're doing a beautiful job," Ellen said. She ran over to look at the rows. "I think you have the green thumb, Fred."

I felt low. "Probably nothing will come up," I said.

"I'm sure you'll have a wonderful garden," she said. "And even if the soil is poor and you don't get much, you'll have had a lot of fun and wonderful exercise. It will keep you fit. Isn't that something?"

I didn't say a word. She didn't know that I creaked in every joint and ached in every bone.

"I'll be helping you soon," she said. "About the time when you need to weed I'll be ready to help."

Wally chuckled and they went on by. I didn't like that laugh of his. It could only mean he was not worried about Ellen's helping me in the garden. He didn't think a romance was going to blossom among the bush beans. I didn't think so either and I put away my tools dispiritedly, wishing spring had never come and that I'd never thought about Willy Peeple who wouldn't call me Skinny any more.

The trouble with my garden was that it was out in plain sight of everyone. The commuters passed it on the way to the train and coming home at night. After dinner they congregated around it. They were all authorities. I got dozens of suggestions from guys who, to hear them tell it, would have been second Luther Burbanks if they weren't chained to an office.

With that kind of audience, I couldn't neglect the garden. I had to spend every evening out there. Once I did call Ellen. She said to come on over. Wally was going to be there, she said. He was helping her draft a letter to some executive she was planning to hit for a job. I didn't bother to go. I went out to the garden instead. My blisters had become calluses, and I reached a terrible conclusion.

I hated vegetables.

I HAD new things to do now. Some of the stuff was starting to come up. I had bugs to worry about. I had to go to work with insecticides. That part was not so bad. I looked at a fat, shiny bug and squirted it with deadly poison, pretending it was Wally.

At the end of that week I put in a full Saturday and finally I stopped and sat on the upended box in the middle of my garden. Saturday night, I thought, and I had no place to go.

I was philosophizing about how to live without women when I looked up to see Ellen and Wally coming by. They were talking and laughing together and carrying packages.

"Fred," Ellen said, "I've got the job I was angling for. Now I can help. I'm all ready. Let me show you."

She took a package from Wally and opened it, taking out a pair of blue jeans and gardening gloves. "Working clothes," she said. "Bright and early tomorrow morning."

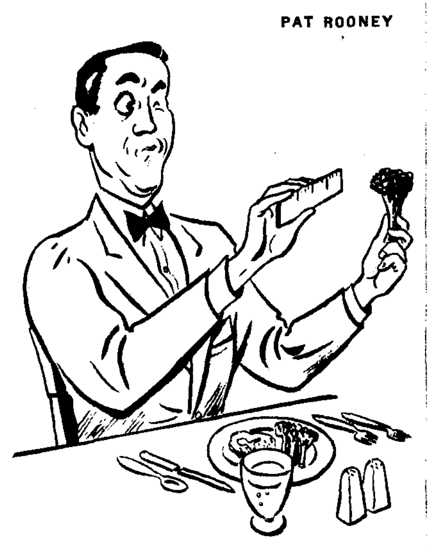
Wally chuckled. "Ay-yup," he said. "We're throwing a party to celebrate Ellen's job. When you get the chores finished, Hiram, put on your store clothes and drop around."

I would certainly do that. I sat dreamily on my box and thought about the next day. Suddenly I loved that garden. I could see us working in it the next day. I sat there with a grin on my face and then, suddenly, I heard a rumbling and clanking behind me. The noise grew louder, and I turned and saw a truck parked at the curb. A man was driving a bulldozer across the ground toward my garden. There was one tree in sight, a scrawny little thing. The man ran over the tree, squashing it flat. There was no more tree.

He stopped the machine and climbed down. "Nice day," he said, reaching for a cigarette.

I looked at the bulldozer squatting back of him. "What's the deal?" I said, but I didn't need to ask.

"Going to make this a parking lot," he said. "I just brought the cat over here tonight. I start in Monday morning. Level it off, and then the boys come in and do the paving. This your garden?"



## *It's a Plant*

**Broccoli,**
**While not exoccoli,**
**Is within an inach**
**Of being spinach**

—ROD MACLEAN

"It was," I said.

He walked back toward the truck. Maybe Ellen could take the jeans back, I thought. She wouldn't ever wear them. I got up and took a last look at the garden. I pulled a carrot, but it wasn't big enough to get a second look from a starving rabbit.

I walked back to the apartment and put away the tools for the last time. I didn't feel much like celebrating but I decided to go to the party, and after I had taken a shower I reached for a new suit I'd bought a few weeks before.

I would wear it for the first time at the party. It was tailor-made and fitted me like the paper on the wall. I put it on, and there were three inches around the waist I didn't need. It hung on me like a potato sack. That was the last straw. I'd been sold a lemon.

I was cursing the suit and the store when a wild notion entered my head. My other clothes had seemed a little baggy the past few days. Worrying about my garden and Ellen, I hadn't given it a thought. But I was proud of that new suit and it had been made to my measurements.

I took it off and stepped on the bathroom scales. The needle quit at one hundred and sixty-five. I thought the scales were broken. One hundred and eighty was my weight. I had another thought. Maybe nothing was wrong with the suit, maybe nothing was wrong with the scale. I looked at my profile. I got up on the rim of the bathtub and peered in the mirror at the spot where my stomach used to be. I had no stomach! I was skinny!

Fifteen pounds of blubber I'd worked off in the garden. I perched on the rim of the bathtub and realized that my aches and pains were a thing of the past. I felt agile enough to do a back flip over the shower rod.

I finished dressing and went over to Wally's apartment. He was on the second floor, and I floated up the stairs two steps at a time without breathing hard.

WALLY'S door was open. I had to admit that when he threw a party he didn't spare the horses. Everyone had come and the place was jammed. I could see Ellen at the far end of the room but I didn't try to go near her. She'd see the bulldozer in the morning; that would be enough. My plans for this evening were to find the source of refreshment supply and not move from there. I was moving in the right direction when Wally climbed on a chair and yelled for silence.

"I have an announcement to make," he said. "You all know the situation here about parking. There aren't enough garages to go around; you all know the hassel we've had about it. Well, little Wally here wasn't satisfied just to beef about it to the manager. No, sirree!" Wally looked around to make sure he had everyone's attention. "I went to see the president of the corporation some time ago. Folks, we're going to have our parking lot."

Everybody cheered for Wally Weston, the man who got things done. Then suddenly someone yelled, "Hey, then Fred Saxon's garden—"

Wally was close to falling off the chair, his face purple with suppressed laughter. "Fred's garden is right in the middle of the parking lot," he said, and collapsed.

I figured in five years I might live it down. It would become a classic story around the apartments, the saga of Fred Saxon making a garden that turned into a parking lot. At the station every morning they'd be asking me about my garden. If a weed sprouted in an asphalt crack they'd lay bets it was a seed I'd planted coming up. For months and months whenever conversation threatened to languish at an apartment party, all the host would have to do would be to mention my garden.

Spring had done it to me. Spring was like a girl, I thought. Spring was a siren, a strumpet. Making you feel good and making you feel blue. Lifting you onto a cloud and then kicking you over the side.

"You knew about this all the time, eh, Wally?" I said. "That's why you were so amused."

I drew back one fist. When someone plays a practical joke on you, I guess you are supposed to laugh it off and be a good sport. I decided to hang one on Wally's chin and then be a good sport.

I was just winding up when Ellen stepped between us. "Don't hit him, Fred," she said. "He'd collapse. He's so soft and flabby and out of condition that one punch would put him in the hospital."

"Is that bad?" I said.

"It isn't worth it," she said. "Besides, nobody but Wally thinks it's funny." She looked hard at me. "Do you feel any vibrations?" she said.

I couldn't get my tongue untangled. "If you do," she said, "I hoped you might take me out to dinner. I'll get my hat."

She went into the bedroom. I stood there transfixed. A breeze came in the window, ruffling the curtains. A spring breeze.

Ellen came back, and Wally pushed between us. "It was just a joke," he said. "You can't run out on me. Ellen, you're not leaving?"

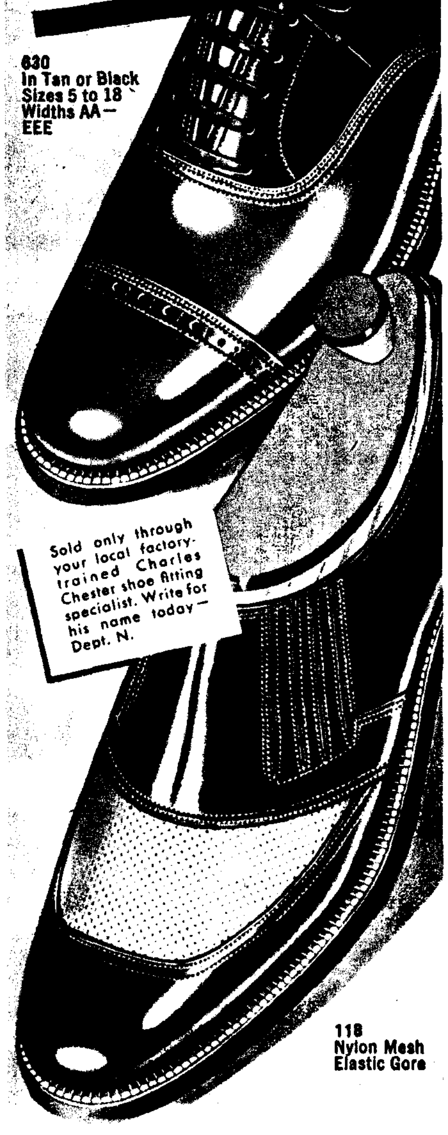
"Ay-yup," I said, and he turned to Ellen, but she wasn't having any.

"Thanks for everything," she said. "So long, Fatso."

We went outside his apartment. Her eyes were starry as they looked at me and her step was as light as the south wind. It was spring, and the flowers and the poets were in bloom. I had a notion I might use the garden tools again sometime, back of a cottage instead of an apartment. Tenderly I took her arm and escorted Ellen toward the night.

THE END

Charles CHESTER
AIR CUSHION SHOES*


630
In Tan or Black
Sizes 5 to 18
Widths AA—
EEE
Sold only through your local factory-trained Charles Chester shoe fitting specialist. Write for his name today—Dept. N.
118
Nylon Mesh
Elastic Gore

Supreme in Comfort!

TOPS FOR COMFORT, STYLE AND VALUE—SAY CHARLES CHESTER CUSTOMERS!

*Pat. No. 2,421,605

Sydney Van Gould, successful Charles Chester Salesman says—"My customers tell me no other shoes compare with Charles Chester Air Cushion Shoes in luxury comfort, top styling and big Charles Chester factory-to-you savings. No wonder my regular customer list keeps growing year after year. And don't forget—there's a full guarantee on more than 100 Charles Chester styles for all the family!

SPECIAL Charles Chester Patented Air Cushion Inner soles together with Combination Last assures Luxury fit—60% Air . . . Cushions your every step.

SALESMEN! A profitable Charles Chester Agency can be your guarantee of security. For complete information write Dept. J, Charles Chester Shoe Co., Brockton 64, Mass. Please state your qualifications.

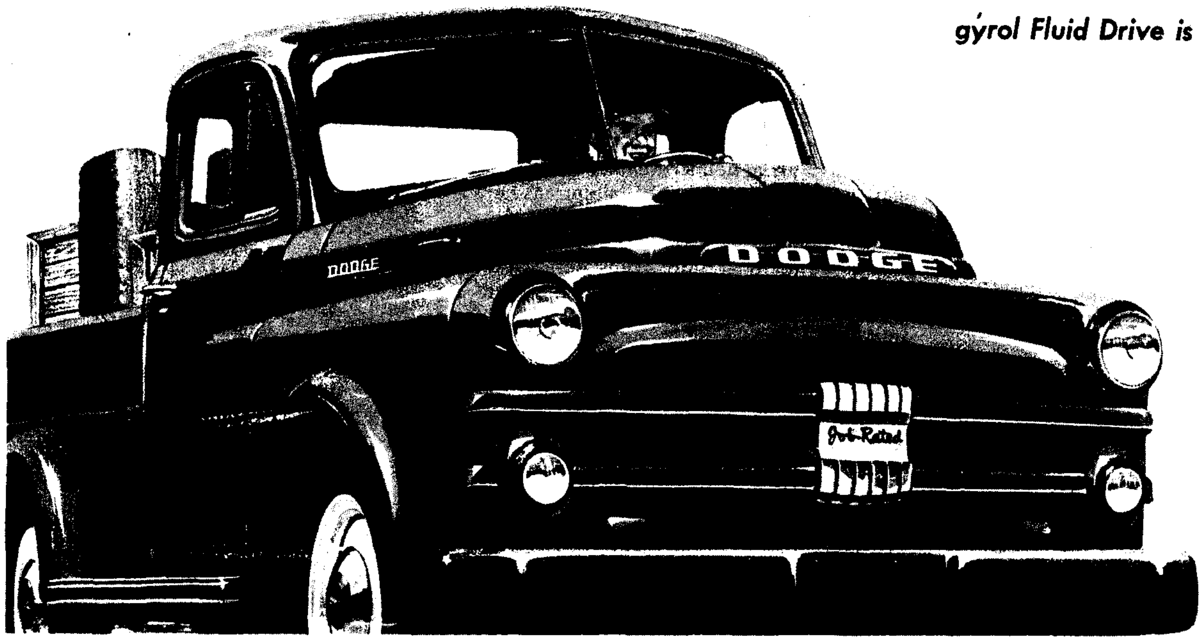
Charles CHESTER
AIR CUSHION SHOES*

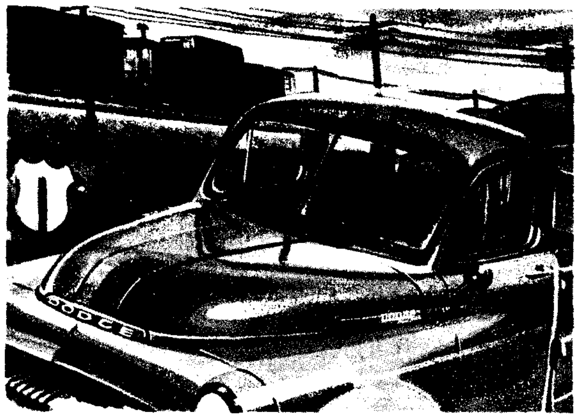
*Pat. No. 2,421,605

BROCKTON 64, MASSACHUSETTS

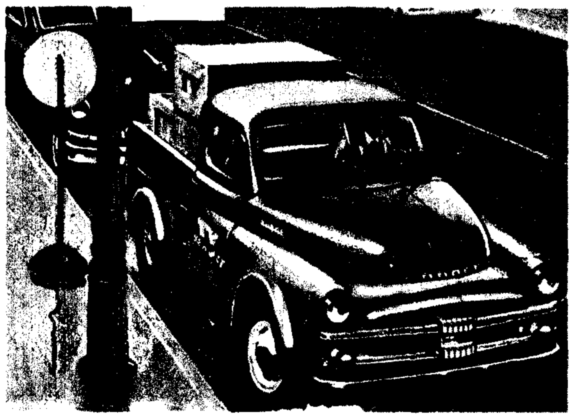
# Only DODGE *“Job-Rated”* trucks bring you these 7 advantages of FLUID DRIVE

***gýrol Fluid Drive is available on ½-, ¾-, and 1-ton models***





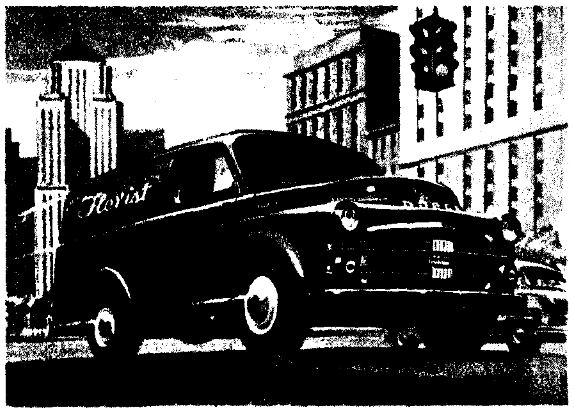
**1. Greater Ease of Handling.** There’s nothing like Fluid Drive for easy operation! Starts are cushioned against shock. Your truck moves ahead without “bucking” or stalling. To slow down or stop, just step on the brake.



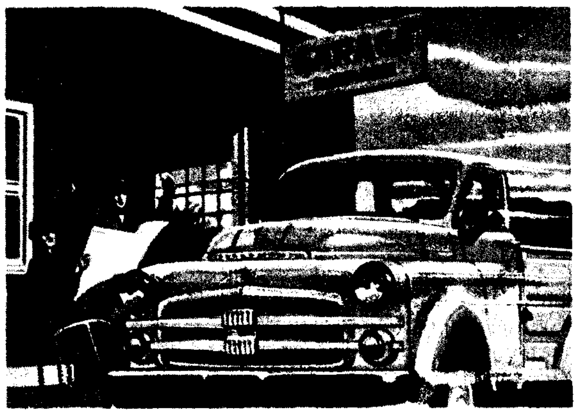
**2. Better Load Protection.** Because gýrol Fluid Drive lets you start your truck without sudden jerks and jolts, it helps eliminate the shocks that can shift your load . . . cause costly breakage or other damage.

**3. Better Application of Traction.** Fluid Drive helps to avoid wheel-spin . . . to make driving safer on slippery roads. There’s less tendency to bog down in mud or snow—surer going in off-the-highway service.

**4. More Convenience on Hills.** You can stand on an upgrade without using brakes or clutch simply by slightly speeding up the engine. To go again, just step on the gas. Fluid Drive is also effective for downhill engine braking.



**5. Longer Tire Mileage.** Less wheel-spin with Fluid Drive means less tire wear. When you start, there’s less slippage to grind precious rubber off the tread. No wonder tires of your Dodge “*Job-Rated*” truck last longer!



**6. Lower Upkeep Costs.** Fluid Drive acts as a “power cushion” between engine and clutch . . . protects vital moving parts from sudden shocks and strains. It helps keep your truck out of the shop and on the road.

**7. Longer Truck Life.** Because Fluid Drive reduces strain and wear on more than 80 parts—including engine, clutch, and drive line—it helps make your truck last longer. Ask your Dodge dealer for a demonstration—*soon!*

Experience it
for yourself!

*See your nearby Dodge dealer—and get behind the wheel of a Dodge “Job-Rated” truck equipped with Fluid Drive. You’ll be convinced that Fluid Drive makes a whale of a difference in performance!*

**Only DODGE builds *“Job-Rated”* Trucks**

# *They Know All the Answers*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

plans for which ETS has high hopes work out, they may strongly influence his choice of a career.

The boss of all this brain-cudgeling activity is a six-foot-two, Brooklyn-born ex-athlete named Henry Chauncey. Strangers are apt to address him as Doctor, on the reasonable assumption that a man in his job must have acquired a Ph.D. But his only degree is an A.B. in 1928 from Harvard, where he is still remembered as the baseball catcher who was so good the Boston Braves twice tried to sign him, and as the halfback whose toe, on the day Brown University dedicated its new stadium, gave the game to Harvard by a score of 3-0.

### On Scholarship Committee

Chauncey coached and taught at William Penn Charter, a Philadelphia prep school, for a couple of years, then returned to Harvard as assistant dean of freshmen. Eventually he became chairman of the university's committee on scholarships, which relied heavily on scholastic tests to choose the worthiest candidates.

In 1943 and 1944, on leave of absence from Harvard, he worked for the College Entrance Examination Board and helped direct the Navy's program to select the boys best fitted for V-12 training. A year later he was named the board's director and left Harvard.

About that time, educators began noticing that the testing programs of the board and two other venerable agencies, the American Council on Education and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, overlapped and even competed. Since all these agencies were nonprofit, overlapping didn't make sense. An independent committee of educators headed by President James B. Conant of Harvard recommended merging the programs into a separate supertesting outfit. Thus ETS was born in December, 1947, and Chauncey became its president.

Putting together exams for students would seem to be a graybeard's job, but it isn't. At forty-six, Chauncey is one of the oldest ETS people, and the average age of the 300 ETS employees is only about thirty-five. One official explains: "The testing business—like atomic energy—is so new it has attracted mostly the youngsters."

The youthful air pervading ETS is especially noticeable in the dozen offices where the 25 item writers work from eight to five figuring out test questions, at desks piled high with textbooks, dictionaries and standard works in their particular field. Most of them are girls and most Phi Beta Kappas. Few have been out of college more than five years. They vividly remember their own tests, and they insist that it's much harder to ask questions than to answer them.

Certainly the questions take a lot longer to figure out than the answers. Here's petite Jean Franklin, sitting at her desk, legs crossed, hand on forehead, working away at one section of the Medical College Admission Test, given May 12th to approximately 11,000 would-be future doctors. Jean knows little about medicine. Scholastically, her strong point is history. She majored in that at the New Jersey College for Women, from which she was graduated in '49, and went on to take an M.A. in it at the University of Pennsylvania. Now she's a member of the ETS social studies section.

But our medical colleges want students who have not only an aptitude for biology and chemistry but also an understanding of what's been happening to American society. That's where item writers with Jean's background come in.

One test of this understanding, Jean decided, would be a question about leisure time—for example: *Why have leisure-time activities become increasingly important?*

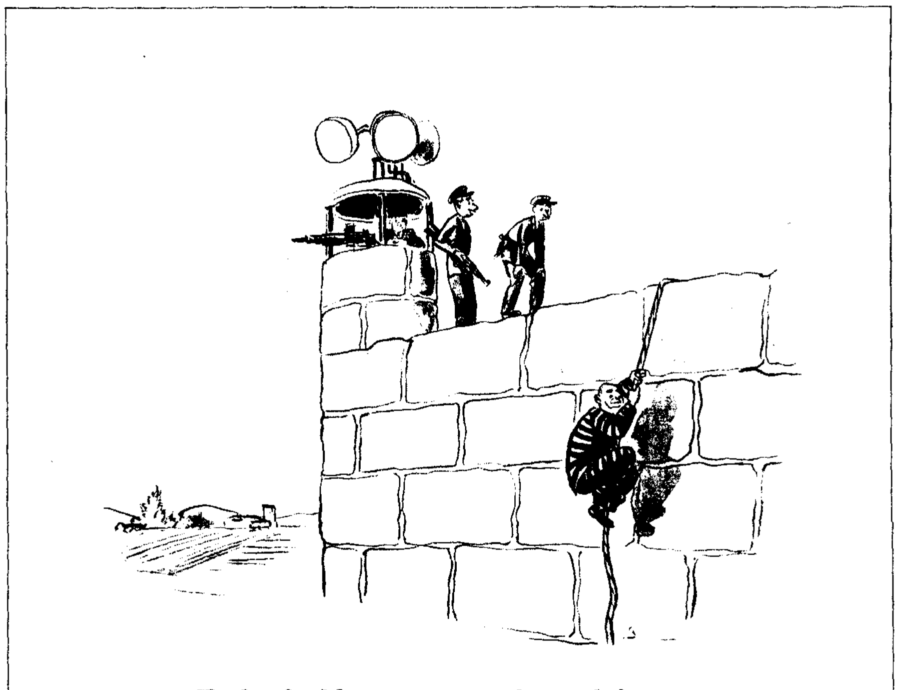
Phrased that way, however, the question is what testers call the essay type, which ETS rarely uses. That's partly because the student must take time to write out his answer at some length, and the scorer must take time to read the whole answer and to ponder if it is right, or partly right, or wrong. It's also because the essay-type question, when given to students from all over the country, is not, as Chauncey puts it, "democratic." It discriminates against the student, no matter how able, whose school has skipped over a particular subject.

Chauncey recalls something that happened at Harvard a dozen years ago, soon after he'd begun using a different kind of test to screen applicants for scholarships. This was the new "objective" type test, in which a student's score could be exactly determined regardless of the scorer's opinions. A Milwaukee boy passed the test with a high mark; on Chauncey's recommendation, the Harvard Club of Milwaukee gave him a scholarship. But the boy also took the College Board exams—four of them, the essay type, spread over several days.

Then the director of admissions called in Chauncey. "Look," he said, "we can't admit this man—he flunked every single one of the College Boards."

"You've got to admit him," said Chauncey. "He rates high on the new test, and his school record is good. Besides, we've already given him a scholarship."

Reluctantly, the admissions director agreed to accept the Milwaukee youth as an experiment for one year. That year the boy who had flunked the College Boards but passed the objective test made two A's and two B's, which put him among the top quarter of all Harvard freshmen.



COLLIER'S "He finished his sentence today and the warden granted him a little favor" HERB WILLIAMS

### Evaluating Objective Tests

Objective tests set up an impersonal measuring rod of a student's ability. Each question is followed by several answers. All the student has to do is choose one of these, and all the examiner has to do is count the number of correct ones chosen.

A test like that covers 10 or 20 times as many points as the essay type; so a fairly good student can make a fairly high score even if his school hasn't prepared him on a number of them.

Jean Franklin finally phrased her question this way: *The underlying reason why leisure-time activities have become increasingly important is that—*

Then she gave some possible answers: (1) *educators have become concerned with leisure-time activities;* (2) *inventions in radio and television have made available mass means of communication;* (3) *more people have more leisure time.*

No item's usefulness is left to guesswork. Writing a question and getting it approved by every worker in the section takes about two hours. Next it is laid before a committee of authorities outside ETS—for example, medical-school officials, if the item is to be used in a medical-school admission test.

Questions approved by such a committee then get the acid treatment—a trial test by representative groups of students. Finally the half-dozen bright young mathematicians in the statistical analysis section go to work to weed out the bad items. Often the results surprise the question makers.

As an illustration, take this item:

*When a person is called a Tory it usually means that he is a (1) liberal (2) radical (3) conservative (4) person with no interest in political and social questions (5) traitor to his country.*

A dozen authorities had okayed that item as part of an achievement test in social studies for the upper three grades in high school. Four hundred students took the pretest. Then ETS statisticians picked out the 25 per cent of the students who had done best on the test as a whole and the 25 per cent who had done worst, and compared the two groups, question by question.

They found that on the Tory item, the correct answer, No. 3, had been chosen by only a third of the best students and that even more of the best students than the others had got Tories mixed up with traitors.

So the item was discarded on two counts. It was too difficult to serve the main purpose of an ETS test, which is to size up a person's relative ability—not how much he knows but where he stands in a group. (Had most of the poorest group answered it correctly, it would have been thrown out as too easy.) Furthermore, it contained a wrong choice that trapped more good students than bad.

All questions are analyzed the same way. To get into a final test, they must have been answered correctly by a substantially greater proportion of the better students than of the poorer ones in a pretest group, and each of the wrong choices must have been made mostly by those students who rated lowest on the whole test.

A question which finally survives this screening, ETS figures, costs it anywhere from $5 to $30 in staff salaries and other expenses, and it may comfort a test taker to know that the questions he faces are, on the average, $17.50 ones.

The biggest ETS program is the one it administers five times a year for the College Entrance Examination Board in some 500 test centers scattered through the 48 states and 15 or 20 foreign countries. It consists of a three-hour scholastic aptitude test of about 200 questions, and a series of one-hour tests, with from 70 to 200 questions each, in English composition, social studies, languages, biology, chemistry, physics and several other subjects.

You'd have a hard time getting a peek at the College Board test questions—or, for that matter, at any of the others. Individual questions are kept in locked files, and the tests go by registered mail to trusted printers and come back in the form of booklets. Each booklet has its own number and is sealed with a big red sticker.

These are piled in the ETS storeroom, under guard, then packaged in double cartons for shipment to the test supervisors. In addition to the tests themselves, each package contains answer sheets and mechanical pencils, fitted with special lead to facilitate scoring the answers by machine. ETS stocks 76,000 of these pencils, requests their return, and keeps a man busy almost full time inspecting them to see that they contain a good eraser and at least two inches of lead. Even so, the life of a pencil averages only three exams.

### Master List Closely Guarded

The test centers are usually in a high school or a college, and the supervisors are administrators or teachers, selected for the job months before. Each supervisor checks the booklets against a master list and locks them, till the morning of the exam, in some place to which only he has the key. He is honor-bound not to look at the questions himself.

After the examination, he collects the booklets, checks them once more against the master list, and ships them back in the same cartons they arrived in.

Occasionally shipments go astray, but only one has been irretrievably lost. This was a package mailed from Spain by an American consular official who had administered the test to a few Spaniards planning to enter U.S. colleges. The answer sheets, sent by first-class mail, got back; the test books did not. The consular official thinks some Spanish postal clerk just couldn't resist the mechanical pencils. Now ETS includes only wooden pencils in its shipments to foreign centers—very short wooden ones, at that.

Scoring the tests is ordinarily a simple process. It has to be, in an organization called upon each year to handle the answers of 75,000 College Board candidates and of some 385,000 other test takers.

Here's the way it works. Instructions to applicants say they will be given a special electrographic pencil, and that they must use it because the tests are going to be scored by machine. That electrographic pencil is actually only a pencil with a high graphite content so it will make a good black

## ANSWERS
### to Questions on Page 22

| PART I | PART II | PART III | PART IV |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. 2–3 | 7. 3 | 13. 3 | 17. 4 |
| 2. 3–4 | 8. 1 | 14. 5 | 18. 4 |
| 3. 1–3 | 9. 2 | 15. 4 | 19. 1 |
| 4. 2–3 | 10. 4 | 16. 2 | 20. 6 |
| 5. 1–4 | 11. 3 | | |
| 6. 2–4 | 12. 5 | | |

Man, It's a HIT!
EARLY TIMES

It's Every Ounce a Man's Whisky!

No Wonder it's Kentucky's Favorite Straight Bourbon

JUST TAKE A LOOK at the record and you'll see why you can be sure Early Times will make a hit with you.

In Kentucky—where they have the best to choose from—they've made Early Times the No. 1 Straight Bourbon in the Bourbon state for the 4th consecutive year.

Your first taste of Early Times will tell you why. It's every ounce a man's whisky . . . hearty, full-bodied, yet delightfully smooth. Tonight treat yourself to a real hit. Ask for Early Times.

EARLY TIMES

EARLY TIMES
Old Style Kentucky Whisky
THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
ESTABLISHED 1860
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Every Ounce a Man's Whisky

THIS WHISKY IS 4 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF

EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY

mark, the easiest kind for the electric scoring machine to detect.

The candidate marks his answers on a special answer sheet filled with groups of small, open rectangles. There is one group for each question, and one rectangle for each possible answer. The candidate blackens one rectangle in each group.

Back in Princeton a battery of young women scans the sheets for double markings. Each question has only one correct answer, and any student who takes a gamble on getting half credit by marking two answers is bound to lose: the girls tape cellophane over double markings so that neither one will count. They also look for markings so light the machine may not register them; these they darken.

Then the sheets go to the operators of test-scoring machines, of the kind used in Army reception centers to score inductees' tests. ETS has 20 machines, each of which can handle 500 tests an hour. The operator sits at the machine as at a desk and shoves the answer sheet into a slot. Inside the machine, hundreds of tiny, five-bladed metal prongs are arranged to correspond with the rectangles on the answer sheet. Three blades of each prong are connected to one side of an electric circuit, and two to the other.

Each correct answer space is touched by the blades of one prong. If it has been blackened, the circuit is closed and a certain amount of current flows through the machine. If the wrong one has been blackened, nothing happens, for the prongs corresponding to the wrong answer rectangles have been masked.

On a dial in front of her, the operator reads the sum of all the tiny electric currents—one for each correct answer.

Once there was a way a student could beat the machine. William Heirens, who was later to become notorious as the Lipstick Murderer, tried it a few years ago when he took his placement tests at the University of Chicago. For each question he wasn't sure of, he blackened the space he thought was right and then put tiny dots in other spaces he thought might possibly be right.

Apparently he figured that no one would notice the dots but that they might be heavy enough to actuate the machine. He was right. He passed the tests with very high scores. They were so high, in fact, that the scorers ran the sheets through another machine that happened to be less sensitive. This one, picking out only the honestly blackened spaces, scored him as below average. After that the testers took a good look and found the dots.

### A Reprimand from the Dean

Heirens pulled the same stunt during his first quarterly exams, whereupon the dean called him on the carpet and warned him to play fair. By that time, though, as it developed later, the emotionally twisted youngster had got into the habit of committing worse crimes than tricking a scoring machine.

ETS uses routinely the same method the University of Chicago testers happened to use on Heirens. It scores every answer sheet twice—either by two different machines, one of them deliberately developed at ETS to be less sensitive, or by machine and by hand.

What the colleges do with the scores is their business, though ETS advises that they use them only along with other information about the test taker. Men score higher on questions dealing with public affairs and science; women outscore men in literature and the fine arts. Public- and private-school students do equally well.

One day last August, the incoming class at West Point served as guinea pigs in a tryout of ETS's newest and perhaps most important development. The plebes sweated through a great variety of questions. One set tested their mechanical information by asking, for example, if a rasp is a kind of saw, or wrench, or file, or hammer. Another showed them pictures of dozens of tools and pieces of equipment and asked them to pair up those commonly used together.

To test speed of perception, they were asked to cancel all the A's in two pages of letters. To test fluency of expression, they were asked to complete in three different ways a number of similes, like: *He ran as fast as* . . . . . . . . . . To test hand dexterity, they were directed to put a dot entirely inside each of scores of tiny circles. They were called on to make dozens of comparisons—as between a mouse and a horse, and an orange and a tangerine—to test their judgment of size.

Altogether they spent six hours taking 32 tests, many of them considerably less simple than these examples.

### Tryout for Guidance Battery

It may surprise the West Pointers to learn that what they did during those six hours may have a big influence on later students in all sorts of schools. For the tests were the first trial of what ETS calls its guidance battery.

Each of the tests—assembled from the work of many ETS researchers by John W. French, a lean young Ph.D.—had proved useful in measuring one or another of a dozen factors that influence a person's general ability. Some of these are carefulness, eye-hand co-ordination, basic schooling, speed of judgment, ability to read and ability to draw deductions.

If ETS plans work out, a battery of tests taken in one day will be able to tell a person what he usually learns now only after several years of trial and error. For instance, if the tests show him highest in the ability to use figures and to comprehend space and size relationships, ETS thinks he would be well advised to consider specializing in science or engineering. If he rates low in the ability to express himself, he ought to be guided away from journalism or law.

*Next Week*

CANCER QUACKS
How Medical Fakers Prey on Human Suffering

The guidance battery is still experimental. This summer ETS will compare the scores made by the West Pointers last August with the grades made in all their courses since then. By next year it plans to have the revised battery ready to test on another group of young people.

Eventually, Chauncey hopes, every youngster will be given one form of the guidance battery just before or just after he leaves eighth grade, with the scores showing what he should be advised to concentrate on in high school. Four years later he would be given a higher form to indicate the type of job or college course he was best fitted for.

One of these days the guidance battery, coupled with personality and interests tests, may supplant the scholastic aptitude test just as that supplanted the old essay-type exam. Meanwhile, the scholastic aptitude test in one form or another remains the chief item in almost all of ETS's varied testing programs.

What's the best way to prepare for it? The people who get up the test say: Don't try to. You could cram for the old College Boards—first given 50 years ago this June—but not for this one.

Take the test in your stride. Work steadily. When you come to a question about which you know nothing at all, don't waste time on it; go on to the next. On the other hand, if you can make a guess on the basis of even a little knowledge about the subject, make it, for you are more likely to be right than wrong. THE END

# 48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

was Lincoln's, paid her respects with a few gentle meows and walked in. The carpenters found her, fetched her milk and went on with their sawing and hammering. It was two days later that Mr. and Mrs. Truman and daughter Margaret dropped in to see how things were going. From a bathroom came a loud and contented purring, garnished with cat talk. The kindly and efficient Mrs. Truman took charge of Essie and has installed her in a comfortable doghouse on the south lawn. Mrs. Truman has said nothing for publication, but we suspect she wishes all White House visitors were as little trouble.

* * *

In Oklahoma they'll put you in jail for bootlegging—if they feel like catching you. But if you're a bootlegger and *really* long for a rest in the state penitentiary, try *not* bootlegging—and don't say we didn't warn you. The story source for this discouraging paragraph is a bootlegger now in the cooler, settled down for a three-year stretch—but not for bootlegging. Some time ago he accepted a handful of money from a thirsty Oklahoman, for which he was to produce a few bottles of beverage. What with one thing and another, he forgot to deliver the stuff. A cop put the arm on him and dragged him off to court. A Dry, but indignant, jury found him guilty of not delivering the goods and the judge hung the three years on him. The man had failed to bootleg and should be ashamed of himself. Dishonesty, you see, never pays.

* * *

Personally, we haven't had a good chew of tobacco since the first World War when, for some reason never made clear to us, we weren't allowed to smoke at night. (Somebody got the idea that the glow of a cigarette would reveal our position, even if we were never quite sure ourselves where it was.) As a matter of fact, tobacco chewing is on the skids. The Agriculture Department tells us that tobacco chewers are fewer than half the number of 25 years ago. Maybe it isn't the tidiest of habits, but the news saddens us a little. This country probably will never know how many crises were safely passed and calamities averted when statesmen, official and lay, sat around the old potbelly stove well provided with eating tobacco. There were marksmen in those days, too. *Spang!*

* * *

There came the day when Iowa legislators decided to stop wasting time and money and buckle down to work in and for the interests of the groaning taxpayers. Whereupon they passed a bill legalizing the sale of cap pistols.

* * *

Chances are that you've never heard of John Wesley Perkins and if it weren't for listening posts like this, you might go on and on thus uninformed. Mr. Perkins is the United States government's boss Indo-European translator. He's master of 22 languages, including such defiant tongues as Ukrainian, Serbo-Croatian, Icelandic, Slovenian and Slovak. He even understands and can translate reports, directives, pronouncements and correspondence written in diplomatic English by his associates and superiors in the State Department. Born in Indiana sixty-four years ago, Perkins has been translating for the government since 1917. His early government career was spent in the Agriculture Department reading foreign language labels on patent-medicine bottles. Greek, Latin, Russian, Estonian, Czech and Turkish hold no terrors for him. But he has a secret sorrow: His Arabic isn't sound.

# The High Cost of Dying

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

industry's great lobbying and political strength which enables it to cow a significant number of legislators and jurists and do pretty much as it pleases. In almost every state, the funeral directors make heavy campaign contributions; and the cemetery corporations generally control voting strength in the legislatures because of a simple economic fact, to wit: many state legislators are successful small-town lawyers, and frequently they number a well-paying local cemetery or two among their private clients.

As a result of this, some decidedly one-sided laws have been passed. For example, in half the states, laws are rigged so private cemeteries could declare themselves nonprofit corporations, on the grounds that they are semireligious institutions, and therefore escape real-estate and income taxes.

They then arranged legally to sell to the nonprofit organizations (themselves) the land they already owned, in exchange for so-called certificates of indebtedness, which they pegged at wildly exaggerated prices. It takes years to pay off the certificates of indebtedness; and the supposedly nonprofit cemetery corporations, earning millions of dollars on tax-exempt property, channel their take to the individual directors, who hold the inflated IOUs.

In Los Angeles, the famous Forest Lawn Cemetery carried enough influence in the city council recently to grab 486 acres of land desperately wanted by the city planning officials as an extension of Griffith Park. In the California legislature, a bill sponsored by the funeral directors was pushed through requiring a coffin or a casket in all burials—despite the fact that this is against the tenets of some religious groups, notably extremely orthodox Jews who require burial in nothing but a shroud.

In the same way, the burial industry backed passage of a California law requiring that all cremated ashes be kept in an urn at registered cemeteries or mausoleums (needless to say, at high prices). This makes it illegal in California to scatter ashes on a back-yard rosebush or over the Pacific Ocean, even if the deceased requested it in his will. This is one of the most highhanded of the burial industry's laws, since there isn't the remotest public-health justification for it.

### A Soldier's Last Request

The law did cause some trouble in 1943. In that year, a soldier died of his Pacific war wounds at the Army's Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, and in his will he asked that his ashes be scattered over the Golden Gate. The morticians quietly set about trying to block this, but the news leaked out and it set off a public outcry.

The soldier's ashes finally were scattered, but only after California's then Attorney General, Robert Kenny, came up with a technicality. He ruled that since the soldier had died on federal property, he was not subject to the state law. The law has held firm ever since.

The lobbying is spearheaded in the state legislatures by associations of funeral directors and cemeteries. All of these in turn belong to national associations which operate on a loftier plane of public relations. Most of these national associations are run by lawyers and executives hired from outside the industry, and they do an honest

Slip 'em on and slip into cool comfort!
Mansfields

Simply *ease* a pair of these good-lookers over your insteps and presto!

These Mansfields give your feet snug yet easy support, just where they need it!

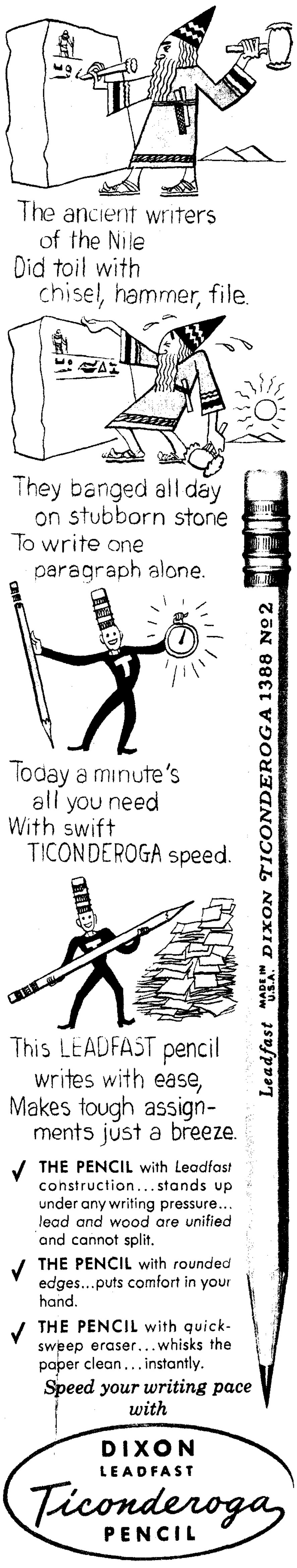
They're hand-woven Moccasin Front slip-ons—comfortable and easy on your feet. Easy to slip *on*—and *off!*

Yes, sir—you've got a cool, cool summer underfoot! Get a pair of these Mansfields today!

**STURDY**
Hand-woven Moccasin
Front slip-ons.
Leather sole.

Mansfield

© Mansfield Shoes . . . Whitman, Mass.



The ancient writers
of the Nile
Did toil with
chisel, hammer, file.

They banged all day
on stubborn stone
To write one
paragraph alone.

Today a minute's
all you need
With swift
TICONDEROGA speed.

This LEADFAST pencil
writes with ease,
Makes tough assign-
ments just a breeze.

- ✓ **THE PENCIL** with *Leadfast* construction...stands up under any writing pressure... *lead and wood are unified* and cannot split.
- ✓ **THE PENCIL** with *rounded edges*...puts comfort in your hand.
- ✓ **THE PENCIL** with *quick-sweep* eraser...whisks the paper clean...instantly.

***Speed your writing pace with***

**DIXON**
**LEADFAST**
*Ticonderoga*
**PENCIL**

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 52-J5, Jersey City 3, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

job of attempting to maintain ethical standards, even going so far as demanding the expulsion of some of the more rambunctious members.

A few years ago, for example, the National Cemetery Association had to oust no less than 15 of its member cemeteries for making tricky claims they couldn't meet in selling their graves.

The sad fact, however, is that the national associations cannot really control their own members. The excellently run National Funeral Directors Association, for instance, has a fine code of ethics with precepts like, "Honesty in all offerings of service and merchandise." One of the main points of the code is "to refrain from price advertising." This pledge is flagrantly violated by members all over the country, particularly by three of the most powerful—Forest Lawn, Utter-McKinley and Pierce Brothers in California—and the national association *can do nothing about it.*

With no restraints on them, burial-industry advertising has reached almost unheard-of heights of bad taste and misrepresentation. In Los Angeles, the big Utter-McKinley mortuary chain distributed handbills on doorsteps showing the fearful atomic-bomb mushroom-shaped blast and listing advice on "What to Do in Case of Atomic Attack." When the reader turned the page, there were photographs of caskets and the prices of funerals, the juxtaposition carrying the unmistakable message, "If any of your folks don't survive the atomic attack, call us." There were so many protests about this handbill that it was withdrawn from distribution.

In Washington, D. C., William Chambers printed a calendar featuring a drawing of a beautiful, undressed young lady stepping into a pool of water, with the caption, "Beautiful Bodies by Chambers." When a reporter asked him to explain this, Chambers said, "Sometimes they wheel 'em in here and you'd never think we'd be able to put 'em back together again; but when they wheel 'em out again, they all look like that girl on the calendar."

### Phony Bargains in Funerals

In Los Angeles (a bonanza land for the burial industry because so many old people come to spend their last days in the California sun), a price war currently is raging among the Big Three, with salesmen ringing doorbells and asking, "Have you made arrangements yet?" There are thousands of signs on benches and billboards throughout the city proclaiming such bargains as: "Complete funeral as low as $49" and "Cemetery space as low as $25, plus perpetual care." The phrases "as low as" and "plus perpetual care" are in type so tiny that they are almost illegible. Also, few of these rock-bottom funerals seem to be sold once the customer gets inside, since the average Los Angeles funeral cost is no lower than anywhere else in the country.

To test the reliability of the advertising, Collier's sent a young couple to Forest Lawn, the world-famous cemetery-mortuary-art repository, to demand the advertised minimum of $60 for funeral and $33 for grave.

These "arrangements" were to be for a fictitious "aunt dying of cancer." The couple was attended by a polite salesman, who after discreetly trying to push the $345 "average funeral," admitted that there was no such thing as the advertised minimum of $60 for funeral and $33 for grave. "To this," said the salesman, "you must add $16 'to perpetuate the property,' $22 for a concrete vault, and $47 for opening and closing the grave. This means that the least expensive funeral you can get at Forest Lawn actually is $178." The couple left, wondering how many other hidden charges would be slapped on them if they ever did arrive with their "aunt's" body.

"Forest Lawn," a former executive of the establishment told me, "has an advertising budget of $300,000 a year." Millions are spent on the art treasures, chapels and parks (which, he says, are there primarily to attract a volume business), and lobbying expenses involve another sizable hunk of money. With all this overhead, he says, it is inevitable that funeral prices must be upgraded to pay for it. And that is a key factor to the story on the national level.

A great percentage of America's huge funeral bill goes for fluff—luxurious buildings, lavish equipment, advertising and the like. *This, in turn, is to attract volume business in the face of constantly increasing competition, so that a vicious circle is set up, with the public, as usual, suffering.*

### Who Pays for the Indigent?

Funeral directors argue that they are required in many states and counties to handle a great number of funerals for indigents at prices fixed for cost or less, but even this *hits the ordinary citizen.* The customary practice of the undertakers is to recover *these losses by jacking up other bills*—a procedure which is openly advocated under the heading "modern cost accounting methods" by funeral trade journals.

And this leads to another important point. Manufacturers' prices for caskets are almost universally the same, and funeral charges are practically identical all over the country, despite local differences in labor and costs. For example, the New York State Funeral Directors Association reports New York City's average funeral price at $496; the Denver (Colorado) Rocky Mountain News reports the average Denver funeral to be between $300 and $800, or a mean of about $500; and various official sources fix the national average at just under $500.

In Wisconsin, recently, Judge Carl H. Daley had to order Douglas County's funeral directors to "cease and desist from conspiring to fix the price of funerals sold to local government agencies for the burial of indigent persons." This is symptomatic of what is happening on a national scale, and the federal government has given signs that it is ready to step in and launch an antitrust, price-fixing investigation to determine if the burial industry has conspired to keep funeral expenses high all over the country.

Nothing terrifies the burial industry more than this specter of government intervention, and its attacks on advocates of such a solution are bitter. Recently, for instance, a Kansas City casket manufacturer named Earle Newcomer, who also runs an advisory service called Profitable Mortuary Methods, made a speech in which he declared that expensive funerals are part of the American Way of Life.

New York cemetery owner Jacob Singer went further, with the assertion that anyone in favor of supervision of cemeteries is a Communist or at least a Communist sympathizer. Notwithstanding this, many non-Kremlin sources, including the conservative New York World-Telegram and Sun, have come to the conclusion that the burial industry is a public utility, like railroads and electricity, and, as such, it should be regulated in the same way that all states regulate public utilities.

This is an old story in Europe, where government control naturally has been much more stringent than this as far back as the nineteenth century. For instance, in England today, an undertaker is required by law to mention only the so-called "simple funeral," which costs roughly $87. If the client wants something better, *the undertaker must wait until he suggests it.* These prices, too, are fixed, and for £35 ($98) you get an elm-polished, interior-lined coffin, a hearse and one following car.

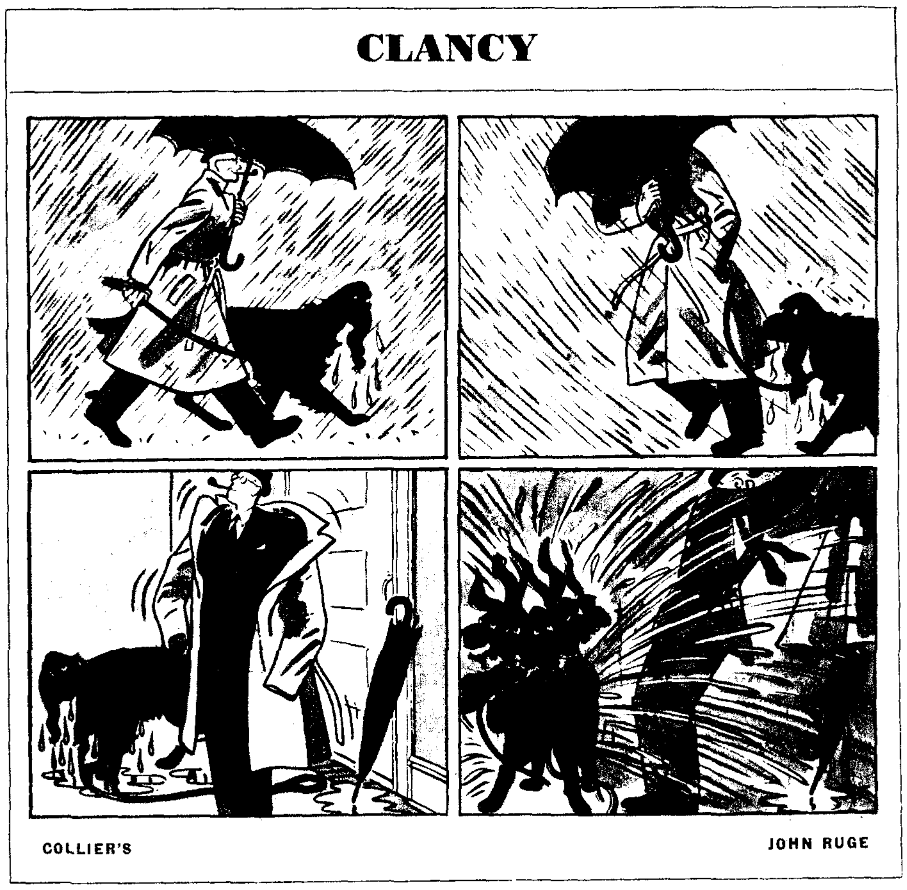
In France, you buy at varying prices any one of several state funerals directly from the local government, or private undertakers under contract to the local government, and the city of Paris even has its own coffin factory. The Socialist and semi-Socialist states, like the Scandinavian countries, exercise iron control over burials; but free-enterprise Switzerland outdoes any of them.

### Where Burials Are Free

In some parts of that country, there have been no private undertakers since 1890, and every citizen, regardless of social status, is entitled to a free state funeral, carried out by municipal attendants, with free grave, free coffin, free hearse and one following car. If the family wants to buy "superior" services or merchandise, these are available at government-fixed prices.

In the United States, there is no regulation of funeral directors at all, other than the enforcement of simple health rules and the licensing of embalmers. An interesting trend is under way, however. In the last few years, several states became alarmed because abandoned, overgrown burying grounds had become rat-infested health-and-safety hazards.

Worried over the prospect of the same thing happening 50 years from now to the great metropolitan cemeteries after the operators have sold all the graves and moved elsewhere, 13 states passed laws requiring



**More news from Chrysler Corporation**

# Engineering developments that improve the riding qualities of cars, military vehicles, trucks and railroad freight cars

New uses of suspension principles are doing important things for wheel-borne transportation.

Cars that move along the highways, military vehicles that transport men and equipment, trucks that haul the products of farm and factory, and freight cars rolling on the railroads—all benefit from developments introduced by Chrysler scientific research and engineered production.

**This M-37 cargo carrier,** *built by Chrysler Corporation, can travel more rapidly and surely over rough country than our World War II cargo carriers. The ride is steadied for men and cargo by new suspension principles, improved springs and heavy-duty shock absorbers that provide extra cushioning power on bad roads or roadless terrain.*

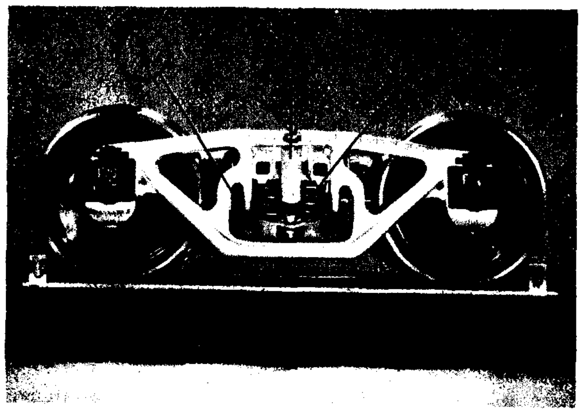
A new and softer ride is now incorporated in military design ambulances and trucks being built by Chrysler Corporation. Often a military ambulance must operate in rugged country where there are no roads. With improved suspension, special springing and new type shock absorbers, jolts and discomfort are minimized as never before.

Another important advance in riding comfort comes from Chrysler's "Oriflow" shock absorber, an exclusive feature on all our new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars, on Dodge ½, ¾ and 1 ton trucks, and all Route Vans. It uses hydraulic principles in a new way to give cushioning power *three times* that of ordinary shock absorbers. On every kind of road, "Oriflow" works in harmony with synchronous springing, shockproof steering and scientific weight distribution to provide a smoother, safer ride.

ORIFLOW SHOCK ABSORBER

**In this drawing** *of Chrysler's new "Oriflow" shock absorber, the engineer is pointing to one of the tubular passages through which cushioning fluid flows. This is a new use of hydraulic principles which helps "Oriflow" absorb bumps by controlling jounce and rebound more smoothly than any design used before.*

For railroad freight cars, which also require protection from shocks along the rails they travel, Chrysler engineers have developed a new "balanced suspension." It absorbs both vertical and lateral shocks gently, so that cargoes can ride steadier and safer.



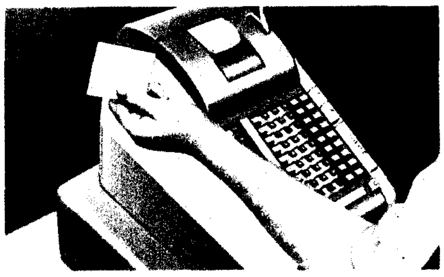
**In this accurate scale model** *you see three reasons for smoother "ride." (1) swing hanger which soaks up shocks that come from jolting side motion. (2) unique friction snubber which works with (3) long travel coil springs to cushion vertical shocks and control bounce. Engineered by Chrysler, this mechanism is produced for railroads by qualified equipment manufacturers.*

On the highways, in the fields and on the rails, Chrysler Corporation's scientific developments and engineered production help meet the nation's military needs, and advance the safety, dependability and efficiency of wheel-borne transportation.

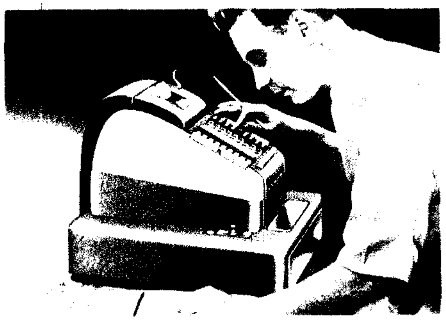
CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Retailers! You Save Money 3 Ways With a Clary Itemizing Cash Register

**1. WORLD'S FASTEST CHECK-OUT REGISTER** speeds up traffic as much as 52%. Does work of two ordinary machines. Takes up less counter space, makes more room for profitable "push" items.



**2. SIMPLIFIES BOOKKEEPING** – Not only does it print itemized customer receipts, but it prints a record of every transaction on locked-in, tamper-proof tape. Keeps cumulative total of day's business.



**3. FLICK OF LEVER CONVERTS CLARY 303** into world's fastest adding-subtracting machine. Computes discounts, taxes, payrolls; cuts inventory-taking time. Two machines in one, the new Clary does more, costs less! Convenient terms.

Clary
does your work faster

San Gabriel, Calif. – Downingtown, Pa.

**FREE! Send For Helpful Booklet**
*"Establishing & Operating Your Own Business"*

Clary Multiplier Corporation, Dept. C-27
San Gabriel, California

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*____________*( ) State*________
*Type of Business*____________________

*Consult Phone Book Yellow Pages for Clary Adding Machines, too!*

cemeteries to place part of the sales price of every grave into a trust fund. The interest from these trust funds thus will provide at least minimum permanent maintenance for the cemeteries.

Then New York became the first and—to date—the only state to put genuine controls on any segment of the burial industry.

### Wanton Neglect of Cemeteries

In 1947, a state assemblyman named Nathan A. Lashin discovered that Washington Cemetery in Brooklyn was so cluttered with weeds, trees, underbrush and fallen tombstones that it was almost impossible to find and visit most of the graves. This led Lashin, an attorney, to look up the law on cemeteries, and he further discovered that there was no law—just a mass of overlapping 100-year-old statutes, most of which canceled each other out. Curious, he then peeked into the operations of the cemeteries. He came across case after case of wanton neglect, profiteering and unabashedly callous treatment of the public. Assemblyman Lashin recoiled. Then he sat down and wrote a resolution calling for a joint Senate-Assembly investigation of the industry.

As is customary with minority-party resolutions, the Lashin Measure languished in committee, and nothing happened. Lashin complained so bitterly, however, that the New York World-Telegram decided to look into his charges. What *they* found ran for five days in the newspaper, and so many confirming letters poured in from people all over the state, that Republican Attorney General Nathaniel L. Goldstein decided to launch his own investigation. Goldstein appointed a staff of three of his top probers, headed by Assistant Attorney General Theodore D. Ostrow, a brilliant young lawyer who had helped break up the Ku Klux Klan and fake charity rackets in New York State.

It didn't take Ostrow long to find out that he had a juicy scandal on his hands. He dug up enough evidence to fill a 29-page pamphlet, The Cemetery—a Public Problem, later published by the state; and the Attorney General soon had ammunition for three major court cases designed to soften up the opposition.

In Case Number One, Goldstein charged Kensico Cemetery in Westchester County with selling 73 acres of land to a Dr. Andrew M. Stannard for $15,000 an acre. This seems all right on the face of it. But Stannard planned to resell the land at $100 a grave. And since there are, on the average, 1,000 graves to an acre, he stood to make a personal profit of no less than $6,205,000 *out of property that is tax-exempt and supposedly nonprofit-making.* The attorney general won this case against "Profiteering in Sorrow" in the court of appeals, and the deal was declared null and void.

In Case Number Two, the attorney general charged the directors of Cedar Grove Cemetery in Flushing, Long Island, with levying unreasonable and excessive charges for regular cemetery services like grave-opening and the care of plots, and then siphoning off some $2,400,000 of this huge sum into their own pockets. The cemetery's books showed that five men divided up the service-charge money, in the form of fees, salaries and commissions, which they paid to themselves over a period of seven years. In other words, each of five directors personally profited to the extent of an average of $65,000 a year—again in a supposedly nonprofit organization which paid no taxes.

This case was settled in court, with the directors agreeing to pay back $500,000 "into a permanent trust fund to be used exclusively for the maintenance of the cemetery and the benefit of the plot owners."

In Case Number Three, Goldstein brought action against the Maple Grove Cemetery on Long Island. This corporation made a deal with a high-geared sales organization headed by one Edward Lavoie, whereby Lavoie's outfit would sell graves to the public at double the regular price, *turning over half of the money to* the cemetery and pocketing the other half itself (less minimum expenses). The sales organization, which started with a capital of $200, eventually peddled $3,300,000 worth of graves by calling people on a battery of telephones and making door-to-door pitches.

Hundreds of investors were lured by the promise that the graves could be sold later at a tremendous profit, *without paying any taxes on the property in the interim.* Goldstein soon put a stop to this, and the sales company was dissolved by an agreement filed with New York County Supreme Court.

When the investigation was completed, Goldstein and Ostrow drew up a cemetery control law. The cemetery lobby was so powerful, however, that four days before the 1949 session of the legislature was *scheduled to end, the bill's sponsors*—Republican majority leaders Benjamin Feinberg and Lee Mailler—were convinced it didn't have a chance to pass. Then Governor Thomas E. Dewey came to the aid of the measure with a special message, in which he said, "The existing statutes have not prevented the public from being cheated, exploited and subjected to indignities in a concern which is perhaps the most pitiful of any suffered by man."

Finally, Goldstein pulled a Hollywood-thriller trick. He slipped one of his agents into a meeting of the cemetery operators at the Syracuse Hotel in Syracuse, New York. Then he made public the identity of the ringleaders opposing the bill. He revealed to the newspapers their plans to sabotage the measure, and he reported verbatim speeches insisting on "the right to make as much profit as possible on the cemeteries without regard for the fact that the public grants tax exemption and other benefits."

These disclosures broke the back of the opposition, and the bill passed on March 18, 1949, with only three dissenting votes.

### Financial Controls Applied

Today, Ostrow is serving in a completely new job—New York State Director of Cemeteries. All except the state's religious and municipal cemeteries now must file their financial records with him, and they cannot raise their service fees without permission of the new State Cemetery Board. They *must put 25 per cent of their income from* the sale of graves into current and permanent care funds; they must post all grave and plot prices; they cannot sell graves for speculation; and they cannot refuse burial to anyone who has paid for a grave and grave-opening.

Lashin, the legislative watchdog, still insists that the law has loopholes, and Ostrow hints that it may have to be strengthened *later. But both agree it is the greatest step* made thus far in solving the burial industry problem. They are seconded in this opinion by a group of leading cemetery owners, headed by Crawford T. Perkinson of Mount Hope Cemetery, who thinks the law was the best thing that could have happened to clean up the situation and restore public confidence in the cemeteries.

Perkinson and four other cemetery officials now serve as advisers on the state board. Other states are studying the New York law; and most interesting of all, the success of the cemetery campaign now has Attorney General Goldstein trying to line up public support for an investigation that will lead to putting New York's funeral directors under the State Cemetery Board.

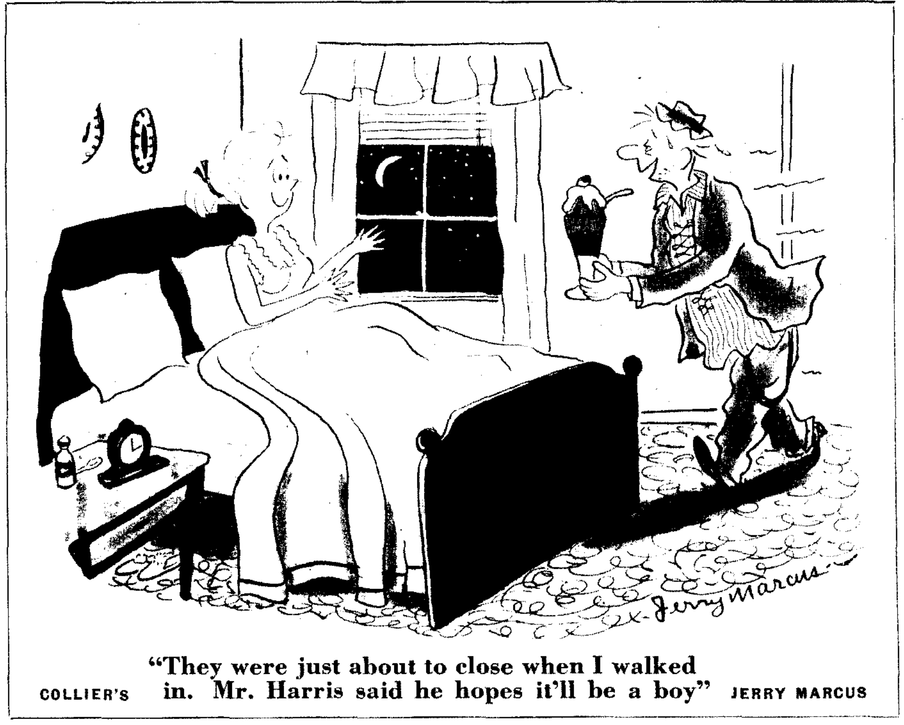
The funeral directors' reaction to such impending government regulation is protestations that they can police themselves. *They say they are trying to increase the* educational requirements for undertakers to the point where they hope to have a four-year-premortuary college course in most states as a prerequisite to attending mortuary school. They feel that, with this rise in the educational level, funeral directors will become high-grade professional men, "like doctors," and therefore impregnable to any temptation to perform unethical acts.

### Clergy Mistrust Morticians

Many experts are highly skeptical of the power of education to effect such a reformation. The critics include particularly a large body of clergymen who lately have become the funeral directors' most implacable foes. For instance, a Congregationalist minister, the Reverend Jesse Pindell Peirce, of Elgin, Illinois, says, "The undertakers are suffering *from occupational schizophrenia. They like* to be treated like professional men who are above the temptation of going after money, yet they push merchandise and upgrade prices like the most mercenary of merchants. It's like a physician trying to make a living out of peddling hospital rooms."

But this is not the most serious point of conflict between the clergymen and the undertakers. Recent protests from all over the country make devastating attacks on the lavishness of American funerals as an out-and-out reversion to pagan practices. In March, 1950, for example, five prominent Portland, Oregon, churchmen joined in a nationally reported protest against funerals "which glorify the body, not the spirit."

At the recent National Lutheran Council Ministerium of Milwaukee, the Reverend Robert L. Boulton, pastor of Unity Evangelical Lutheran Church, declared, "The funeral of a Christian should be in a church. But in Milwaukee, funeral directors have built such convenient and elaborate funeral homes that they, and not the church, attract



COLLIER'S **"They were just about to close when I walked in. Mr. Harris said he hopes it'll be a boy"** JERRY MARCUS

...of course,
*it's electric!*

# WESTINGHOUSE FROST-FREE* REFRIGERATOR

## is the One and Only Refrigerator that COUNTS

Yes, the Westinghouse FROST-FREE actually counts . . . 1, 2, 3, 4, up to 60. It counts door openings . . . counts so it can measure the frost that collects as the result of the use *you* make of *your* refrigerator. *This* refrigerator defrosts *only* when needed.

It's warm air entering when the refrigerator door is opened that causes frost. At 60 door openings the FROST-FREE *automatically* wipes out every trace . . . *before* frost builds up.

Think what that means to you! Here at last is a refrigerator that defrosts *when* and *only when* you need to defrost. A refrigerator that frees you forever from the nuisance of emptying defrost water . . . of floors to mop and mess to clean up when defrosting is done. You never need to remove anything . . . not even frozen foods . . . before defrosting.

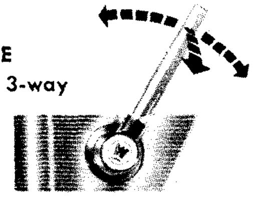
This wonderful, new FROST-FREE Refrigerator automatically defrosts *so fast* your frozen foods . . . even easy-to-melt ice cream and frozen fruits . . . *stay hard* all the time, right in the big Freeze Chest.

There's nothing for you to touch . . . nothing for you to do. No clocks, no timers. You just plug in the revolutionary, new FROST-FREE Refrigerator . . . use it . . . and enjoy it.

See the new FROST-FREE models and all the other grand, new Westinghouse Refrigerators at your nearby retailer's, now. Remember, too, that Westinghouse value depends not only on the features you *can see,* but also on the built-in quality you *can't see.* So, buy with an eye to the future. You'll be years and money ahead. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Electric Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

## NO DEFROSTING
### *ANYWHERE • ANY TIME*

No defrosting is only half the story. This great, new FROST-FREE has a full-width Freeze Chest . . . extra size Humidrawers deep enough for a head of cabbage, long enough for celery . . . removable, easy-to-use Egg Keepers . . . Shelves-in-the-Door . . . roast-deep Meat Keeper . . . Butter Keeper . . . and even a Sterilamp® ultraviolet lamp to help keep it sweet and clean.



**EXCLUSIVE**

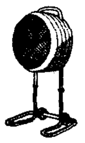
Distinctive, new, 3-way handle lets you open the door even when both hands are full.

**See TV's Top Dramatic Show . . . WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE" . . . Every Week**

**YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse**

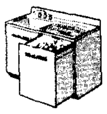
*T.M. U.S. Patents Issued Nos. 2,459,173 and 2,324,309

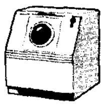
Roaster-Oven

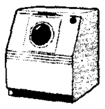

Mobilaire

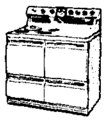
Tank Cleaner

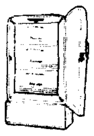
Cleaner

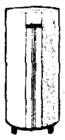

Electric Sink

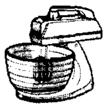

Laundromat


Dryer


Range

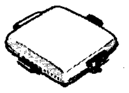

Home Freezer


Water Heater


Mixer

Iron

Griddle


Waffle Baker

Nunn-Bush
Nunn-Bush
Nunn-Bush
Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

Clyde Last
Style 448
Brown Heather Veal
Woven Vamps
Rubber Heel

*Write for elaborate*
*Nunn-Bush Catalog*

Because they're *Ankle-Fashioned*
They Weave a Magic Spell

Nunn-Bush shoes supply foot comfort of such superior nature that every month, more and more men insist on Nunn-Bush when they buy shoes. *Ankle-Fashioning* does it . . . an ingenious Nunn-Bush development which makes snug heel-fit *last* and adds many dollar-saving miles of smartness.

*See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant*
NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • *Manufacturers* • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

the services." The Reverend George Stewart, of Stamford, Connecticut, wrote, "All the treasure expended in graves, vaults, cemeteries, bronze and costly wooden caskets is sheer nonsense spiritually"; and the report of the Ministers Committee of Lakewood, Ohio, said, "Some of our modern funeral customs tend to water down the Christian doctrine of immortality."

The funeral directors fear these attacks almost as much as government regulation, and they counter with articles by clergymen who admit the exorbitant costs and the trend to paganism but feel that the undertakers are trying to correct the abuses. The clergymen I interviewed were not so kind. They accuse the undertakers of deliberately trying to perpetuate an un-Christian trend for the benefit of their own pocketbooks.

### Arguments Against Embalming

It all began with embalming, they say. Modern embalming first was used in 1849 to ship back the remains of California gold prospectors for burial in the East. The practice caught on in the United States and Canada, but in no other Western nation; bodies seldom are embalmed today in countries like England and France. It is not a health measure, for no state requires it except when bodies are being shipped long distances. It is a decidedly un-Christian practice, the clergymen say, citing early Christian writers like St. Augustine, who inveighed against embalming as a pagan usage in his *De Diversis*. Orthodox Jews never have countenanced embalming.

The embalming led to "cosmetology," which in turn led to "viewing the remains," so that all and sundry could see the undertaker's fine handiwork in restoring the features of the deceased. The display of the body then required an ornate casket, instead of the simple box used by our ancestors. The ornate casket, in turn, required a concrete vault to prevent it from being damaged in the grave—another refinement not generally practiced by people living in European countries.

"In other words," declared the Reverend Jesse Pindell Peirce, "we are glorifying the outworn body and forgetting the exaltation of the living soul. The graveside prayer of many faiths is 'ashes to ashes and dust to dust,' and the Old Testament says, 'Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return,' yet embalming and decay-resistant caskets and vaults all seem to be designed to prevent the process from taking place."

The Reverend Peirce did something about this—in his own community. He says, "When I served in my first church, DeWitt Memorial in the heart of New York's lower East Side, my heart broke when I saw the lavish funerals for little children, whose lives might have been saved if the amount of the burial money had been spent for medical care instead. I vowed then that I would always try to turn my people back to the simple Christian faith in their burials."

When he became pastor of the First Congregational Church in Elgin, Illinois, in 1947, one of the first things he did was to distribute a pamphlet to his congregation, setting forth his ideas, one of which was emphasis on the simple funeral. Almost immediately thereafter, he became embroiled with the town's leading funeral director—over the question of whether church members or the mortuary's employees should serve as ushers at a funeral. This skirmish broke into open warfare between the undertakers and the town's clergymen, with the Reverend Peirce being backed to the hilt by the Elgin Ministerial Association, a group consisting of ministers of all the Protestant denominations plus the Jewish rabbi.

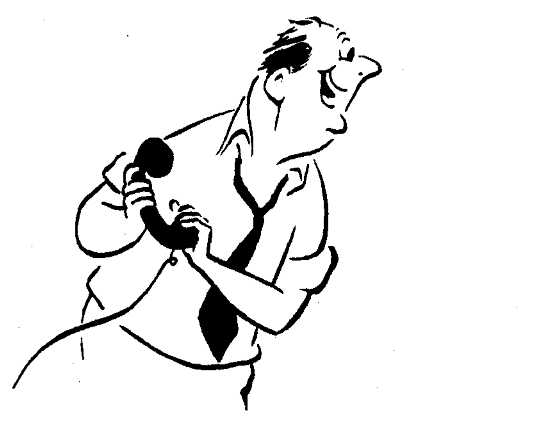
The funeral directors conducted a survey to prove that the people wanted lavish funerals. The ministers countered by saying, "The people can be led to believe wrong things. It is our job to teach them what is morally right." The ministers then set forth their ideas in a printed pamphlet entitled, When Death Comes. By this time the battle had spilled over into the national press, and the undertakers backed down. The ministers had won.

Today, more and more families in Elgin are returning to the simple funeral—with closed casket, a simple graveside ceremony attended only by the minister and the family, and a public memorial service in church several days later. Hundreds of other communities have become interested in the Elgin experiment, and some 10,000 copies of When Death Comes have been requested by clergymen and ministerial associations all over the country.

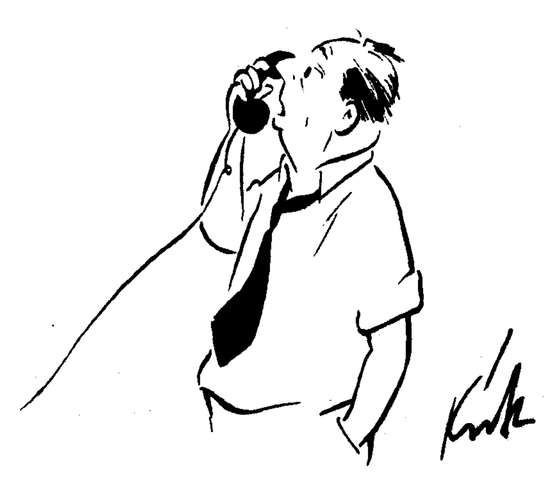
The pamphlet is a remarkably edifying work, containing such passages as: "In a hungry world, Christian lives should not be memorialized by expensive paraphernalia to be looked at, admired, and then buried in the ground"; and "Through the experience of the war, we have made valuable observations concerning memorial services; it is not the presence of the body but the triumph of the spirit which makes a service significant."

The Elgin experiment may be one answer to the vast national problem. State control is another. But as New York's Attorney General Goldstein put it:

"Spiritual and practical solutions operating *together* can best bring down the High Cost of Dying and eliminate Profiteering in Sorrow." THE END



**"It's Mike, Honey! You remember the guy with that wow of a little blonde baby-doll wife . . .**



**Oh, I guess we'll have to make it some other time, Mike—the wife's feeling kinda knocked out"**

COLLIER'S KIRK

## Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

would, instead, have been dismissed on the spot.

Moreover, as a player and teacher of trombone (and as a reader of Collier's) for more than 50 years, I resent, mildly, the colossal insult thus put upon the noblest of all instruments. The trombone, gentlemen, is forthright. It will sound *all* its tones, or none, and cannot possibly lose just one tone.

Furthermore, a "note" cannot be sounded at all—it is only a character on paper; the sound it indicates is a "tone."

G. C. HUMPHREYS, Wedeburg, Ore.

### *Undebunked*

EDITOR: I wonder if Mr. John O'Reilly and Mr. Clifford Pope realize the importance of their discovery that rattlesnakes *bite* instead of stabbing. (America's Ten Weirdest Animals, Mar. 31st.)

Do they realize that they are undebunking (or is it de-debunking?) the herpetologist who is quoted in Collier's (Debunking Expedition, Jan. 20th) as stating that they *do not bite*—they stab? H. M. SCHWEIGHOFER, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

### *The Arctic Theater*

EDITOR: Father Bernard R. Hubbard's story, Russia Can't Take Alaska (Mar. 31st), is very timely. Furthermore, 32 months of active duty in Alaska, the Yukon, and the Northwest Territories cause me to concur with everything he has said regarding the futility of ground-troop action in this wilderness.

Before we get too complacent, though, let us not overlook the one great weakness that confronts us in the "wild and impenetrable wilderness." Lakes, thousands of lakes, inaccessible to anything but the airplane, could be our Achilles heel and our Pearl Harbor of World War III.

ARTHUR H. CARPENTER, Newman, Cal.

. . . I have been a reader of Collier's ever since U.S. mail facilities were extended to Alaska and have read many informative articles about this great northland, but, Russia Can't Take Alaska, by the Glacier Priest, is just too much for me to take.

I have spent 54 years in Alaska, 26 of them in the northern or arctic region. I have traveled over all the "unknown areas" he speaks of, in most instances many years before Father Hubbard commenced to make his summer excursions to the territory. I feel sure of myself when I state that I am better qualified to speak on the subject of exploring and survival techniques than that eminent divine.

He says "The Alaska wilderness is so wild, so impenetrable, so deadly, that any military force would be engulfed and destroyed in it without our having to fire a shot."

After reading this statement, I have concluded that I must be some sort of superman to have spent so many years and penetrated these wild windswept areas, navigated the willawas of the Panhandle, fought my way up through the whirlpools of nearly all of these mighty rivers, eased my way through fogs of the Aleutians and still have strength to enjoy life.

"In 1928," says Father Hubbard, "I headed an expedition which tried to traverse the narrow neck of the Alaska Peninsula for a distance of 100 miles. For three months I went into training with a Swiss-American named Jack Koby and Santa Clara University football star Roderick Chisholm and we attempted to penetrate to the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, the site of the 1912 volcanic eruption."

He admits that he gave up and turned back after gaining only 30 miles in four months. I am sure that the severe training they subjected themselves to left the entire party incapacitated, for the party sent out by the National Geographic Society under Dr. Briggs in 1919 (not in 1916) made its way to the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes without mishap. Two of the scientists with the party took their wives along and they had no special training at all.

J. S. PITCHER, Ketchikan, Alaska

## Supermarkets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

A & P principle of volume distribution down to store level—cutting costs (and therefore prices) further by putting the retail business of eight or ten old-size stores under one new-size roof, and adding self-service, the supersalesman. What that did to the grocery business can be judged by sticking to the A & P as an example.

It wasn't until 1936 that the A & P adopted supermarketing. The number of its stores began to shrink, its sales volume went up, and today it has about 4,600 outlets doing $3,000,000,000 a year—one third the stores doing three times the 1930 business. Of these stores, 1,700 are supers and a little less than two thirds of the remainder are self-service stores considered too small to qualify as supers. The rest are old-style groceries.

The A & P wasn't alone in its cautious approach to supermarketing. Other chains with big investments in existing stores took years to see that the housewife was ready for something new—Safeway, Kroger, First National, to mention the biggest. All are supermarketing now. But the start had to be made by men who had little to lose.

No one has definitely established who it was that first started large-scale self-service grocery marketing, thus producing the second ingredient of the supermarket. The credit seems to rest among a number of enterprising merchants who headed in that direction independently of one another.

It was in Memphis, in 1916, that Clarence Saunders inaugurated the Piggly Wiggly stores, operated by various individuals (and, later, by chains) on a royalty basis. While they were too small to be supermarkets, the Piggly Wigglys apparently were the first to employ self-service on a widespread and practical scale.

Two Houston, Texas, firms are among the rival claimants to the honor of taking the next step—adding the ingredient of size.

Famous old Henke & Pillot laid claim to establishing the first supermarket in a seventy-eighth-anniversary pamphlet printed last year. It's certain that H & P had at one time what was locally proclaimed to be the largest grocery store in the United States, a colossus that was doing a business of nearly $6,000,000 a year in the early 1920s. That's terrific, even by today's standards. When he

Paddle & Saddle® SPORT SHIRTS

GAY PATTERNS set the pace for men's PADDLE & SADDLE sport shirts in '51. Two way collars; long and short sleeve styles. Also plaids and plains in variety of smart, long-wearing fabrics.

PADDLE & SADDLE Boys' Sport Shirts

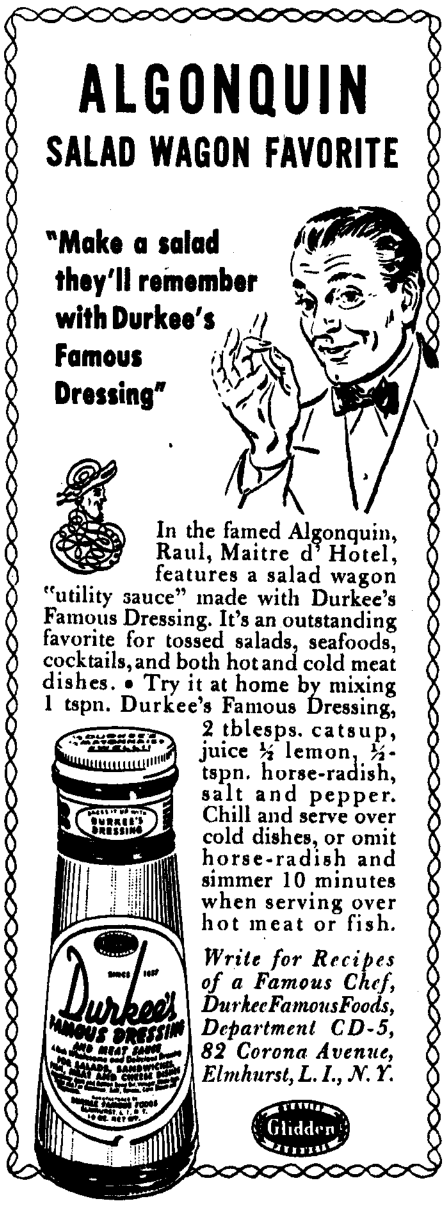
PERFECTO Shirts for Men

KERRY KUT Underwear

KERRY KNIGHT Nightwear for Men

by Rice-Stix

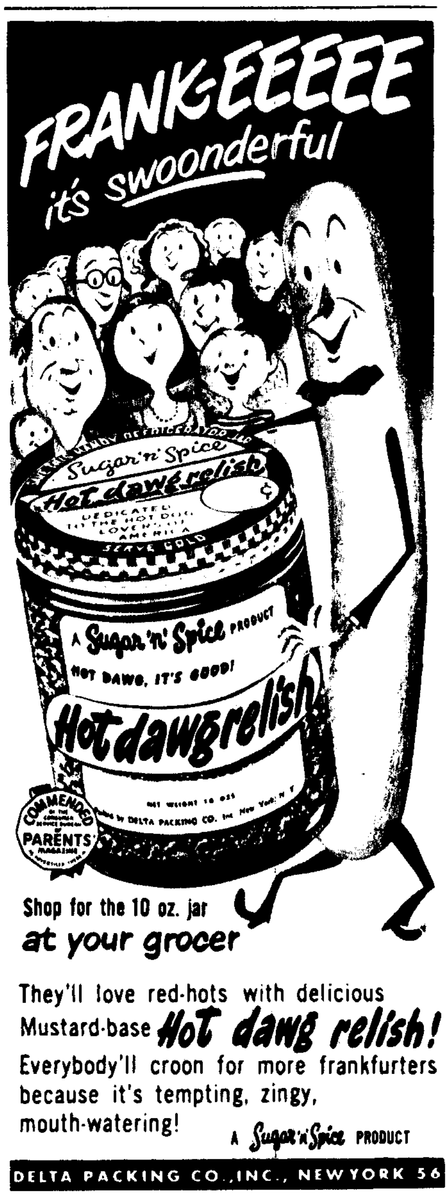
MANUFACTURERS • ST. LOUIS


ALGONQUIN
SALAD WAGON FAVORITE

"Make a salad they'll remember with Durkee's Famous Dressing"

In the famed Algonquin, Raul, Maitre d' Hotel, features a salad wagon "utility sauce" made with Durkee's Famous Dressing. It's an outstanding favorite for tossed salads, seafoods, cocktails, and both hot and cold meat dishes. • Try it at home by mixing 1 tspn. Durkee's Famous Dressing, 2 tblesps. catsup, juice ½ lemon, ½-tspn. horse-radish, salt and pepper. Chill and serve over cold dishes, or omit horse-radish and simmer 10 minutes when serving over hot meat or fish.

*Write for Recipes of a Famous Chef, Durkee Famous Foods, Department CD-5, 82 Corona Avenue, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.*


FRANK-EEEEE
it's swoonderful

Shop for the 10 oz. jar
at your grocer

They'll love red-hots with delicious Mustard-base Hot dawg relish! Everybody'll croon for more frankfurters because it's tempting, zingy, mouth-watering!

A Sugar'n'Spice PRODUCT

DELTA PACKING CO., INC., NEW YORK 56

attended the founding convention of the Super Market Institute in 1937, W. D. Sutherland, now H & P's president, listened to discussions of what should constitute a supermarket, and finally chuckled, "I had to come here to find out we've had a supermarket at our place for years."

But Joe Weingarten, chairman of the board of J. Weingarten, Inc., told me his company converted a store to self-service in 1919. It was the opening of a Piggly Wiggly in Houston that gave Joe and his brother, Abe, the firm's president, their idea.

Another section of the country where large-scale self-service got off to an early start was California. Like Texas, it had conditions just right for pioneering efforts in supermarketing: Settlements were few, and far-traveling farmers had to shop heavily on their infrequent trips to town.

When Ralphs Grocery Company, which later became one of Los Angeles' first supermarket chains, was started in 1873, the city had 11,000 people and a single horse-drawn railway on Main Street. Grant was President and the railroads were just coming in. To encourage farmers to stop overnight, Ralphs offered them stable room for their horses.

Just as the relative isolation of California in the early days led to the establishment of big markets, so did the quick growth of that state's communities in later years help bring about such things as self-service and drive-in markets—quick growth, plus inexpensive building space and the boldness that always goes with pioneering.

In the East, where these factors either didn't exist or were rare, progress in new food-distribution techniques lagged. It was the economic upheaval of the early 1930s that finally enabled the supermarket idea to take root there, providing great numbers of little businessmen with an almost unparalleled opportunity.

One of the first to start a big self-service enterprise in the East was the late Michael J. Cullen. He founded his chain of 30 supermarkets in Jamaica, New York, in 1930, getting the name from a drawing his son Robert had made of him sitting astride the earth. Robert's caption was "King Kullen."

### Idea Was Rejected at First

As a matter of fact, Cullen had tried to sell the supermarket idea to the Kroger Company while one of its employees. Kroger turned down the proposal then, but took it up again later and is now one of the biggest supermarket chains.

It was another onetime Kroger man, William H. Albers, a former president of the company, who is credited in the industry with sponsoring the name "supermarket." Albers, who was the first president of the Super Market Institute, started his own 60-store chain in Cincinnati in 1933. He ordered a label sketch for some of the store's products from a local artist; when it came back it read "Albers Super Markets." Albers didn't care much for that—"Too braggadocio," he said—but, so the story goes, the name stuck despite him.

Although others preceded it in the East, the superchain that may have given the institution its greatest impetus in that section was the Big Bear firm, which was later swallowed up by Food Fair.

Big Bear came on the scene at just the right psychological moment during the depression, under the auspices of two old hands at building store traffic, Bob Otis and Roy Dawson. They had done so well for a variety chain that one store was nearly wrecked in a customer stampede to buy.

Otis and Dawson set up Big Bear in the echoing emptiness of the abandoned Durant automobile factory in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and picked the name from a news headline describing an event on the stock market: "Big Bear Raid Slashes Stock Prices." Their floor space—50,000 square feet—was big even by current standards.

The market was launched with explosive advertising and vivid promotion that made itself heard for hundreds of miles and remembered for a score of years. Blazing newspaper ads read, "Big Bear Scoops the World with a Carload of Electric Toasters," and "5 and 10 Cent Sale of Groceries—the Great Sale that Cannot Be Imitated."

Women flocked in from miles around—100,000 the first week—and in three days Big Bear sales rocketed to more than $31,000, a huge figure for that day. Almost overnight, Great Leopards and Giant Tigers began springing up on all sides.

Among those who came rushing into the supermarket field in emulation of Big Bear were two Pennsylvanians, Sam and George Friedland, sons of a poor butcher.

The Friedlands had helped their father in his Bayonne, New Jersey, store as boys, stuck with him when ill health forced him to move to a farm near Middletown, New York, and fought beside him when slick city buyers beat him down to his last few dollars in the cattle business. Finally, the Friedland boys moved to Harrisburg and there set up their own butcher business.

The first store brought the brothers a living—and a little more, which they sank into a second. Then came stores No. 3, No. 4 and No. 5; by 1933 their firm, now the Union Meat Company, had 23. That made fertile ground for the seeds of the supermarket idea. When Big Bear started breaking down price bars and scaring local merchants out of their wits, the Friedland boys jumped into the melee with a one-store subsidiary, located in an old garage and clumsily titled, "Giant Quality Food Price Cutter, Inc."

Giant Quality made the grade. It merged the parent Union Meat and reached out for other little chains not doing so well. As the young Friedland giant grew in stature its name was changed to the more graceful "Food Fair Stores." Eventually, Food Fair swallowed up Big Bear itself, which had by 1944 expanded to 17 stores.

Today, the Friedland boys are millionaires, operating a 123-store chain out of plush offices on Philadelphia's East Allegheny Avenue, and counting their annual sales volume in the millions.

Philadelphians also can find another success story in their city. Many a housewife there knows the high, vaulted interiors of the Penn Fruit Company stores; what she may not know is that Sam Cooke, the firm's co-founder and president, likes his ceilings high because he developed an incurable case of claustrophobia in the confines of a ship's steerage when he emigrated to this country at the age of eight.

Sam started as a street huckster with baskets of lettuce, graduated to a pushcart, then to a horse and wagon and finally opened a fruit store with Morris Kaplan—now the firm's vice-president.

Penn Fruit fought its way to the top by working against local chain stores in a field they were least interested in: produce. From fruit and vegetables, Penn worked into meat, and eventually groceries, reversing the usual procedure. Today, the firm has 19 supermarkets doing $56,000,000 a year.

### A Big Deal in Strawberries

One of the secrets of its success is illustrated by this story they tell, about the time, a few years ago, when Sam Cooke was still doing the firm's produce buying. He and his younger brother, Jim, now general manager, were looking at strawberries; the company's sales managers had ordered 500 crates. Sam looked at the berries in the old Philadelphia terminal market, considered a moment, then ordered 2,000 crates.

"You'll get stuck," protested Jim. "You've got orders for only 500."

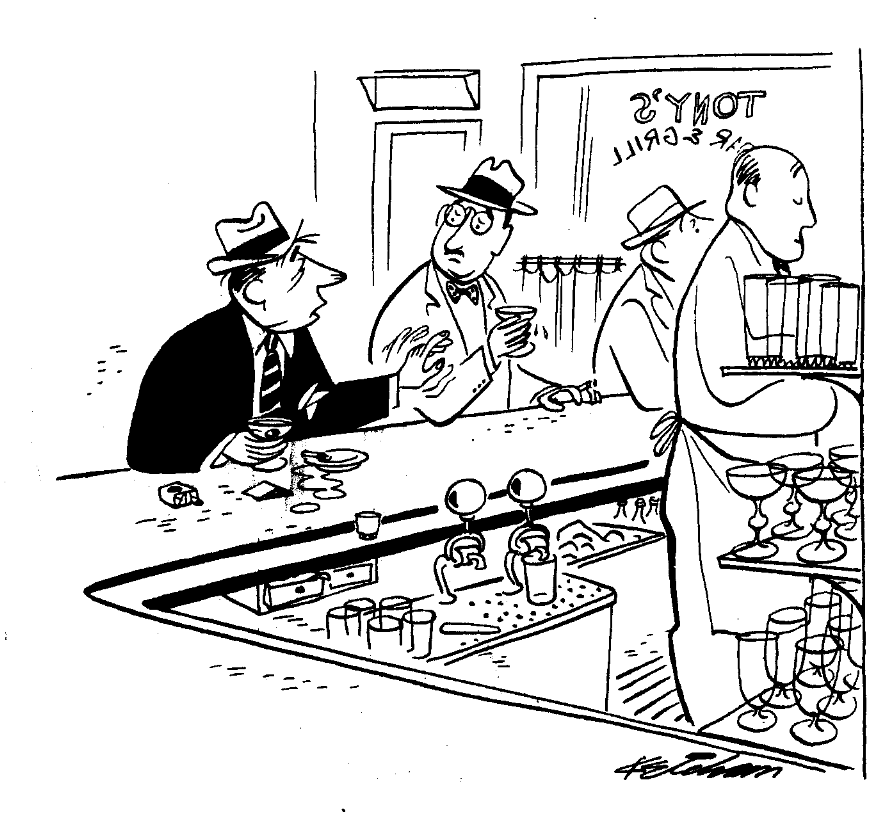
"Jim," said Sam, "orders don't mean anything. Look, the berries are down a nickel a box. They're beautiful and the day is beautiful. The Lord is my sales manager, give me the 2,000."

He hit it right. The day stayed beautiful and the women bought strawberries until the last box was gone. Sam doesn't forget incidents like that one. One of his favorite expressions, when the conference-room going gets too technical, is: "Stop blinding me with science. You've gotta have a little intelligent ignorance in this business."

Intelligent ignorance was all that many of the old-timers had when they began. That, and a lot of imagination and courage. Today, the industry is as red-blooded and hard-hitting as ever, full of operators claiming "firsts" in almost any innovation you can name—soda fountains, delicatessen kitchens, clothing departments, houseware counters. The only difference is in the sales volume.

Despite their rapid rise, the pioneering companies like Penn Fruit have a long way to go before they catch up in volume with the old-line chains. The 10 top firms in terms of sales are all long-established outfits, with one exception—Food Fair. The A & P, with its 4,600 stores and $3,000,000,000 sales, is easily the leader.

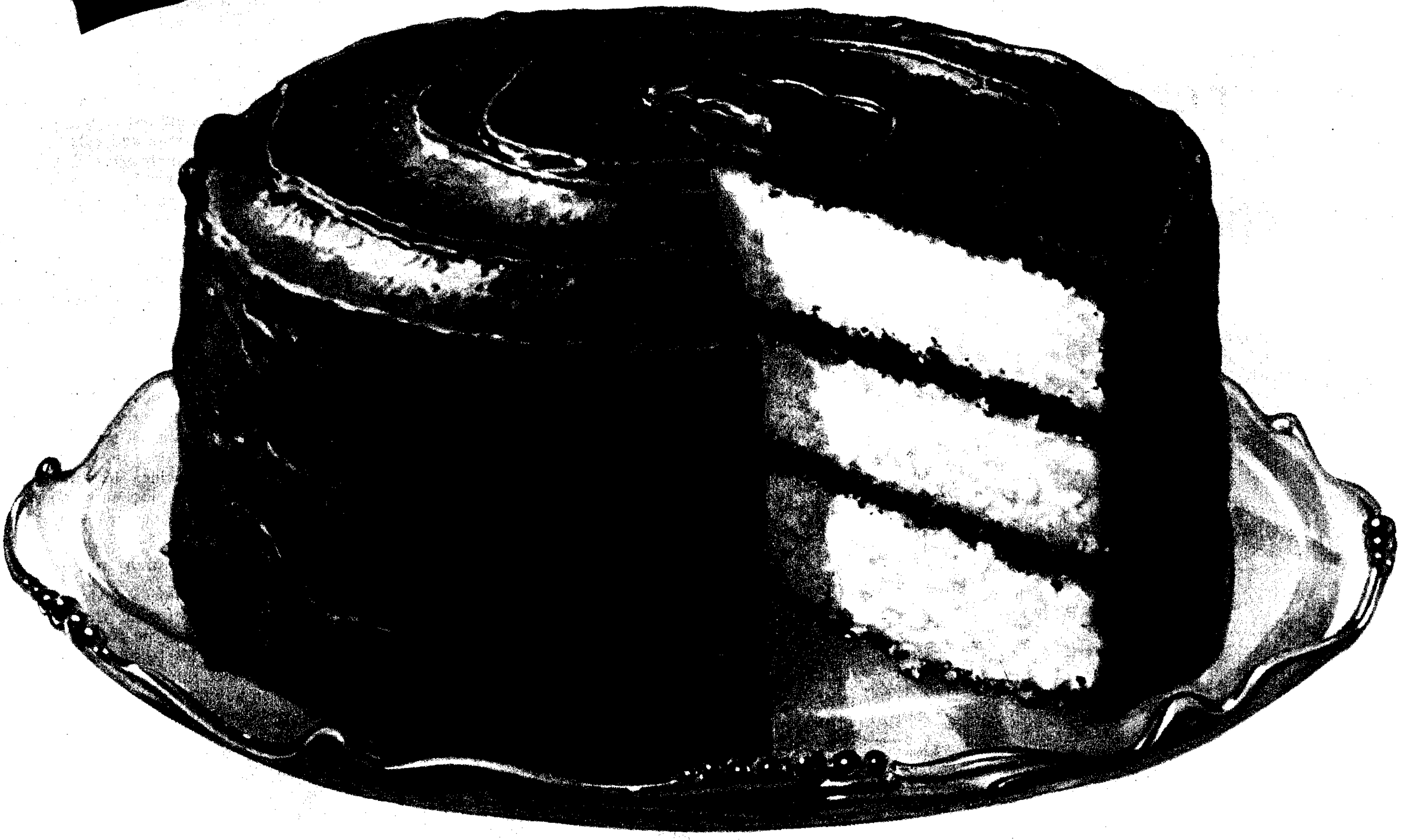
During its 1950 fiscal year, Safeway was second with $1,218,988,449 and 2,072 stores; then Kroger, $861,242,642 and 2,034 stores; American Stores, $450,000,000 (estimated) and 1,500 stores; First National Stores, $360,000,000 (estimated) and

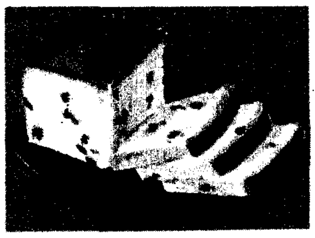


COLLIER'S "Better take it easy, Fred. Your face is getting blurred" HANK KETCHAM

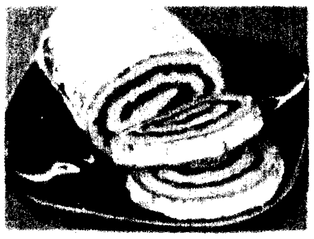
# bakers make finer Cakes with dextrose sugar

"let your baker do the work"





Your favorite cakes are available everywhere . . . at low cost. Buy 'em *fresh* from your baker.



**TO SAVE YOU** time, effort and expense, the Bakers of America make marvelous cakes of all kinds. They are rich, light, delicious . . . and always *fresh.*

Why don't you "let your baker do the work". . . select and serve your family a cake today.

★ ★ ★

In cake-baking, many bakers use pure white, sparkling dextrose . . . to avoid over-sweetness, to enhance true flavors, to develop delicate texture in the superior cakes they produce.

*"Keep the Energy of Sunshine in your diet"*

finer cakes are baked with

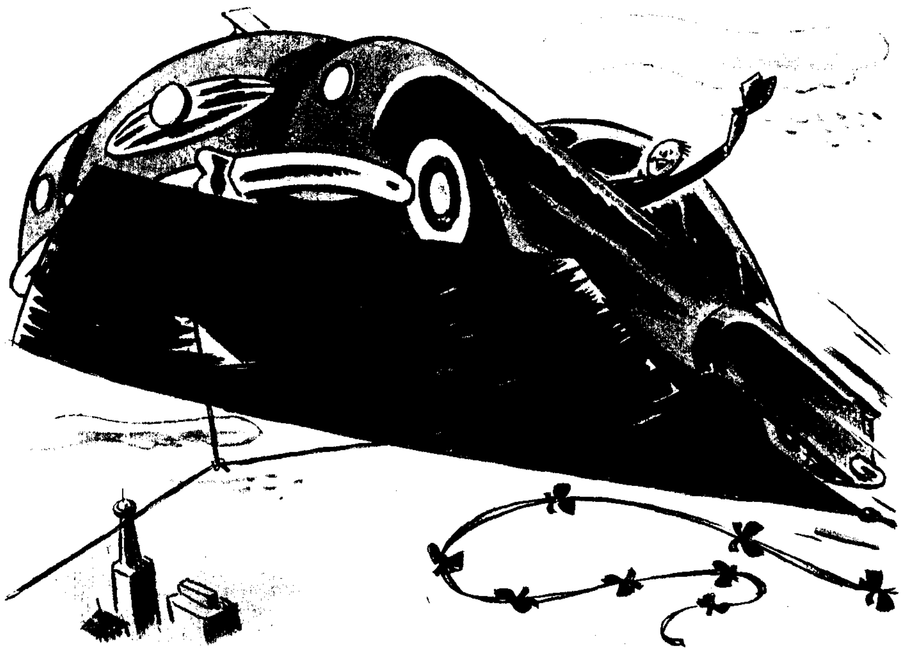
## dextrose

(FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR)

Under the brand name of CERELOSE, dextrose sugar is produced by Corn Products Refining Company, originators of the processes by which this great sugar is derived from golden corn.

**CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY**

If your car feels like this...
it's time for MARFAK
chassis lubrication



That cushiony feeling
lasts longer with—MARFAK Lubrication

Trade bumpy, squeaky riding for smooth "cushiony" driving! Get longer lasting *Marfak* lubrication. It fights wear and friction for 1,000 miles or more. *Marfak* stays where it belongs in spite of rainy weather and rough roads. Get that "cushiony" feeling today! See your Texaco Dealer, ***the best friend your car ever had.***

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES
*Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America*

**TUNE IN:** TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

980 stores; National Tea, $315,218,947 and 655 stores; Food Fair, $200,000,000 (estimated) and 123 stores; Jewel Tea, $188,688,928 and 154 stores; Colonial, $179,330,616 and 367 stores; and Grand Union, $160,967,452 and 289 stores.

It is sales volume like this—plus a careful trimming of costs—that enables the supers to keep prices so low. It's sometimes hard for outsiders to grasp this. One operator was describing a move he'd made:

"I saved eight tenths of 1 per cent by eliminating stockrooms and moving merchandise from warehouse to shelves."

"Eight tenths of 1 per cent!" The customer grinned incredulously as his eyes swept the array of merchandise all about them. "Doesn't sound like much to me."

The chain owner raised his eyebrows.

"You'd like to have it for an income," he said. "In one year it adds up to just $84,000. Quite a chunk of change. And I pass it on to unsuspecting people like you."

### Basic Supermarket Principles

By hunting continually for new ideas, and by keeping merchandise moving as fast as possible, the supermarketeer is able to sell at roughly 10 per cent below the clerk-service stores which offer credit and delivery. He keeps his net profits to between three fourths of 1 per cent and 2 per cent. Anything over that goes back into better prices, better merchandise and better stores.

"The fact is not widely enough recognized, but actually the food-distribution industry has made greater progress in the reduction of distribution costs, I dare say, than any other consumer goods' industry in this country," said Professor Malcolm P. McNair of Harvard's Graduate School of Business, in a recent article in the trade publication, Super Market Merchandising.

Low prices are no longer the supermarket's only attraction. Recent surveys indicate that shoppers are even more impressed by the appearance of both the food displays and the stores themselves, plus the way customers are treated.

The modern supermarket has been as carefully planned for dramatic effect as a Hollywood production. As she pushes her basket cart down the bright aisles, struggling to keep within her shopping list, the housewife would be surprised to know how much stage setting has gone into what she sees.

A whole packaging industry has been revolutionized in the scramble to make tins, bottles and cartons better salesmen. For their stores, company operators have sought the pastels most restful to the eyes. Years of experience have taught them that eye level is the best spot for weak, slow-moving items; that perpendicular stacks speak louder than horizontal; and that the customer hates to spoil a neat pile, and will pass it up for a jumble of tins.

Dozens of customer comforts have been thought up. Some stores have lounges, dog parking, lending libraries, suggestion boxes and questionnaires, even delivery—one of the services originally dropped to cut costs.

Family nights, to bring out children and husbands, are sound business for stores not ordinarily open every night of the week. In its advertising, Boston's Stop & Shop proclaims each of its establishments "one of the most popular night spots in town" and urges customers to "join the night shift."

Simpson's Super Stores in Jackson, Tennessee, hold family nights every Thursday. One night a miniature hook-and-ladder fire engine brought out 800 kids and so many thousands of adults that the police had to be called to keep control.

Supermarketeers are terrific promoters. Some confine themselves to grand openings. Others, like Crawford's in Los Angeles, splash four or five times a year. The night I saw the big El Monte store, during my swing around the country, it looked like a circus, with dozens of banners—announcing its thirteenth anniversary—flying from the saw-tooth roof, and searchlights probing the night sky.

Just inside the front door a dozen television sets winked a program in unison. Beyond them an information booth stood ready to direct the throngs through a maze of aisles covering 59,000 square feet of floor space.

There was no pasteled slickness here. The place deliberately lived up to its slogan: "The biggest country store in the world." The variety of goods was infinite, from soap to soup, fish to fishing rods, cigars to buckets of nails. There were no autos—but there were auto parts.

Grand openings run the gamut from mere ribbon-cutting to real circus performances, complete with clowns. One, Carls Food Center in Miami, staged a bona fide wedding. A store belonging to the independent Big Bear chain in Ohio spilled cardboard flying saucers all over the city of Columbus from an airplane, each good for free groceries upon presentation by the finders. Other gimmicks are fashion shows, hunts for free groceries hidden on shelves, pony rides, cooking schools and meat-cutting demonstrations—like one held in New York by Grand Union to interest housewives still not sold on meat self-service.

When Fred Meyer opened one of his newest stores in Portland, Oregon, his special 30-page ad in the Oregon Journal listed the following among the prizes offered:

"Free baby. Drawing Thursday for a healthy two-month-old baby to be won by some deserving man and wife."

Portland rose up in arms. The Children's Aid Society and the Humane Society protested. A Portland church group branded the stunt as "degrading."

George Linderman, who drew the lucky number, was handed a bundle, taken from a bassinet by a woman in nurse's uniform. The "baby" was a two-month-old chinchilla, worth $700. The Lindermans are raising the chinchilla, and more like it.

Meyer is a native New Yorker whose seven uncles all owned grocery stores. At various times, he worked for each of them as a delivery boy. To the industry-old question about who had self-service first, he has a ready answer:

"An uncle of mine. He hurt his leg one day and for a week just sat by his stove and told customers to help themselves."

### Struck Bonanza in Portland

When he was nineteen, Meyer started for Alaska to look for gold. He got no farther than Portland, but he couldn't have done better. Today, his 16 stores average 1,250,000 customer sales a week.

When he invades a new community he is often welcomed, literally, with banners and bands. Other merchants like the shopping traffic he attracts.

The supers, besides bringing new business to their neighbors, also have a lesson for them: self-service is adaptable to many retailing fields—and the supers are pioneering in this respect, as they did with groceries. The "food" markets now sell housewares, magazines, sundries, stationery, hardware, and a wide variety of other items. Housewares, for example, are found in 45 per cent of the new markets.

This trend toward one-stop shopping is developing along two divergent lines. One of these is epitomized by a great four-block-long development which Grand Union is building at East Paterson, New Jersey. When completed in the fall, this structure will house the chain's headquarters; a Grand Union super, one of the biggest in the East; and nine other establishments, including a bank. Eventually, the building will be enlarged to a half-mile length. Shopping centers around supermarts are not new, but this four-story architectural wonder of glass and aluminum, with its eight-story office-filled tower and its 300,000 square feet of parking area, is a spectacular development of an older idea.

In Houston, one of the 25 Weingarten stores has been enlarged and remodeled into another prototype of the Store of the Future. Located in the city's crowded Heights section, the Weingarten building is smaller than Grand Union's, but it's all supermarket—42,000 feet of it under a single ceiling, including 12,000 feet of non-food display cases and wall clothing racks in the "home center."

Nearly everything is self-service. As the housewife enters the mural-lined lobby, she picks up a basket cart, just as in the ordinary food super, and heads down the main aisle. The home center is on her left and the food center, behind its battery of 17 checkout counters, on her right.

En route to the turnstiles she passes a tobacco stand and a magazine stand. Down the principal home-center aisle she walks between counters of dinnerware and kitchen gadgets, hardware and shower curtains, cooking utensils, lingerie, children's wear.

Off to her left, over other counters of pantry, glass and galvanized ware, are men's and boys' socks, shirts, underwear, jeans, sweaters, jackets, linens, blankets and spreads. Against two walls are racks for women's and children's dresses, blouses and boys' furnishings.

The exceptions to the self-service rule include very expensive fishing reels, kept in a locked glass case, and women's stockings, which are sold by an attendant. (Some stores now have self-service racks holding stockings in sealed bags; the bags eliminate snagging by customer handling, and Weingarten's is thinking of trying them.)

The big central portion of the food center is filled with groceries. Over the sea of eye-level display cases, the shopper can see the bakery and delicatessen departments ranged against the wall to her right. Far to her left are the fancy food and produce displays, and straight ahead stands the self-service meat counter.

The meat counter is backed by sliding glass doors through which it can be serviced from the preparation room beyond, and through which the customer can see the steaks and chops and roasts being weighed, wrapped and priced.

In all, the store has some 200 feet of refrigerated cases—83 for meat, 55 for delicatessen products, 29 for frozen foods, 18 for dairy products and 14 for ice cream.

Two dozen rooms hidden beyond the walls to the rear and one side keep the store ticking. These include a delicatessen kitchen, receiving rooms for truck-borne merchandise, a warehouse, fish and poultry freezers, produce, meat and dairy coolers, candy storage, refrigeration machines—and, with its own rear entrance, the customers' launderette and lounge.

Like the legendary King Midas, everything self-service touches turns to gold. Meat sales jump in nearly every store that goes in for prepackaging and refrigerated help-yourself cases. The picture is similar for produce, although the greater variety of items poses a greater variety of wrapping problems.

For stores in heavily built-up areas, where room is scarce and expensive, the Food-O-Mat—a sloping-track, self-service device that can be fed behind the scenes by unseen stockmen—is a space-saver, much more compact than the usual display case. It was developed by Grand Union's President L. P. Shield, and introduced to the trade in 1947.

In a time-conscious industry, time-wasting checkout counters are still the subject of much study. More than a dozen types are in use or on trial. One of these is an efficient but complex system requiring five people to run it at maximum speed. A caller works on the store side of the cash register, unloading a basket cart item by item and dictating prices through a telephone mouthpiece to a checkout girl, equipped with headphones. A watcher stands behind the girl, checking prices as each item passes her on a moving belt, and keeping orders separated with blocks of wood. These three keep two packers busy in an operation so fast that governors usually have to be removed from cash-register motors.

### Robot Aid for Checkout Girl

A turntable replaces the moving belt in another invention, swinging groceries from a position in front of the cash register to the checkout girl and thence to a packer behind her. The girl controls the turntable with a foot pedal or a hip lever on the inside edge of the checkout counter.

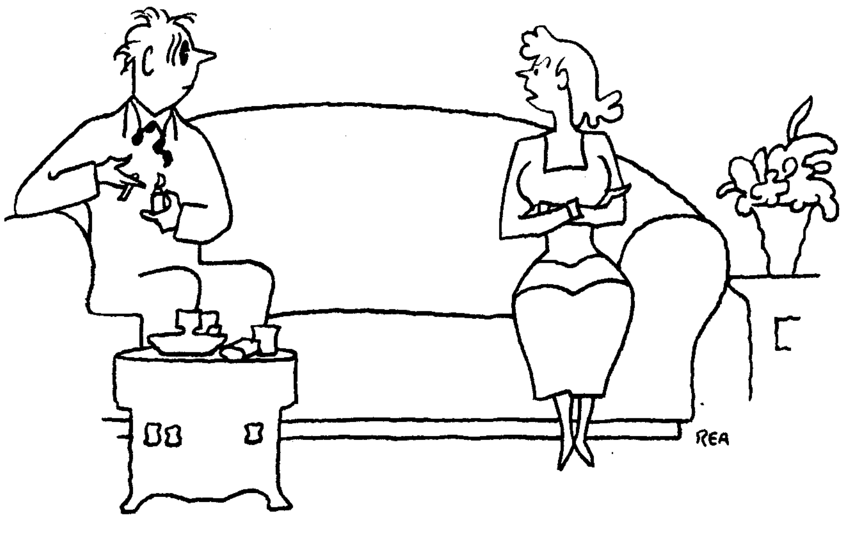
It is at the checkout counter that it becomes apparent the housewife's chief difficulty is in sticking to her shopping list. It is estimated that 66 per cent of all supermarket sales are made on impulse buying, and a common customer reaction to the checkout is, "Phew, I didn't expect to spend *that* much."

The principle involved here is that the shopper's sales resistance is weakest when she herself is the saleslady. Ralphs in Los Angeles found that out quickly when it pioneered self-service on the West Coast in 1928.

"We had misgivings and they weren't helped any by the gibes of our opposition around town," said Albert G. Ralphs, now president, then vice-president in charge of store operations. To play safe he had every clerk stand by, ready to run to a housewife's side the moment she faltered at the task of helping herself. Albert Ralphs was there himself to see the worst.

The worst never happened. In fact, the clerks were roundly snubbed. If a woman picked up a can of something, and a clerk rushed over to clinch the sale, she'd almost invariably drop it and murmur that she'd been "just looking." The well-meaning words, "Can I help you, ma'am?" took on a new and fatal ring and clerks were soon put to other duties.

In the sudden realization that no one can sell a housewife as well as she can sell herself, Ralphs went into supermarketing then and there. The whole Pacific Coast followed suit—and so, it came to pass, did the entire nation. THE END



COLLIER'S "And what's more, your thoughts aren't getting the *penny*, either!" GARDNER REA

Get more than you bargained for–

get HANES

Bias-cut shorts
New! No-bind GIVVIES*.
Three comfortable styles.
Colors, whites, stripes.
*Patented and Sanforized

the best buy in underwear!

Combed T-shirts
Knit from highly absorbent Hanespun cotton yarns. Sag resistant.

Fig Leaf briefs
Double panel in seat. Finest elastic in waistband and leg openings.

Broadcloth shorts
Fully cut. Sanforized. Two styles. Colors, whites, stripes. Fast colors.

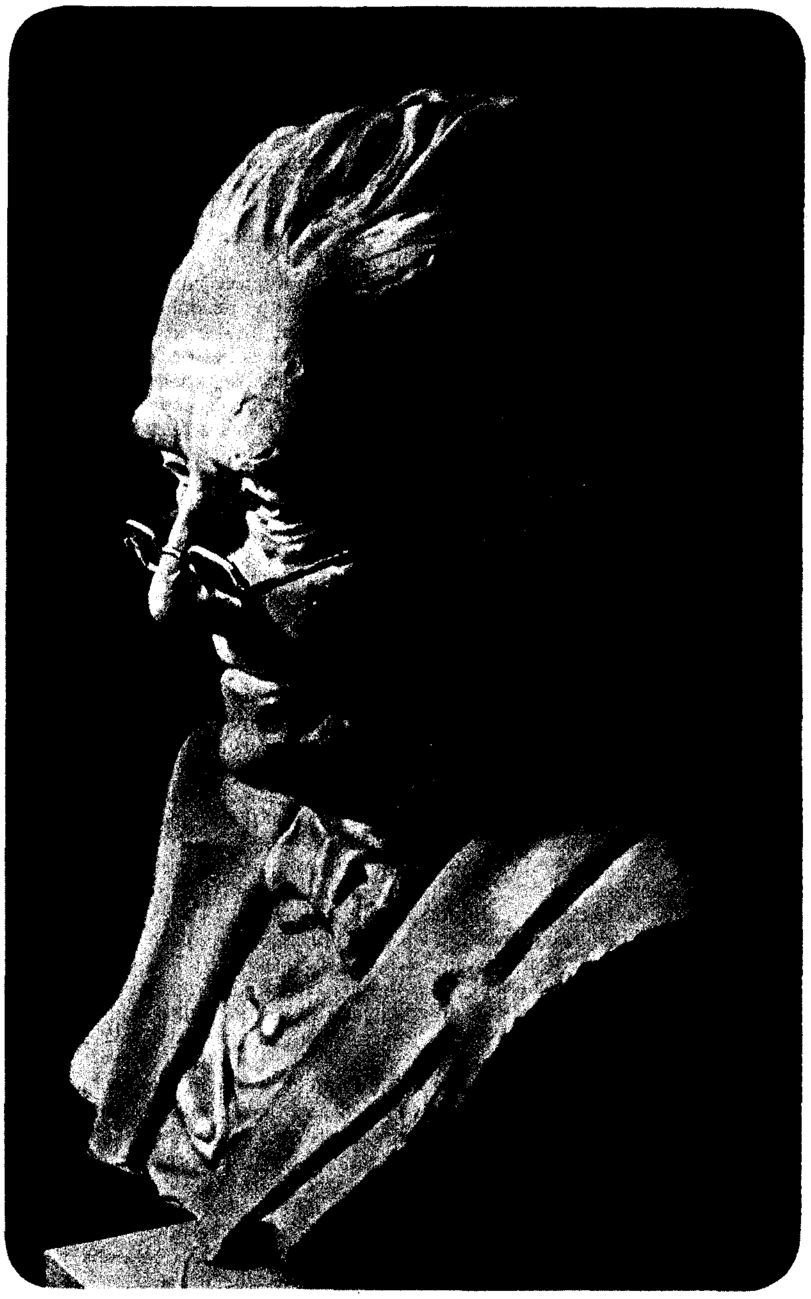
Athletic undershirts
Fine combed cotton yarn. Fully cut, highly absorbent. Trim-fit Swiss rib.

Knitted shorts
Gentle athletic support. Double-panel seat. Finest elastic waistband.

You get more style, more wear, more comfort
at Hanes prices. Why pay more?
P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem 1, N. C.

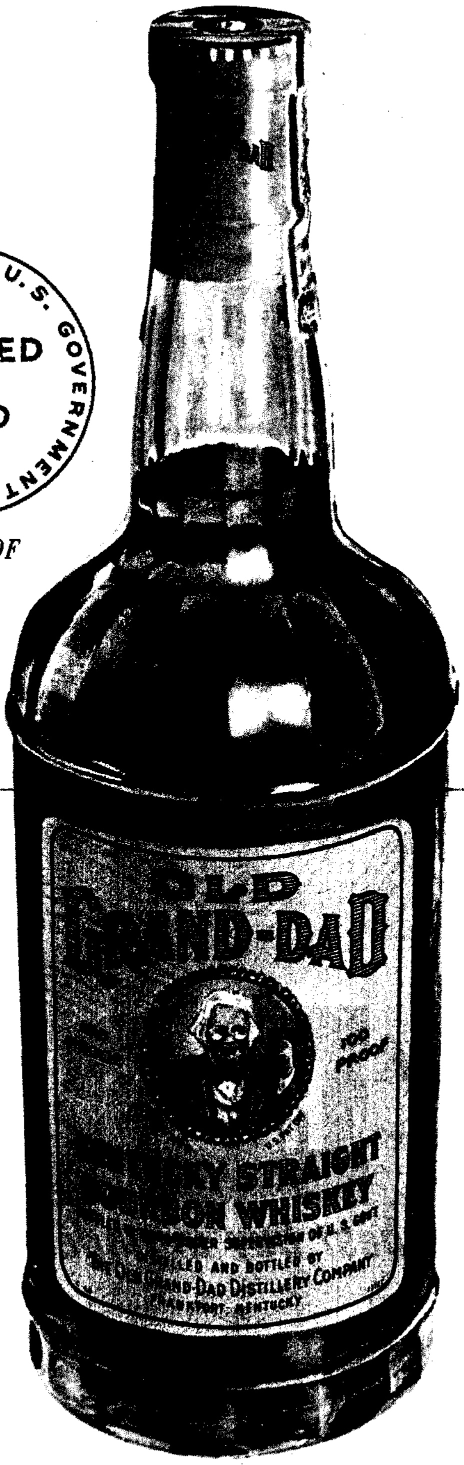
HANES underwear • sportswear • children's sleepers

# Head of the Bourbon Family



UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF


OLD
GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

**Among all good things there is always a best. The best in bourbon is Old Grand-Dad.** Old Grand-Dad goes into the aging casks a superior whiskey, expertly distilled from finest grains. It emerges from the dim, silent warehouses as a completely matured, bottled-in-bond Kentucky straight bourbon. Enjoy the smooth, mellow, heart-warming flavor of Old Grand-Dad soon. One sip will convince you *there is a best*—and you've found it!

*The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky*

**OLD GRAND-DAD**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

# Man’s Greatest Challenge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

anthropology, psychology, psychiatry and so on, a purely artificial division, one limiting “their usefulness as a basis for social research?” Were not these sciences all dealing with one thing: human behavior?

The voice of a housewife crying alone in the grass-roots wilderness of Iowa at the century’s turn, had, after decades, started a movement toward reordering the scientific structure.

Development of “12 or 15 well-rounded centers of social-science research throughout the world” was undertaken. Then, in keeping with the new vision, the memorial was incorporated in the Rockefeller Foundation. That same year, 1929, the Yale Institute of Human Relations was founded at New Haven, Connecticut, with an initial Foundation grant of $4,500,000. Its objective:

“The normal individual is to be studied with the same care as has been commonly applied to the abnormal.”

The building erected on the Yale campus to house the institute contains 366 rooms, and 130 of them are laboratories. Herein, in a voluntary association bound by a common endeavor, was pooled all of the university’s scientific interests concerned with man. The plan was to have medical specialists, psychiatrists, students of government, theologians, historians, geographers, economists, psychologists, anthropologists and sociologists mingle together. Their massed thinking was to be directed to the common problem.

At first there was confusion. The distinguished scientists, each an authority in his field, could find no basis for work as a team. The same disagreements arose that earlier, in the more limited field of child rearing, had confused Cora Hillis. The clash of arguments reflected the general confusion of viewpoints then existing about man. After almost five years of trial, Yale’s institute was close to failure.

### Why Scientists Got Nowhere

Then, 20 of the senior scientists held a meeting. They were among the university’s most eminent scholars. They were getting nowhere. What was wrong? Looking over the assembly, suddenly one member put his finger on the trouble. The 20 were all old dogs, too old to learn new tricks. Each had established his reputation by independent work, lonely work, in a highly specialized little corner of science. They couldn’t see the big whole because each saw only his segment. If the institute was to succeed, they would have to look to younger scholars, men whose minds were still flexible enough to dare and to explore.

The older men withdrew to the side lines. The juniors, left to their own devices, got to work. Night schools were started. They began teaching one another. Lawyers, doctors, chemists and engineers began trying to sum up all they knew about normal behavior for one another’s benefit. Gradually a pattern began to emerge. Four groups of scientists began to find they had much in common. They were the psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists and anthropologists.

By 1942, two important discoveries revitalized the institute. At the level of pure science, which is concerned only with basic factors, it was found those four major social sciences fitted together “almost as well as the adjacent pieces of a jigsaw puzzle,” as one study put it. They were, in fact, not four sciences but one. In other words, the four fields, long studied separately, are actually a single field in respect to human behavior. Other influences, such as heredity, might also help shape the behavior of people, but the Yale collaborators became convinced they were of secondary importance.

The conclusion was inevitable: learning, personality, social habits and culture are all acquired after we are born. In no sense are they basic characteristics. They are superficial, subject to all sorts of accidents of birth. For example, children of the same parents, each reared in different parts of the world, would each acquire the peculiar behavior veneer of his environment, whether that was Japanese, Hindu or American. But basically each child would be unchanged! The real factors motivating him would still rule.

What are those factors?

As yet that question, the key to man’s real nature, is without a clear answer. But by a process of cold reasoning based on known facts, the proponents of the theory now believe the basic factors ruling behavior are the same for all men regardless of creed, race, nationality or place in the economic scale. They believe that all men, while not actually created as equals, due to varying circumstances of birth, at least are more alike than they are unlike—that Judy O’Grady and the Colonel’s Lady are sisters under the skin in scientific fact.

Anthropologists have long suspected the basic likeness of all human nature. They have repeatedly noted in primitive people, once they got to know them well as individuals, marked resemblances to close friends in their fundamental characteristics.

“Can it be,” asks George Peter Murdock, eminent Yale anthropologist, “that man’s social behavior is actually less complex, not more complex, than the subject matter of physical science? And is it not perhaps possible that we may have more of the essential answers to the basic scientific problems even earlier in the former field than in the latter?”

Those questions social scientists everywhere today are trying to answer. Harvard University has established a Department of Social Relations as impressive as Yale’s Institute of Human Relations. The University of Chicago, a leader in studying the atom, is also turning its resources to studying man. Both the federal government and the United Nations are sponsoring inquiries in the social sciences.

Because we know so little, the new researches deal with what may be called the “primary grade” phase of man’s nature. The studies at Yale start with animals—rats, dogs and cats—in search of laws which possibly rule all animals, including man. Harvard professors hidden behind one-way-view screens are spending months watching tots play with dolls. Cornell researchers are living humbly in nearby Elmira’s side streets to gain some insight into problems posed by race, nationality and religion. Ohio State is studying leadership, a wholly neglected field. The University of California is trying to find out what it means to grow old.

### Human Angle Can’t Be Ignored

The widely discussed Kinsey Reports on sexual habits, also backed by the Foundation, are one portion of the developing crossword puzzle; the clash of democracy and Communism is another—that vast is the pattern. For, jolted by two world wars and the rumbles of a third that could be Armageddon, our ivory towers have awakened to the grim irony that science with all its erudition is better acquainted with molecules and atoms than it is with people.

Take sex, the root problem of most divorces, a huge factor in crime, a determining influence in mental health and personality, perhaps the most powerful single force in individuals. Until Professor Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates of Indiana University attempted to study the intimate sexual behavior of normal men and women from an objective viewpoint, the subject had been treated by lawmakers, the police, the clergy and by virtually all of us from viewpoints developed by religious taboos, old wives’ tales and hearsay.

The Kinsey Reports, as the Rockefeller Foundation sees them, are one of the first “sincere, objective and determined explorations of a field manifestly important to education, medicine, government and the integrity of human conduct generally.”

The emphasis of scholars in the past has been on things ranging from germs to the solar system. But our understanding of people has lagged behind. It has also become lopsided. We have learned more about disease than health, about idiocy than sanity, vice than virtue, war than peace.

COLLIER’S “Before we take a vote, was the defendant the one in the brown tweed suit or the one in the striped gray flannel suit?” BARNEY TOBEY

“We are in the position,” sums up Dr. Henry A. Murray, director of Harvard’s Psychological Clinic, “of having a good deal of accurate information about what we *don’t* want, but very little accurate information about what we *do* want.”

“The scientific work of the next 20 years in the field of human behavior,” writes Mark A. May, director of the Yale Institute of Human Relations, “may confirm the reasonable belief that the institute has introduced a new era in the social sciences.”

Is 20 years too long to wait, even if there are solid achievements by then?

Our scientists are frankly wondering. Besides war, a vaster threat than any yet known is facing us—more than a billion human beings are not getting enough to eat.

When the leadership of John D. Rockefeller and others began revolutions in public health and medical practices that were to save uncounted millions of lives and prolong man’s life-span, the seeds of our present greatest problem were sown. The world-wide spread of improved industry, bringing better living standards, sowed a second crop. Progress began reducing the appalling death rate. But old birth rates continued except in some of the more advanced nations of the West.

### Results of Overpopulation

Chester I. Barnard, the Rockefeller Foundation’s president, states the consequences:

“The world is overpopulated now with respect to our present knowledge, to the present availability of natural resources, to the state of the arts today, to the existing social organization and to some of the presently held traditional and religious precepts regarding food. In relation to present realities, the world is overpopulated.

“In relation to present potentialities this may not be so. It is unwarranted to assert that world population today has passed the limit of adequate support, but it is equally unwarranted not to recognize that the present application of existing knowledge is insufficient to maintain the population we have at even the minimum acceptable standard of living.”

He sees a qualitative aspect to the problem too: whether it is better to have 12 children per family, underfed, uneducated, overworked and short-lived, or to have fewer children who are properly and well equipped for life. We know pathetically little, he says, of our innate biological urge to reproduce ourselves and its consequences. He continues:

“When disease, accidents and famine abound, high death rates ensue and high birth rates are then probably necessary to the maintenance of the race. Perhaps we may say that under such conditions there is no fundamental biological maladjustment.

“When by control of disease, improved technology and intensified agriculture death rates are greatly reduced and length of life increased, high birth rates are no longer necessary. The sexual drives thus become one of the major maladjustments of society. This situation is not obviated by reticence, nor can the problems be solved by ignoring them.”

To get facts, Barnard sent a commission to the Far East shortly before the Korean crisis. There, the progress in the past century or so of Japan and Russia has been responsible for the multiplying of population. Members of the commission were Dr. Marshall C. Balfour, Far Eastern director of the Foundation’s Health Division; Roger F. Evans, its assistant director for Social Sciences, who lived 15 years in the Far East; and the noted demographers, Dr. Frank W. Notestein and Dr. Irene B. Taeuber, of the Princeton University Office of Population

Does your razor Really fit your beard?

No matter what you read, no one razor is best for every beard. But we *guarantee* that one of these razors will give you the grandest shave of your life—*or your money back!*

the modern velvet-touch razor
ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

★ feather-light, finger-tip control—world's lightest shaving touch.

★ lightning fast—and oh-so-smooth.

★ the only genuine one-piece razor. Just snap—blade's in.

★ multi-service, super-keen Enders Blades of extra-gauge Swedish steel.

the luxury "master barber" shave
DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR

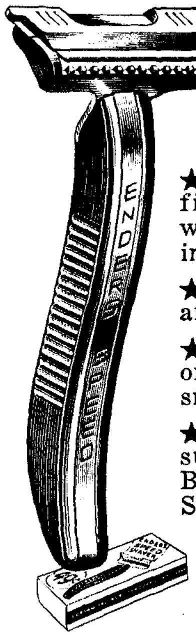
★ for 43 years, the world's finest "straight razor" shave—with full safety razor protection!

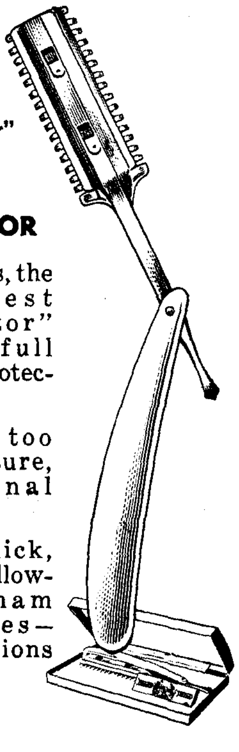
★ no beard too tough for its sure, clean, diagonal strokes.

★ double-thick, double-edged, hollow-ground Durham Duplex Blades—favorite of millions since 1908.

DURHAM ENDERS
RAZOR CORP.
Mystic, Conn.

Durham Enders Razor Corp.
Mystic, Conn.
PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING:
☐ Enders Speed Shaver (with five blades)...$.49*
☐ Durham Duplex razor (with five blades).. .69*
Name____________________
Street Address____________________
City____________Zone____State____
Offer good in U.S.A. only *Postpaid





Research. They visited Japan, Korea, Formosa, China, Indonesia and the Philippines.

Their report pointed out that Japan's march of empire, halted by World War II but only after more than four decades, had spread the means to modern progress over wide areas of Asia.

We ourselves in the Philippines, the Dutch in Indonesia and the British in India further heightened the desire of the Orient for a better life.

Korea, about the size of Utah, had less than 15,000,000 people in 1912. It has double that number today, or did prior to the war. Under Japanese rule, Formosa grew from less than 3,000,000 to more than 6,000,000. Japan proper grew from 45,000,000 in 1900 to 82,000,000 in 1950, despite huge war losses.

The heritage of Dutch rule in Indonesia is 75,000,000 people. American influence in the Philippines helped raise the population from 8,000,000 to 19,000,000. The commission found that in China alone the heavy toll of death from disease, hunger and wars was still balancing the heavy roll of births.

Dr. Notestein estimates that, making no allowance for war losses, the Soviet Union will grow to about 250,000,000 people by 1970, and by 1990, even assuming war losses of 10,000,000 to 15,000,000, Russia may be expected to reach 300,000,000. Meanwhile, the population of the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand—the "Western" countries most concerned in the Pacific—will have begun to taper off.

### Prediction for the Pacific

The veteran authority on population growths, Dr. Warren S. Thompson, of Ohio's Miami University, whose investigations have long been supported by the Scripps and Rockefeller Foundations, believes that in another 20 years the Pacific picture may easily look like this:

United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand—180,000,000 to 190,000,000; the Soviet Union—250,000,000; Far East and South Asia—1,300,000,000 to 1,400,000,000.

We don't have to go to the Orient to find population problems. They are just beyond our own dooryard, in Puerto Rico, Haiti, Central America. Vast open spaces make Mexico appear to be a roomy land. But only about 7½ per cent of Mexico is cropland, and about four fifths of that scant portion is semiarid. At the present rate of growth, Mexico's 25,000,000 will double in another 25 years.

In 1943, the Mexican government squarely faced the fact that for years it had been forced to import food to feed its people, and that unless something drastic was done it faced a bleak future. It called on the Rockefeller Foundation for help and a mission was sent.

The mission's field director was Spanish-speaking Dr. J. George Harrar, recruited from Washington State College. With him were experts on most of the agricultural specialties. Their work got under way slowly. All of Mexico had to be studied. Soil samples of every type of Mexican land were collected, analyzed and studied for ways of making them more productive within the limited means of the Mexican farmers.

Harrar's crews, working side by side with Mexican scientists, also gathered samples of every type of corn grown in the nation. Today, more than a thousand varieties may be seen at their neat experiment center at Chapingo, near Mexico City. The Mexican peon lives mainly on corn. Half of the precious cropland is planted in that crop. It is to Mexico what rice is to China. Yet, in 1943, the Mexican corn yield averaged but 10 bushels to the acre.

Year after year, the scientists worked with corn. They tested the 1,000 varieties, crossbred, synthesized, ate the native corn dishes, weighed their nutritional values, and bit by bit they developed better strains of corn, called "Rocamex" strains. Then, as sufficient new seeds became available, the Mexican Federal Corn Commission distributed them, with royal fanfares, to the farmers.

They weren't just handed out with learned lectures. All over Mexico festivals were held. A notable company of ballet dancers from the famous National Ballet toured the nation presenting a modern version of the legend of the ancient Aztec Goddess of Corn. Leading Mexicans, newspapers and radio joined in the campaign. Better corn became a patriotic national objective. In 1948, Mexico did not have to import any corn for the first time since 1913. The young Mexican farmer who that year won the Grand National Prize, a farm tractor, posted a score showing yields of 125 bushels of corn per acre.

"In the not too distant future," predicts Dr. Harrar, "not only will there be enough corn for all the Mexican people, but perhaps there will also be some for feeding livestock, thereby improving the supply of meat and milk."

Similar work is going ahead with beans, the Mexican's second love, and with wheat, other crops and cattle. Backward farms slowly are being mechanized. Young Mexican students are being trained to take over leadership when Harrar's men leave. And a great discovery has been made. The so-called "ignorant peon," who may not be able to read or write, is quick to adopt new ways when his eyes can see the benefits. In turn, official Mexico is awake to the inescapable certainty that for every new mouth added to her total, new food must be added too, or all Mexicans will have to do with less. In a word, Mexico has learned a brand-new lesson: that *too many* people mean not strength, but empty bellies.

President Barnard knows that the Foundation's work below the Rio Grande is hardly more than a firecracker exploded in a battle that, to be won, will take bigger guns than any yet in use. But that firecracker has been heard throughout Latin America. Colombia has joined with the Foundation to wage a campaign to get its 11,000,000 people and their food supply nearer in balance. Other Latin-American countries are moving in the same direction.

The Rockefeller grants implementing Mexico's start toward self-sufficiency in food amount so far to less than $1,500,000, or less than six cents per inhabitant. Mexico has spent a million pesos in addition.

Here should be noted what is, at least, a remarkable coincidence. The Point Four Program of President Truman to furnish technical aid to friendly nations in need, to the end that they may be taught to help themselves in the fields of agriculture, medicine and sanitation, is a historic departure in international relations over which the ghost of John D. Rockefeller must smile in satisfaction. Much of the $800,000,000 of Rockefeller funds spent philanthropically over the past 50 years has been devoted to that identical end. Mexico is only the most recent example.

Heightening the coincidence, if it is no more than that, was President Truman's appointment of the dead King of Oil's grandson, Nelson A. Rockefeller, to serve as chairman of the Point Four Advisory Board.

Current estimates are that the Point Four Program, if not lost in the demands of war, may produce a net flow *yearly* of $600,000,000 to $800,000,000 into undeveloped nations from all sources, private and public.

### A Warning Against Pride

Chester Barnard, a realist, has a reservation—to Point Four, to all efforts to aid mankind. He fears our present pride in materialistic things, if further swollen, might be our ultimate undoing.

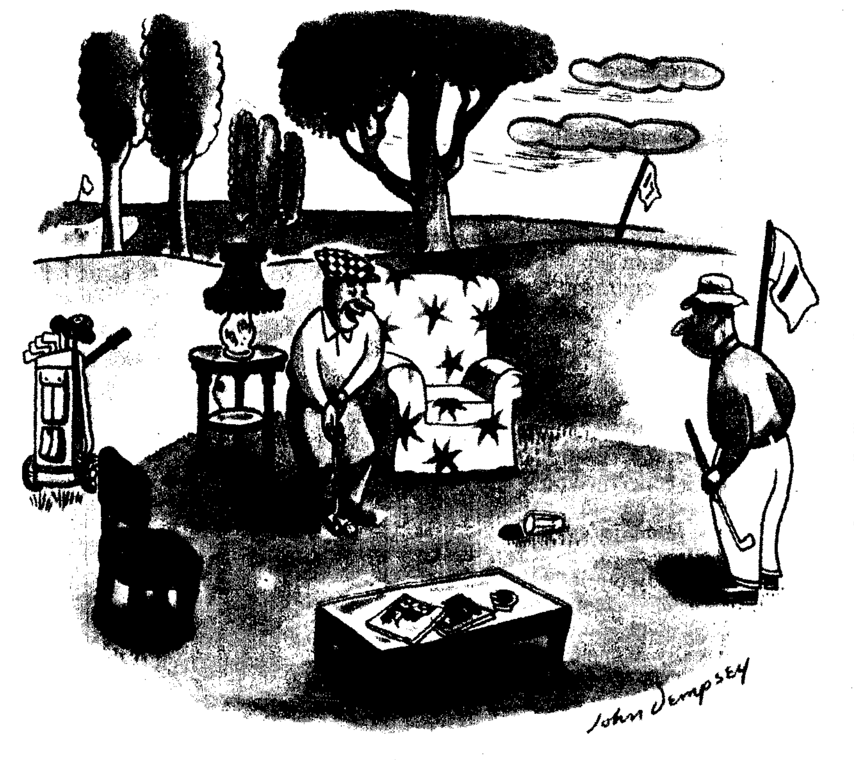
"There can be no satisfactory solution to the problems of our civilization that does not take into account the ideals and spiritual aspirations of men," he believes. And he continues:

"'Planning' and 'Control' are the common coin of American politics, American business, American education and American science, despite the current emphasis upon liberty, individualism and democracy. The bombastic phrase 'control of nature' is a byword of the literature of the day.

"Do we mean that because we have learned to navigate the tides that we shall also control them? Because we have learned to clothe ourselves and to provide shelter we shall also control the winds? We have already begun the attempts to regulate local weather. Where do we think we shall stop—with the control of the speed of rotation of the earth, of its revolution about the sun? Shall we also learn to control the chain of reaction in the sun whence comes all our life and power?"

In this year of 1951, in his office in very materialistic New York City, the president of John D. Rockefeller's mighty foundation goes to his Bible for the reminder that pride goeth before a fall. And he adds:

"All our efforts will promote only disaster if they are not done in the humility appropriate to our ignorance, never forgetting that we have not made the earth or the heavens above it." THE END



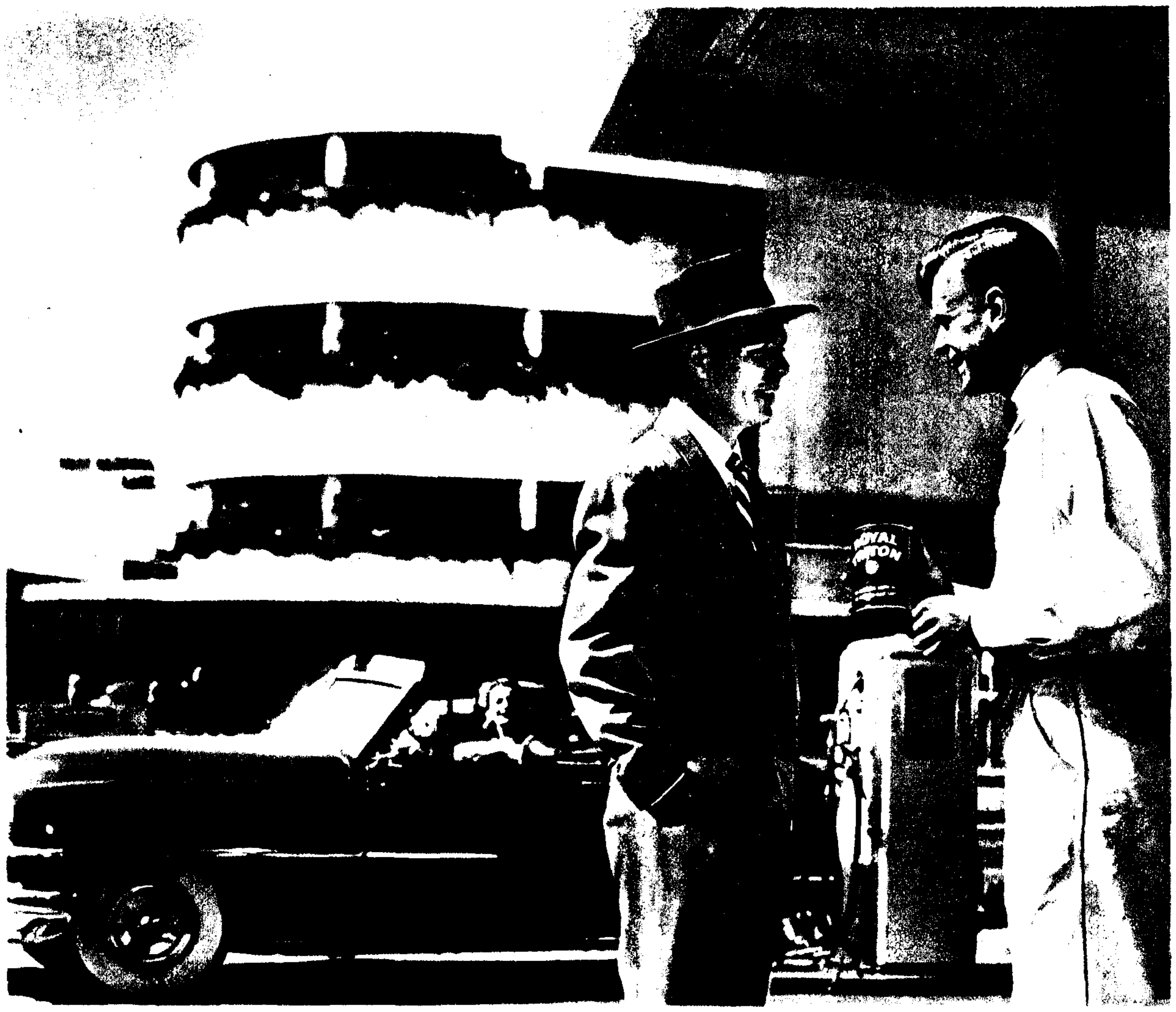
COLLIER'S "I got so used to practicing indoors all winter . . ." JOHN DEMPSEY

# WHY CAR MANUFACTURERS RECOMMEND HEAVY-DUTY MOTOR OILS

Heavy-duty motor oils are now specified by leading car manufacturers—including the world's largest. Oils of the *heavy-duty* classification meet far more rigid specifications than oils of the *premium* type or *regular* type.*

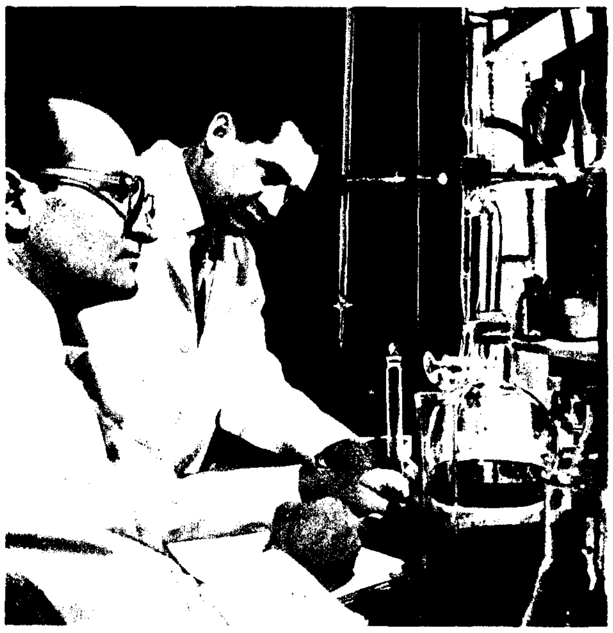
Car manufacturers recommend *heavy-duty* oils for two main reasons: First, these oils are compounded to give far greater protection against oxidation, corrosion and acid action. Second, their detergent or cleansing ability is greater than that of *premium* oils. In short, *heavy-duty* oils do a far better job of lubricating today's high-speed, high-power, precision-built engines.

The finest of the few oils that meet the specifications set up by car manufacturers is Royal Triton—the famous purple oil. Royal Triton not only meets these specifications; it passes the *most exacting* of all heavy-duty specifications—the new military MIL-O-2104.



---

*The classification *heavy duty* has nothing to do with weight. *Heavy-duty* oils come in the same S. A. E. grades as *premium* oils.



**THE PURPLE COLOR** of heavy-duty Royal Triton came from an exclusive combination of fortifying compounds. This color is your guarantee that Royal Triton will retard acidity, sludging and corrosion, resist oxidation, and clean your engine as you drive.

NO CHANGE IN
30,000 MILES

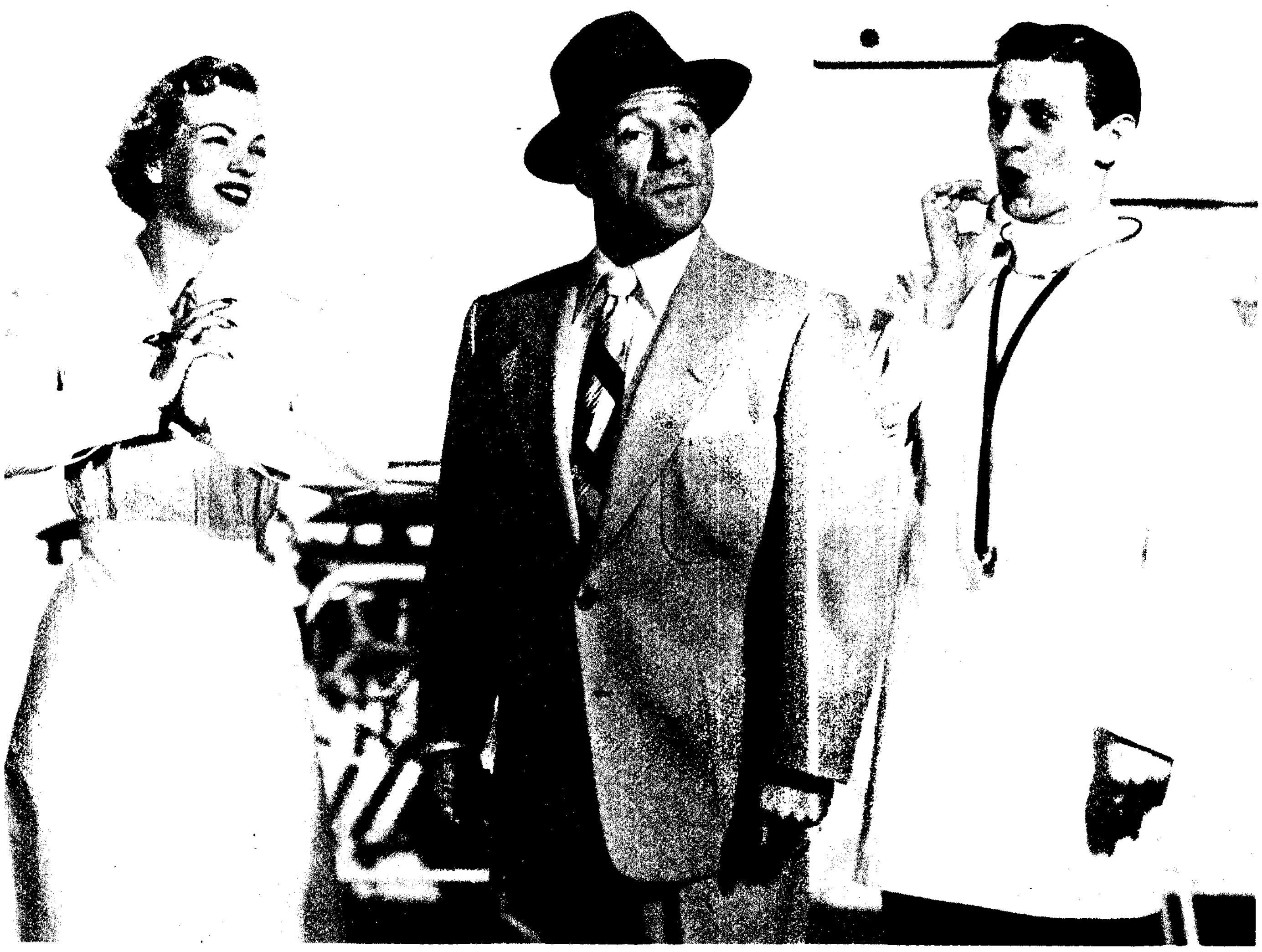
**THE FAMOUS 30,000-MILE ROAD TEST—** in which four new cars were driven the entire distance without oil drain—proved Royal Triton's amazing heavy-duty lubricating ability. At the end of the run the engines showed no measurable wear. The oil was in excellent condition!

America's
Finest Motor Oil
ROYAL TRITON
76
THE DISTINCTIVE PURP
FOR PRECISION-BUIL
45¢
PER QUART

**IF YOU'RE PARTICULAR** about your car, try Royal Triton. It's available in many areas throughout the U. S. at your independent dealer's.

**UNION OIL COMPANY**

Los Angeles • New York • Chicago • Houston



Television comedian Jerry Lester attracts admiring looks with the new, smart hot-weather clothes prescribed by "Doctor" Wayne Howell, his announcer, and "Nurse" Joan Lorry, vocalist on his show

# *Prescription for* SUMMER COMFORT

By BERT BACHARACH

### To keep cool:

1. Lightweight fabrics
2. Modernized constructions
3. Porosity

IT WON'T be long before the men of this country launch their annual gripe about the impracticality and discomfort of hot-weather clothes. That will be the signal for editorial writers and commentators to exhort their followers to revolt against archaic and outmoded customs of dress. Throw away your ties and coats, they will urge, and let your shirttails flap in the breeze!

Actually, there's a middle ground between discomfort and flapping shirttails. It's possible to be cool without sacrificing good grooming. In the past few years, fabrics have been developed that are both light in weight and highly porous—and porosity is probably the most important contribution to summer comfort for men. In addition, models, and their construction, have been simplified. That helps.

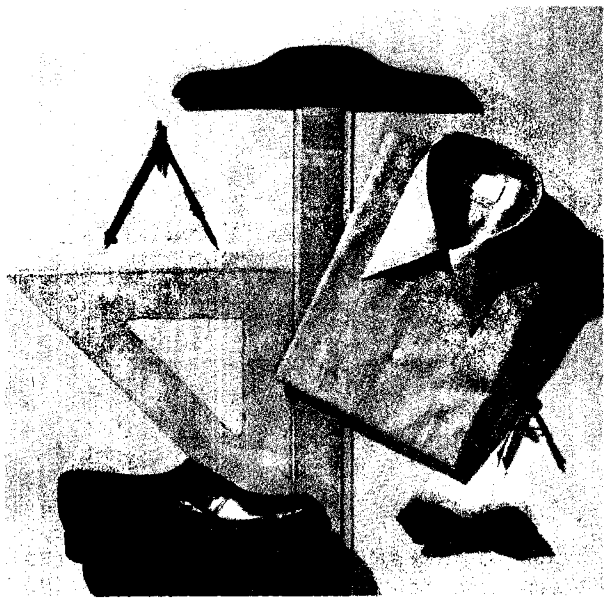
There was a time when, if you wanted to wear lightweight clothes, you had to be content with looking like a man in mussed pajamas. The lighter the cloth, the less it held up. But with the new blending of fibers, and the treatment and finishing processes now developed, you can look neat and well pressed all day long, even in the lightestweight clothing available. So, when buying suits, shirts, hats or shoes, weigh them in your hand; see that they're lightweight. The lighter the weight, the cooler you'll be.

Equal advancements have been made in the construction of apparel. Stiffening and padding have been eliminated from jackets without making them shapeless. Shirt collars have been lightened and lowered; now they provide the comfort of a sport shirt without losing that well-dressed appearance. Ties weigh a mere ounce or two; clip-on bows provide a maximum of comfort. And you can buy shoes with elastic gores that are as cool and comfortable as bedroom slippers.

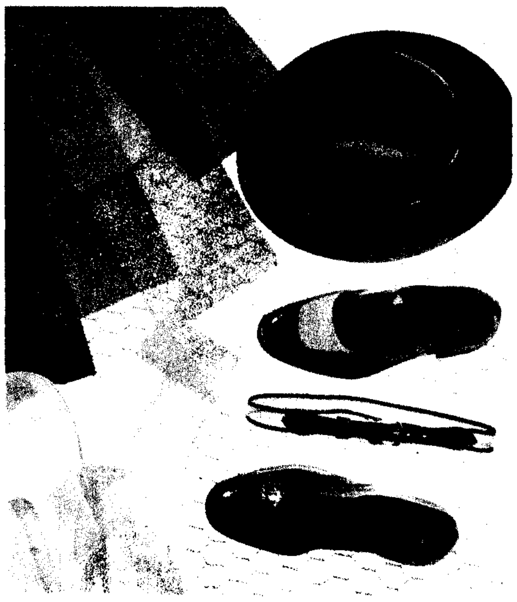
That brings us to porosity, the quality of a fabric that permits air to circulate. If your clothing allows body heat to get out and air to get in, you'll be relatively comfortable on even the most humid day. When buying, check porosity by holding the garment up to the light. The more transparent it is, the better.

That's the prescription. Follow it, and you'll have a happier, healthier summer. THE END

**Light** in weight, the latest things in summer clothes tip the scale at only a few ounces each



**Modern** construction, illustrated by clip-on bow, low-band shirt, shoe with elasticized gore



**Porous** nature of new fabrics and materials air-conditions your summer apparel

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

# Feel like a million!

wear

**Jockey*** BRAND

## UNDERWEAR

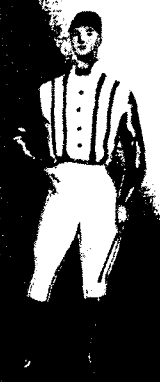
**If you want to "git-up-and-go"**... act like a peppy colt... start the day wearing Jockey brand Underwear. Because all five Jockey styles fit you like an apple's skin, give you mild, buoyant support and that tailored look.

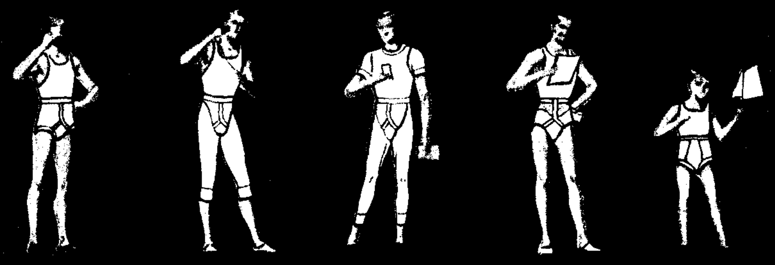
**But to make sure** you get the real thing, the unequaled comfort and knit-fit of Jockey's famous construction, as originated and perfected by the House of Coopers... look for the mark, "Y-FRONT," and the brand name, JOCKEY, on the garment.

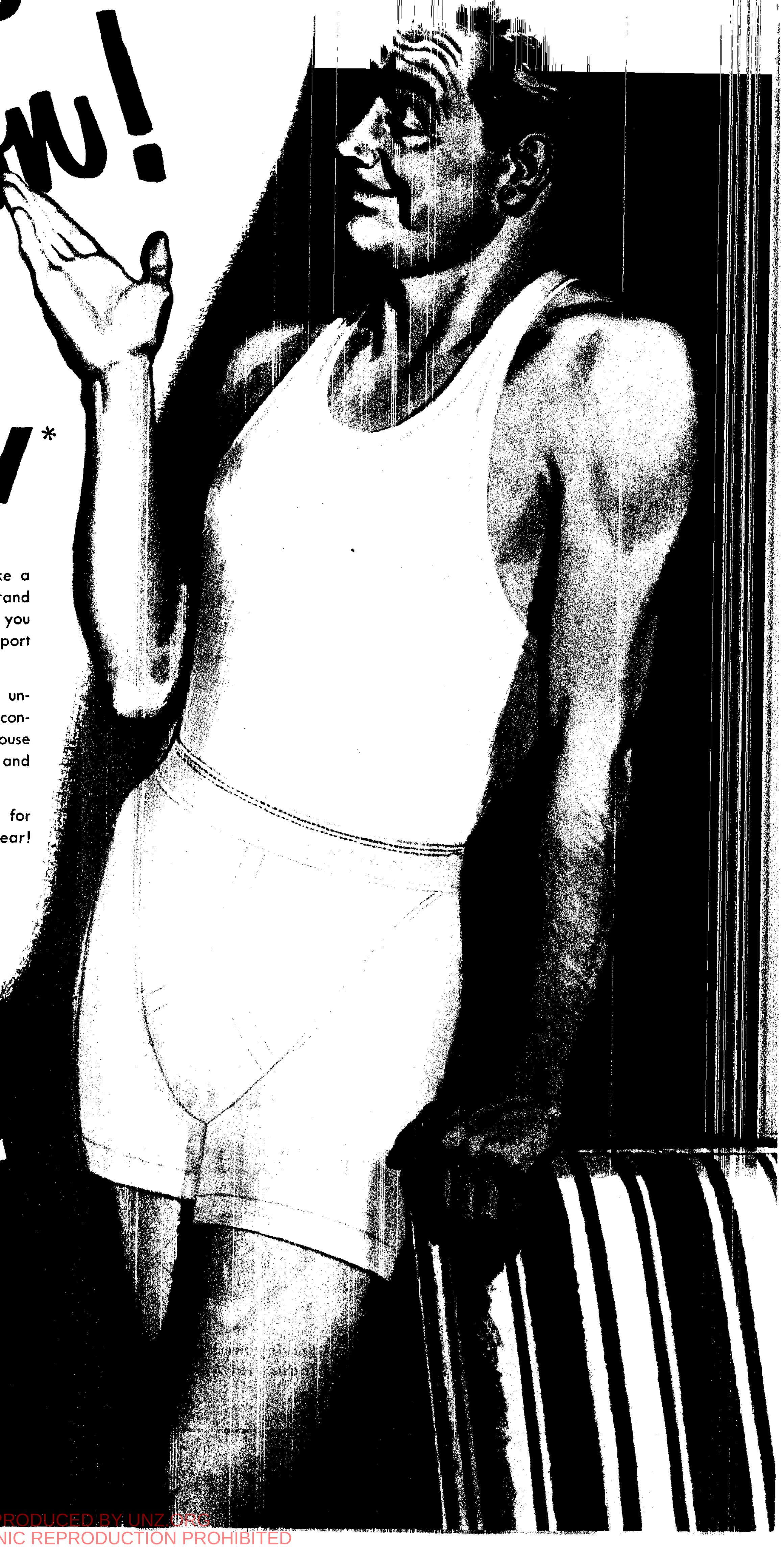
**See your dealer pronto**—be "Hip-Taped" for perfect fit—enjoy wearing Jockey brand Underwear! Get Jockey Contoured Shirts to match.

*made* ONLY by

Coopers*







A MILESTONE IN 1851 100th ANNIVERSARY *Great Lakes to the Sea* 1951 AMERICAN HISTORY

Erie Railroad

## Big Day for Daniel Webster

● *The date is May 15th, 1851. A pint-sized woodburner pulls the inaugural train of the original New York and Erie Railroad into Dunkirk, N. Y.—and the cheering citizens welcome the first railroad to link the Great Lakes with the Sea!*

Among the distinguished passengers were President of the United States Millard Fillmore and his cabinet, including that colorful and sturdy American, Daniel Webster, Secretary of State. He made part of the two-day journey from Piermont, on the Hudson River, N. Y., in a rocking chair fastened to a flat car "to better enjoy the scenery!"

It was a great day in America's history, too. For the 446 miles of track linking Lake Erie to the Sea—the longest railroad in the U. S.—was a turning point in the growth of the young country. How many that day could see how this event foreshadowed the great and bustling America of 100 years later?

The Erie has grown steadily with America, headed always in the direction of progress. Today, the Erie serves the many communities along its 2200 miles of railroad between New York and Chicago with the best in safe, dependable transportation . . . ready to serve our country well in peace or war!

Erie Railroad

ERIE

*Serving the Heart of Industrial America*

# *Talk About Exclusive*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

subject of broadening fifth-form privileges was one of his pet projects, but it seemed less important today than it had yesterday.

"Yeah, sure, yeah," Bummy said. "But when do we do something? Huh?"

Normally, Herbie would have been running away with the idea, making crisp suggestions for a get-together—time, place, fifth-form personnel, whether they could get a statement printed in the Shrewsbury News, what faculty member might help them. Herbie was always the guy who got things done, even sometimes things nobody had thought of getting done before, like fifth-form smoking at dances, like, way back in first form, getting dinks abolished at Thanksgiving instead of having to wear them till Christmas holidays.

"When do we do something, huh?" Bummy repeated.

"Sometime," Herbie said. "Sometime soon, I mean. It doesn't have to be today or tomorrow. We're still fifth-formers for another month."

"Okay," Bummy said. "Okay. See you."

Left alone, Herbie rejected a shirt that was not so much soiled as worn before. There was one white Brooks shirt left in the drawer, thank God, and a blue-and-gray Shrewsbury tie. He'd wear flannels and the beige coat, of course, and the not-dirty, just uniformly gray buck shoes.

Hammurabi. This would be something for Herbie to tell the Old Man when he went home this week end. This would be something to tell Nancy—and the dance would be something to take Nancy to. It was a little funny, though, after all the cracks he'd made about some of the Ham big shots, after the fight he'd had with Jack Berry in the locker room and had won.

Herbie ate at Mr. Duckworth's table. He scraped his seat into place to face a menu of bananas and bran flakes and scrambled eggs and bacon and toast and marmalade and milk and coffee. Aside from exchanging the usual comments on the inadequacy of the meal, Herbie didn't enter into the breakfast conversation. Bobby Schaeffer and Rat Reece, on either side of him, argued across him about the best way to play the dog-leg sixteenth hole on the Shrewsbury course.

He sat on the side of Duck's table nearest the door, and from where he sat he could see the Drum's table. There, with good luck, he might be sitting next year, there at the Head's table, sharing the thrice-daily communion of the rulers of Shrewsbury. It was pretty certain that Herbie would be president of Dilworth House next term, a student council member, one of the sacred *nine* campus leaders.

Herbie barely touched his bran, mangled his eggs without eating them, drank two cups of coffee and ignored the marmalade. He could remember way back to when he was just a kid and had started at Shrewsbury as a first-former. His father had given him a talk about Shrewsbury not being a luxury, but still being an extra something the family wanted Herbie to have, and his mother had been proud even of the horrible little first-form dink. He could remember dancing school and his first date—Nancy, naturally—at a Shrewsbury dance when he was a third-former. And five hours from now, just after lunch, there was going to be some kind of fulfillment of all that.

"Go right into the bunker! You know that!" Bobby Schaeffer was shouting.

"Not with a five iron!" Rat Reece was shouting back.

HERBIE'S first class was Mr. Marrow's French, more a play period than a class. Mr. Marrow was a gnawed yellow pencil of a man, and no disciplinarian. He couldn't control seniors at all, and was rapidly losing his grip with fifth-formers. Herbie sat next to Mr. Marrow's desk, doodling triangles, and Mr. Marrow called the roll and, invariably, got false responses.

"Tom MacDonnell."

"Here," said Sam Bates.

"Now, Bates, I called Tom MacDonnell's name, not yours."

"Well, I thought you meant was he here, sir, so I answered 'here.' Just to help you."

"Bates, I won't stand for insolence. Any more of that and you'll be reporting to Mr. Drummond."

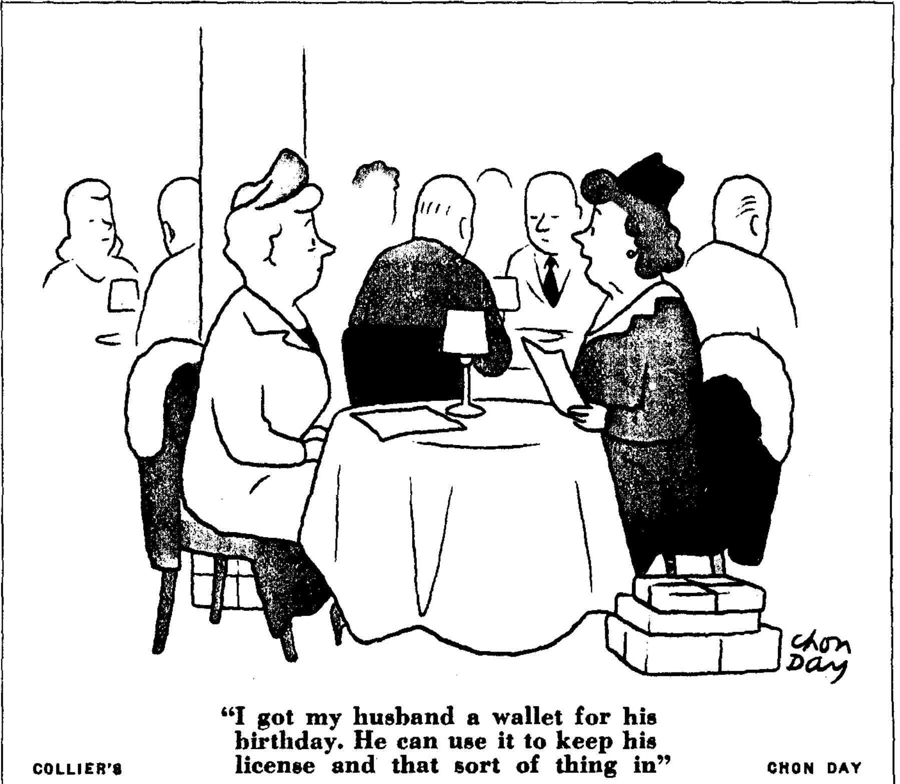
"But he was just trying to help, sir," Tom MacDonnell said. "You see, I answered for him before because I saw he was busy."

"Busy? How could he be busy?"

"Well, sir, he just looked busy," Tom MacDonnell said, very seriously.

"That will be quite enough from both of you. I can send two of you to see Mr. Drummond just as easily as I can send one. Barnes, will you please fix that shade?"

Petey Barnes pulled the shade down and abruptly let go, so that it snapped back to the top with a wild flapping and clatter. The shade cord caught and rolled out of reach on the spindle, and three other fifth-formers busily and noisily climbed on



COLLIER'S "I got my husband a wallet for his birthday. He can use it to keep his license and that sort of thing in" CHON DAY chairs to help catch the cord and bring the shade back down.

"Let it be!" Mr. Marrow pleaded.

"But the sun's right on me," Bummy Russel whined. "I might get sunstroke."

Mr. Marrow subsided and began to mutter incoherently about irregular verbs, and the class was begun.

Herbie might have been back in his room, or lying somewhere on a beach, or driving out into the country in a convertible with the top down, or drinking ice-cold Coke or beer after thirty-six holes on a hot afternoon. He was alone in the room with his own tension and exaltation.

All thoughts about Hammurabi and prestige and growing into what the Drum called the World entangled Herbie's mind with Nancy—more than with his family, more than with his thoughts about himself and the Drum's table and taking the Tri-State soccer cup away from Hammond Academy.

There had been things about Nancy lately that were funny, or downright sinister, if you wanted to look at them that way. Not that he had ever asked her to "go steady"— There was something high-schoolish about "going steady." But she had always been his girl and now there was less certainty about it.

They still went out together, but there was something new about the way she looked at older boys, and talked about them, a sort of chilling way of judging people on the basis of their social standing. She wore Herbie's miniature gold soccer ball on her bracelet, but it might be good insurance to have a Hammurabi charm dangling there, too. Some of the Hammurabi guys might act like a pain in the fanny, but the society was important. And that charm had its uses.

French V staggered to its end. Still in a cocoon of his own thoughts, Herbie went to study hall; no more of that next year, praise God. Mr. Potter was monitoring, marking papers and passing an eye occasionally over the rows of boys to quell whispering, note passing, movie magazines and other vices.

ABOUT halfway through the study period, Ducky came in and murmured to Mr. Potter, who looked martyred and annoyed. Mr. Potter looked over the room and signaled to Herbie.

"Mrs. D is having trouble telling the carpenter where to put the bookcases," he told Herbie when Herbie arrived at his side. "Take over for ten or fifteen minutes while I'm gone, Warren. Keep 'em down to a low shout, huh?"

Herbie had monitored before, but this time it felt different. He tried to read his English notes, but they didn't register. He didn't jump Second Form Jones when Second Form Jones moved next to Second Form Bates, Sam's little brother, to show him a naked lady he had sketched in some detail on the flyleaf of 100 Sentences for Diagraming.

Sun slanted through the tall study-hall windows, making diagonal slats of dancing dust motes. Looking out, Herbie could see the Drum's house and could see Steve Willard walking past it, a couple of books under his arm, probably going to his own room to study. Senior privilege. Steve was Hammurabi—secretary of Hammurabi, in fact. He was a good guy—editor of the News, which meant Hammurabi almost just like that, like captain of soccer.

Bob McNeal was president—another good guy probably, a three-letter man, but nobody knew Bob very well. And Albie Drake and Russ Sample and Morrie Dunn, soso guys, were members. Hammurabi was full of guys who'd always been just far enough ahead of you for you to look up to them, but not so far ahead as to be out of reach like the Ham guys you remembered from first-form year.

Now Hammurabi was guys you wrestled in the shower room and cut in on at dances. Some of them were good guys, some of them were a little sinister, some of them—and this was a fact—were medium-good guys who, after they made Ham, acted as if they were more than medium good; snotty a little—like Brad Brown.

There was a loud shriek from the middle of the room. Second Form Bates was torturing a skinny, unidentified kid who was probably in first form. Herbie got up disgustedly and loomed over Bates.

"That'll be all out of you," he said. "You can take your books and sit down at the end there by yourself. One more peep and Potter'll gig you when he gets back."

"Aw!"

"And your brother'll redden your tail, too. Wise guy."

Happy to be the center of attention, Second Form Bates gathered his books with the greatest degree of personal martyrdom and moved to the end of the row.

Herbie's thread of reflection had been broken. By the time Mr. Potter came back, he had written almost a hundred words on the political beliefs of Shakespeare. The class-period bell rang, and he went to his next class.

THE rest of the morning Herbie's ability to concentrate played tag with thoughts of Hammurabi. In Mr. Mason's European History, he found himself saying, "Well, it seems to me, sir, that Gladstone and Disraeli weren't as different as they thought they were. Or anyway as they wanted the people to think they were. You know, sort of stealing each other's stuff."

"Hardly articulate, Warren, but not totally inaccurate. You may sit down. Russel, from the vasty deeps of your research could you give us a little pertinent information on the Reform Bill of 1867?"

Herbie and Bummy had been roommates ever since second form. First-form roommates were usually just an accident. Not that Herbie didn't like Ray Evans, but he and Bummy had sort of become allies in the obscure intradorm wars of first-form years, the Mals versus the Anti-Mals and the Get Sammy Cheever Club and all the rest of the kid games, so it was natural they should room together second-form year, and then third-form year when they moved from Nevin House to Dilworth. They planned to room together at Yale, too.

Then, in chemistry class, Mr. Anderson was checking his lab work. "That's good, Warren. Bubbling very prettily. Make your notes adequate and accurate." Then came the knee-pat and the shoulder-squeeze without which Mr. Anderson found it impossible to address a student. "Heavens, Williams, you'll blow us all up . . ."

Watching the changing colors in a test tube was like watching campfire smoke or summer clouds. It was too bad that Bummy and other guys like Bummy would never make Ham. Nobody could deny that Bummy was a better guy than Brad Brown any way you wanted to measure it; better guy than Albie Blake or Russ Sample, too; just as good even as Bob McNeal, who was president of the whole thing.

It was silly, because Ham was supposed to be the best guys and that was the reason for Ham, but everybody's best guys were different. Bummy just might make a letter in golf, but that was scarcely Hammurabi bait. But Albie Blake got his football letter in fourth form because there was hardly anybody else as hefty, as fast and as hefty, as Albie to hold up the Shrewsbury line, so he was Hammurabi for sure.

The smoky-blue liquid in the tube subsided and stood still. There were a few guys every year who turned down Ham, but you never quite figured them out. After the tapping they just said they weren't joining. It all died down. You'd hardly notice it except you didn't see them wearing their bright-green oversized pledge neckties or addressing Ham members as "sir" and carrying their books and shining their shoes or doing pledge stunts on the campus.

They got all the glory of Tap Day, but they pooped out. One way you could figure it, they were yellow. Ham initiations were something, everybody said. You had to make your own paddles according to specified thickness and size and number of holes bored in the business end. They looked

THE INTERNATIONAL WHISKY

Sir John Schenley

World's Choicest Blend

Sir John Schenley

The finest
tasting
whisky
in the
world

*A Schenley
Mark of Merit
Whisky*

**Few, if any,** of the world's great whiskies can equal the quality of Sir John Schenley . . . here indeed is the *finest-tasting* whisky in the world—rare and full-bodied. You will enjoy in Sir John Schenley the lightest, most delightful whisky you've ever tasted. Ask for it in the finer stores, clubs and bars.

BLENDED WHISKY 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1951, SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N. Y. C.

YOURS...
Hearing Power with
RADIOEAR!

Severely deafened? Get proved hearing help with powerful Radioear—the world's only all-magnetic hearing aid.

FINEST RADIOEAR EVER MADE!

All-magnetic Radioear is in a class by itself—there is no other hearing aid like it. It provides hearing clarity, dependability, comfort and special patented features that no other hearing aid can give the severely deafened.

Radioear also offers the lovely, tiny "Starlet", a masterpiece of clarity, economy and power, in an amazingly small package.

Get latest information on hearing. Send coupon now!

FREE HEARING AID DIGEST!

E. A. MYERS & SONS C
PITTSBURGH 16, PA. Please send me, without obligation, your latest hearing aid digest to help me solve my own particular hearing problem.

Name____________________

Address____________________

PSORIASIS
(ENEMY OF BEAUTY)
No Longer Keeps Me In The Background!

Hundreds of thousands of users have learned that Siroil tends to remove crusts and scales of psoriasis lesions external in character and on outer layer of skin. If lesions recur, light applications will help control them. Siroil does not stain clothing or bed linens.

SIROIL IS MY FRIEND

Siroil is offered you on a two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money refunded basis. Write for free booklet.
Dept. CR-78
Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
Santa Monica, Calif.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Smooth as Ocean-Rocked Whiskies of Old
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
BRAND
ROCKING CHAIR
Blended Whiskey

Blended Whiskey—80.6 Proof—70% Grain Neutral Spirits
Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston

pretty rugged, but no Hammurabi member had ever been known to talk about initiation details—not even Ed Saunders, who had had to be taken to the infirmary afterward last year. Just shock, Bob McNeal had told somebody a little scornfully. Ed was a nervous kind of guy anyway—dramatic-club president.

Herbie had no appetite for lunch. He stood with his hands on the back of his chair at Ducky's table, waiting for the dining hall to fill and for the Drum, from his table, to give the signal to be seated. Then there was silence as the Drum made his noontime announcements.

"Students wishing to try out for the Buskin Club production of Ten Little Indians may see Mr. Basset and Ed Saunders in Nevin House from three o'clock till six. Candidates will be excused from athletics for this purpose. Mr. Mason reports that the community chest drive is thus far considerably lower than last year. There is no good reason for this. Shrewsbury has a name to uphold. I don't know whether all you men know the meaning of the fine old French phrase *noblesse oblige*, and this might be a good time to explain it to you . . ."

Some three hundred noble young faces fixed blankly on the napkins in front of them; three hundred noble young noses curiously sniffed the seepings from the kitchen doors.

"My last announcement: The Hammurabi Society will conduct a Tap Day ceremony directly after this meal. Forms will assemble with form officers and advisers at one thirty."

THE Head spoke the sonorous Latin words of grace, and the meal began. Once more Herbie paid scant attention to his food and the conversation around him.

He wondered how hard Hammurabi did paddle, and then put the thought away as unworthy of a fifth-former, a soccer captain-elect. There was something scrimy about turning down Ham. You went through all the glory of being tapped and then let the Ham boys know discreetly that you weren't going through with it. But it was a big thing, a big decision, and he hadn't really thought about it, not *thought* the way the Old Man meant when he talked about looking at all sides of a problem. This was all happening so fast. Did the Old Man know things happened like that? When he'd talked with Herbie about serious things, all-sides-of-a-problem things, he'd been talking about his own kinds of problems, about lawyers' thinking or religion or things like that. Something like this happened too fast to think about. And anyway the Old Man would be proud of Ham, even prouder than Herbie. So would Herbie's mother and Nancy and even aunts and uncles and such.

You don't have time to think about it, but then again you've been thinking about it ever since you found out there was such a thing as Ham, ever since you were in first form and trying out for midget soccer and proving what kind of a guy you were. But you proved that anyway.

"You finished?" Bessie, the Negro waitress, was asking him, incredulous at his still-heaped plate. Herbie guessed he was. Bessie replaced the plate with another containing a palish fruit compote.

Had there ever been guys who just didn't go to Tap when they knew they were going to be tapped? Herbie wondered. He couldn't remember hearing of anything like this. Two or three years ago, when Bud Landenhaus had been in the infirmary with a cracked spine after the Hammond Academy game, the whole Hammurabi Society had marched to the gym and Dan Match had been allowed to go into his room in the infirmary and tap him there.

But then they had all thought Bud was going to die—not that he wouldn't have been tapped anyway. They wouldn't hunt somebody down just because he wasn't in the line-up; Ham officers wouldn't go looking through dorm rooms, or look behind the vacant stands on the football field, or beat the bushes around the gym, or send runners and scouts down to Hymie's Hot Dog Stand on the road to town, or peer under the lavatory doors. It was sort of a funny picture—Brad Brown looking carefully into the broom closet in the basement at McGinnis. Herbie laughed.

"What's funny?" Bobby Schaeffer asked him. Both Bobby and Rat were looking at him peculiarly. Herbie blushed, a reflex he had never been able to conquer.

"Nothing," he said. "I was just thinking."

"Snapped his cap," Rat said. "Sad case. I knew the poor fellow well. Battle fatigue. Put in too many hours of Marrow's French without being relieved."

"A definite psycho," Bobby agreed. "Just humor him till I can get in touch with Herr Doktor Fietlebaum." They dragged Herbie from his seat. Lunch was over. The three of them wrestled out of the dining hall, bumping M. Robinet, the senior French professor, and earning a sharp reprimand.

THERE was still almost half an hour to kill before Tap formation. Herbie got away from Bobby and Rat outside the dining hall and strolled aimlessly across the main quad to Dilworth. The fresh green grass was dotted with students. There was a disorganized game of touch going on in front of Brill House. Lower-formers were wrestling, shooting marbles, playing mumblety-peg in front of Nevin. A knot of seniors, all Ham guys, were sprawled around Russ Sample's new convertible—beautiful young men in serious discussion.

Herbie found his room empty and slumped down on his cot, loosening his tie. He felt as if he ought to be doing some thinking, but what was there to think about? Thinking about Hammurabi was like thinking about Why Are We Born? Bucky Bolton, the Shrewsbury athletic director, speaking once at a St. Andrew's meeting, had touched upon that latter subject. "If a fellow was to sit down and think about a question like that seriously," Bucky had said, with the disarming man-to-man directness that fitted his position, "he'd probably just go stark, raving mad. Unless he happened to be one of those philosophers." And he laughed good-naturedly to show that he knew there could be no philosophers present in the healthful good-fellowship of the Shrewsbury community.

Instead of thinking, you could look over the room, which was, after all, three years of your life, almost a fifth of your life: the Yale pennant and the Princeton pennant (upside down for a gag) and the photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Warren and Mr. and Mrs. Russel and Nancy and Bummy's crazy girl Bootsie; two mission desks, Herbie's with the stiffly informal picture of the soccer team on the steps of the gym; a funny-colored paperweight of fused earth or sand from Los Alamos that Herbie's mother had bought him in New York; heavy blue spreads on both cots, the Shrewsbury seal in the center of each; his and Bummy's community bookcase, with God's Little Acre, and I, Claudius, and the Revolt in the Desert, and The Wooden Horse, and a jumble of paper-backed quarter books and textbooks and a battered dictionary and I, Claudius, and the 1948 Information Please Almanac, and Bummy's sex book tucked behind the others.

There were a lot of things in that room, a lot of Herbie and a lot of Bummy and a lot of Herbie and Bummy together.

Bummy came into the room. "Hiya, mopey," he said. He dumped a pile of books on his desk, and picked up the ones he needed for his afternoon classes. "Coming to the orgy?"

"Lead on," Herbie said. He got up from the cot, looked in the mirror and ran his fingers through his hair. "Lead on, MacRussel." The two of them made their way to the white-columned front porch of Dilworth and allowed Roddy Gregor, the fifth-form president, to heckle them into the double-filed formation that was taking shape before the dorm. There was a lot of giggling, nudging and confusion.

"Okay, now," Roddy said clearly as the sixth form marched past them. "Ready—*hup!*"

There was always something pretty exciting about marching, even without music—marching to commencement, and down to the field for Tri-State Conference games, and for Ham Tap or for a memorial service for a kid who'd died in school or for the dedication of a new building. It always seemed to be sunny on the days you had to march. Herbie caught himself out of step and corrected his stride. "Clumsy ox," Bummy said, and tried to trip him.

"No clowning," said Mr. Mason, patrolling the wavering lines.

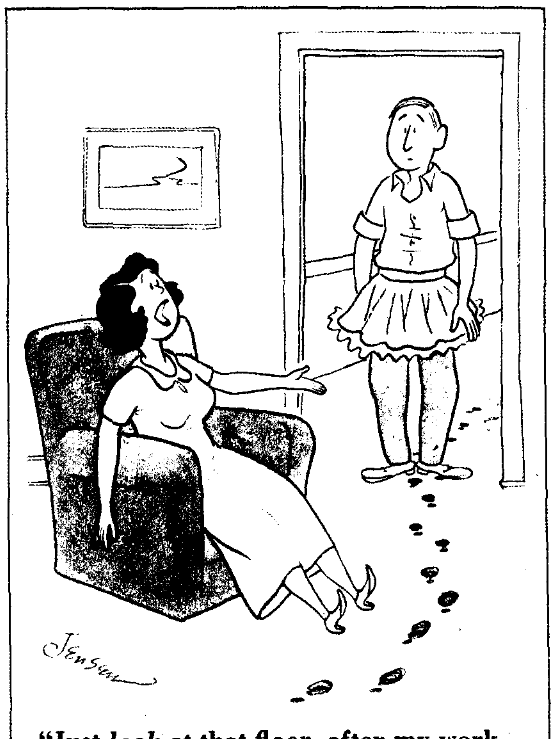
THE rest of the school was already drawn up, to either side of the two upper forms. The sixth and fifth fell into place, stretched out into a single line of almost a hundred boys. Somewhat apart from the students was the usual knot of faculty members, faculty wives and children.

Ever since first form, Ham Tap had had a funny sort of exalted quality for Herbie. Every Tap Day, every time he had stood in formation, both as just a kid and as a potential Hammurabi-ite, he had had echoing in the back of his head scraps of heroic music and martial verse.

Bummy nudged him. "Here they come!" Bummy said.

Around the corner of McGinnis, the small group of dignified Hammurabi men appeared. They were supposed to have a conference behind McGinnis just before tapping, maybe to rule somebody out at the last minute, to make him wait for another Tap Day if he were the kind of guy who had to be tapped, or to make a last-minute decision to tap somebody earlier than had been planned.

Bob MacNeal and Steve Willard were at the head of the group. Behind them came twenty others of the chosen—captains, leaders, letter men all; stern and intelligent and responsible. The Hammurabi group marched precisely to the center steps of McGinnis, halted, and formed a loose huddle. The huddle released Bradley Brown. He walked stiffly to the far end of McGinnis, made a sharp military turn, walked down the side of the quadrangle past the lower forms, made another sharp turn, and



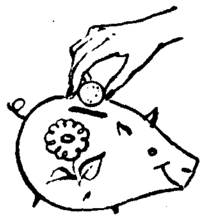
"Just *look* at that floor, after my working *so* hard to get you to scrub it"
COLLIER'S CHRISTIAN JENSEN

# Know why Kleenex is your best buy in tissues?

KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

**Perfect balance.** Of course you want a *soft* tissue—a *strong* tissue. *Kleenex** has the "just right" combination of softness and brawn. (Thanks to a special process.) And each tissue is perfectly *uniform:* always the same top quality you can depend on for every use from colds to makeup removal.

**Pure...so lint-free.** Only finest ingredients go into Kleenex . . . from pulp to package. Pure cellulose fibers, with absolutely no ground wood. That's why you won't find weak spots or hard particles in this tissue. And test after test proves Kleenex freer from lint. Won't aggravate sore noses.



**Saves as it serves.** No other tissue has the handy Serv-a-Tissue box. With Kleenex you pull one double tissue at a time (not a handful). Ends waste—saves trouble, saves money. So don't take just "tissues." Insist on wonderfully soft, strong Kleenex—your best buy in tissues.

KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

***Saves tissues***
***Saves money***

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Throw Away NICOTINE*

Switch to MEDICO FILTER PIPES

Box of 10 filters—10¢

*When filter turns brown—in Medico Pipes or Cigarette Holders—throw it away, with the nicotine, juices, flakes and tars it has trapped. Insert fresh filter for cooler, cleaner, dryer, sweeter smoking.

**MEDICO V.F.Q.** (Very Fine Quality) Pipes of fine selected imported briar. With 10 filters – $2

**MEDICO MEDALIST** Just Introduced! Pipes of the choicest imported briar. Splendid value—$1.50

Wide variety of styles and sizes. Write S. M. Frank & Co., N. Y., for Booklet C

MEDICO CIGARETTE HOLDERS—$1

JUST A FEW DROPS OF 3-IN-ONE! NO MORE SQUEAKY DOORS!

3-IN-ONE OIL

P.S. You'll find hundreds of household uses for handy PLASTIC WOOD

THANKS DR. EDWARDS' FOR HELPING HIM LICK CONSTIPATION

the annoying, TRANSIENT kind!

Frederick Roloff, Jr., a handsome, capable businessman of Cambridge, Mass., writes: "For years Dr. F. M. Edwards, an Ohio physician, successfully relieved patients bothered with constipation and its headaches, lack of pep and bad breath with his Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. I always rely on Olive Tablets because they are *so mild* yet thorough in action. They never gripe."

Note: Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are strictly *all vegetable*. They clean waste from the entire intestinal tract and give more *natural-like* bowel movements. Only 15¢, 30¢ a box.

then he was walking briskly along in front of the fifth- and sixth-form line-up, to the end of the line and then back again, more slowly.

He put his hand out and touched Sam Bates on the shoulder; Sam Bates—basketball, baseball, possible baseball captain, certain form officer next year. There was a burst of applause, quickly thinned in the crisp spring air, from the lower forms. Sam stepped out of line and followed Brad back to the Hammurabi group. He was placed a little away from the group, by the Class of 1938 ivy. The Hammurabi men went into a huddle again.

But everybody knew Sam would be tapped, Herbie thought. Just like everybody must know I'll be tapped—if not now, some Tap Day soon. I'll be tapped because I'm captain of soccer and probably going to be president of Dilworth. And I'm going to be president of Dilworth and captain of soccer because I'm the kind of a guy who'll be tapped. But I'm already that kind of guy, so why do they tap me?

Bummy whispered, "What if sometime they tapped a wrong guy? You know, made a mistake. Would they go through with it, d'you think?" He smothered a laugh.

The huddle broke again and Russ Sample emerged from it, walking with the same deliberate pace. He put his hand on Tom MacDonnell's shoulder. Tom was basketball captain. Five people away you could see Tom blush. There was applause, and Tom and Russ walked back together. Outside the new huddle, Tom and Sam stood nervously side by side, not speaking, by the gray-green ivy.

This time Ed Turner came out of the huddle. It must be for me, Herbie thought. It was Ed who had tipped him off, and Ed was soccer, too. Ed passed Herbie on his first trip up the line and Herbie tried desperately to control his expression, to keep from looking at Ed—no, to look at Ed, but to look at him exactly as he had looked at Brad and Russ Sample. Ed walked back past Herbie and reached forward to touch Denny Roach's shoulder. Of course it would be Denny. Denny had a football letter and was vice-president of the day students, and would be president next year.

Herbie felt a sudden tightness in his stomach. How many taps would there be today; how long would they draw it out? Or had he been cut at the last minute, at that conference behind McGinnis? There *were* people who didn't like him.

THERE were three more taps, all predictable. Then Brad Brown was doing the honors again. He walked up the line and came back, and suddenly he was standing directly in front of Herbie, his hand on Herbie's shoulder, his frozen, correct face moving to say, "Herbert Warren."

And Herbie simply stood there. Brad removed his hand and turned to walk back. And Herbie simply stood there. Clapping began from the lower forms, then faltered. With a peculiar relief, Herbie found himself thinking that the whole thing was ridiculous. Why it was ridiculous wasn't clear in his mind, but the fact that something as predictable as Hammurabi meant nothing was clear to him. Why, even those high-school fraternities the Drum hollers about make more sense than this, Herbie said to himself. Why should I go into Ham to prove I'm the kind of a guy I am when everybody *knows* I'm the kind of guy I am?

It was so simple probably nobody had ever thought of it before.

Brad Brown had turned and come back. Brad Brown was back in front of him, touching his shoulder a little more firmly, almost gripping it. "Herbie," he said. "Wake up, jerk. You're being tapped."

Scattered applause broke out again from the lower forms and died again when nothing happened. Brad tugged at Herbie's shoulder, and Herbie shifted his feet.

"No, thank you," Herbie heard his voice saying clearly to Brad.

Brad continued to tug. "You can't do this," he said. Herbie reached up and removed Brad's hand. "No, thank you. Get it?" he said, and this time he knew he was saying it. "No, thank you. Now go away." He could hear Bummy giving a muted whistle beside him. Brad looked as baffled as the bad guy in a Saturday-matinee Western.

Brad put his hand back and tried to tug again, then gave up. He walked back toward McGinnis, much of the briskness gone from his stride. It wasn't until he was halfway past the lower forms that anything happened. Then there was clamorous applause—not for Herbie, not for Ham, not for anything but the excitement and novelty of the event.

Brad broke his stride and cut directly across the corner of McGinnis Quad to the assembled Hammurabi members. There wasn't even an orderly huddle. Bob MacNeal seemed to be saying something, and Ham formed ranks and walked, followed by the five pledges, to the back of McGinnis. All forms broke ranks.

Bummy was pumping Herbie's hand. "Talk about exclusive, man—you really showed them! And you never gave me an inkle. Me, your roomie. Herbie boy, I love you. All those stuffed shirts. And Brad Brown. Oh, brother. I love you, Herbie, I love you!"

THERE were other slaps on the back. It seemed as if the whole fifth form and most of the sixth were around him. He could see Mr. Mason approaching. "Oh-oh," Petey Barnes said. "Break it up."

"Well," said Mr. Mason, but his voice was friendly, "if it isn't the young Tito. I'm sorry to stop the demonstration, but class bell's due to ring any minute."

Herbie stammered, "Oh, sure, Mr. Mason. I uh—I just don't know what happened."

"Don't backtrack," Mr. Mason said with some severity. "It was quite entertaining and long overdue, but don't let it go to your head." He slapped Herbie's shoulder.

Herbie dog-trotted to his room to pick up his geometry book. So I'll be late, he thought, hearing the bell ringing from McGinnis tower. So I'll be late and Mr. Emmer'll crack wise. So what?

The blue geometry book was on top of his desk, but he didn't pick it up right away. He had to catch his breath, and he was winded from more than running. What had happened to him five minutes ago? How was he going to explain it to the Old Man and to Mother and to Nancy—my God, to Nancy. The bell stopped ringing and Herbie forgot his breathlessness and picked up the book. The halls of Dilworth were deserted and he loped out the front door, cutting through the rhododendron bushes toward McGinnis.

What'll I say to people? Nancy'll think I'm crazy. And Dad. And everybody. How can I explain something I don't understand myself? All in one second he had kicked in the face everything he'd been going to Shrewsbury for.

He ran head on into the Drum, who steadied him petulantly.

"You might look where you're going, Warren," the Drum said. "Oh, yes, Warren."

HERBIE shrank beneath the innocent gaze of the headmaster. The Drum was all right, Herbie guessed, but you never saw the Drum about anything pleasant. And he was so serious.

"Yes, sir," Herbie said. "Excuse me, sir. Late for class."

"That's scarcely my concern," the Drum said.

Cripes, was he going to be sarcastic? On top of everything else.

"You can spare me a moment," the Drum said. "Since you're already late."

"Yes, sir," Herbie said.

"I don't intend to inquire into your motives, Warren," the Drum said. "I think I know you well enough to know that they were not frivolous."

"No, sir," Herbie said.

"I think, on the whole, your action may have a very salutary effect on certain elements of the school which have come to take themselves a trifle too seriously, shall we say?"

"Yes, sir," Herbie said.

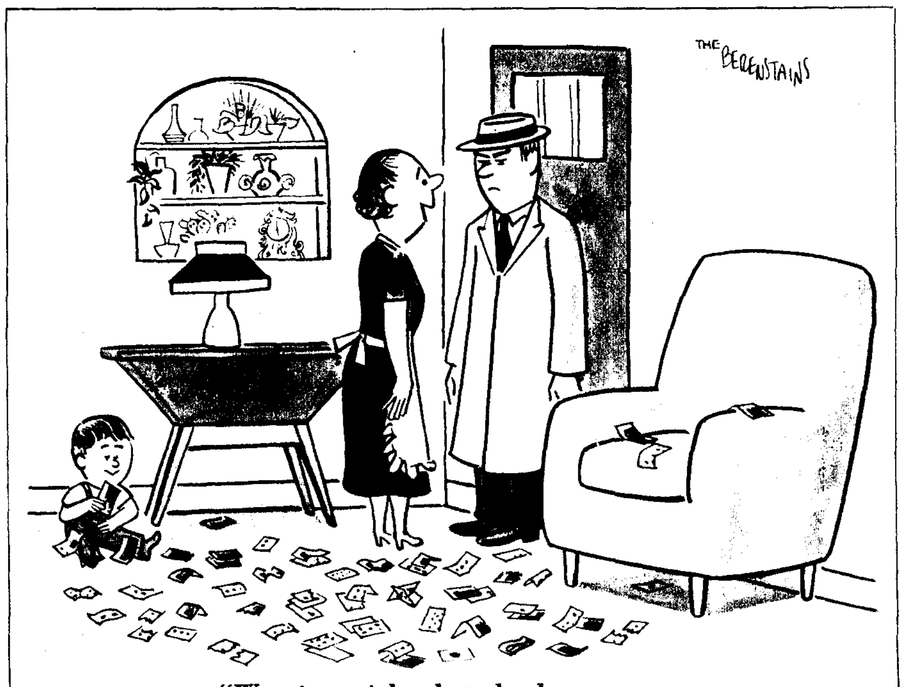
"I think, however, that I should give you some advice, Warren," the Drum said. "I hope you realize that you have not avoided responsibility; you have assumed it. In scorning Hammurabi—an excellent institution in its way and within limits from which it tends to stray—you have appointed yourself to a position of considerable trust and importance at Shrewsbury. Remember that, and live up to it. That's all, Warren. You may tell your master that you were detained by me. That should at least arouse speculation." The Drum laughed.

Herbie was still uncertain about what was happening, but he was beginning to realize that his action had brought him more admiration than contempt. "Thank you, sir," he said. "I really mean it. Thank you, Mr. Drummond."

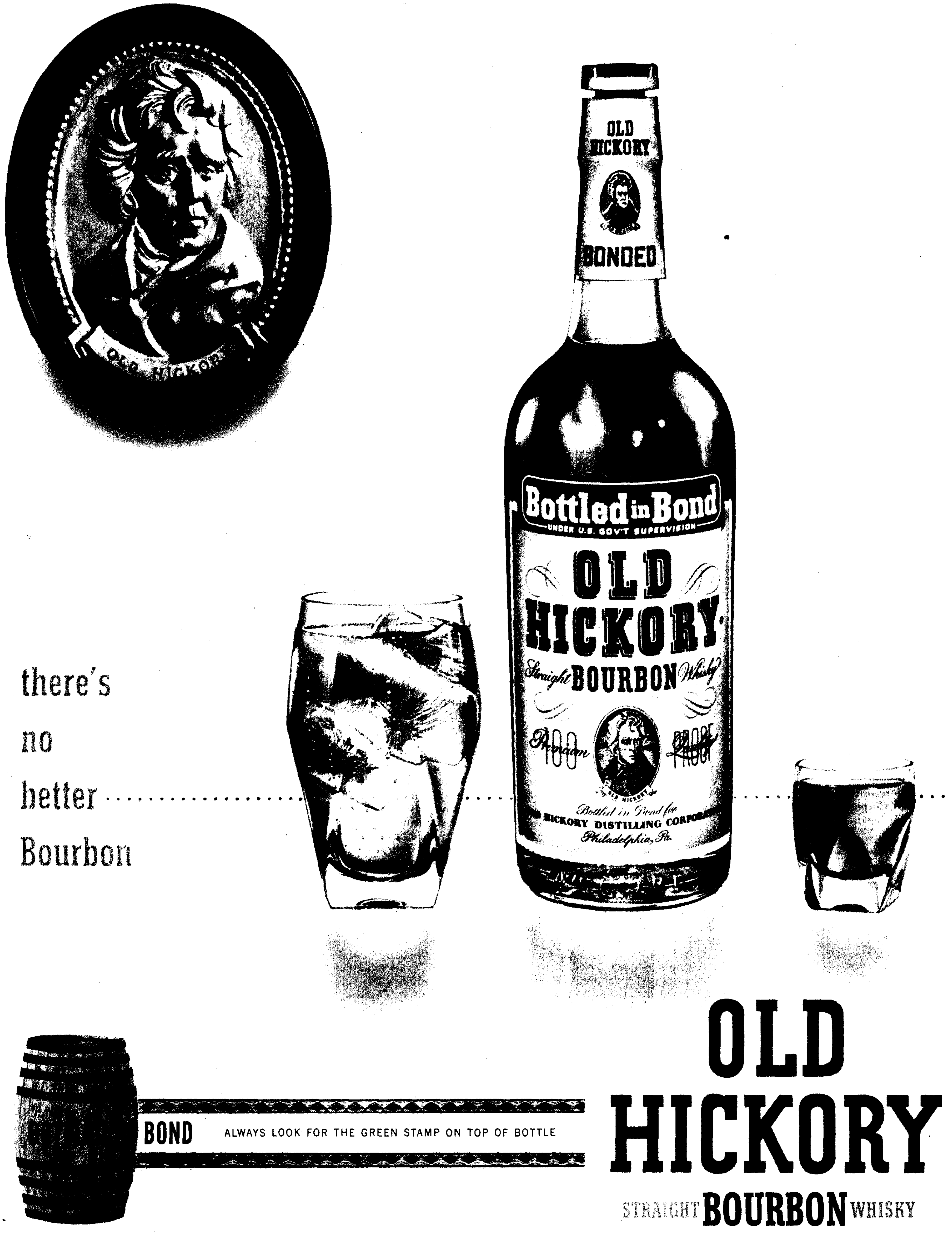
The Drum allowed his smile to broaden. "It has just occurred to me, Warren," he said, "that of all the men at Shrewsbury Hammurabi would like to paddle, you are, as of today, top choice. And all because they can't get you."

Herbie laughed, too.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Was it tonight that the boys were coming over for poker?" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

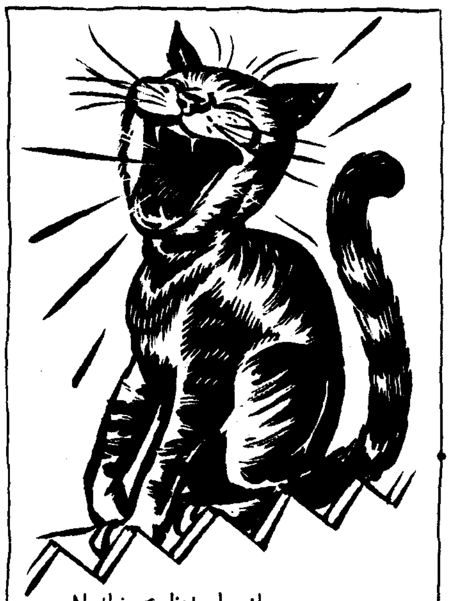

OLD HICKORY
OLD HICKORY
BONDED
Bottled in Bond
UNDER U.S. GOV'T SUPERVISION
OLD HICKORY
Straight BOURBON Whisky
100 Premium PROOF
Bottled in Bond for
HICKORY DISTILLING CORPORATION
Philadelphia, Pa.
BOND

there's
no
better
Bourbon

BOND ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GREEN STAMP ON TOP OF BOTTLE

OLD
HICKORY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • ALSO AVAILABLE IN LESSER PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLING CORP. • PHILA., PA.



Nothing disturbs the man who sleeps in PLEETWAY PAJAMAS

**FREE:** "How To Sleep Blissfully." Get this doctor-approved booklet and name of nearest dealer. Write PLEETWAY, 350 5th Ave., N. Y. 1, Dept. C5

most everyone prefers a V-M tri-o-matic*

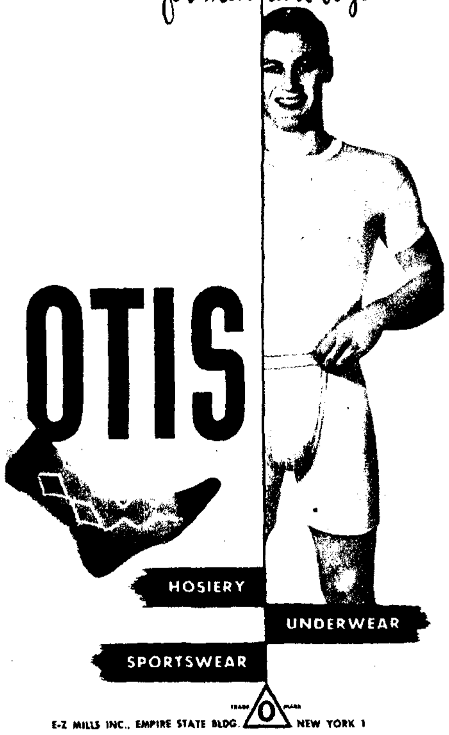
Add Music to your summer fun with a

V-M tri-o-matic PHONOGRAPH

Plays automatically all records, all sizes, all speeds—and shuts off after last record plays. Simple, one-knob control . . . superb amplifying system . . . plugs into any AC outlet . . . ask for a demonstration at your radio-record dealers. Mf'd by V-M Corporation, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

*the "phono" in most top-brand radio-TV-phono combinations

for men and boys



E-Z MILLS INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG. NEW YORK 1

# Rudolph Halley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

among legal documents unearths a fact that may help pry information from a witness, his mind clamps onto the detail like a steel trap.

Costello was startled to find Halley hammering at such an obscure and all but forgotten detail.

At 3:00 A.M. that day, Halley had been grinding through a 45-page document of Costello's answers to questions put by the New York Alcoholic Beverage Control Board a dozen years before. On the final page was Costello's own statement that he had a rumrunner partner by the name of Harry Sausser.

Where had Halley seen that name before?

He had seen it three weeks before in Costello's naturalization application. But there the racketeer had said Harry Sausser was a "real-estate man."

Was Sausser a rumrunner, or was he a real-estate man? Had Costello lied in his naturalization application?

Halley hammered at the uncomfortable witness until the racketeer took refuge in the answer:

"I know a lot of Saussers. Maybe three."

When Halley moved in for the kill with questions as to the whereabouts of these Saussers, Costello, on the ropes, asked for and was granted a recess.

### Setting Stage for Last Act

Halley began to set the stage for the New York hearings 40 days before the curtain went up. With the turbulent Kansas City and Chicago hearings behind him, he returned home to New York City last Christmas to gather the raw material and sketch in the action for the final act of the crime drama. Halley, twice divorced, lives alone in a three-room furnished apartment on East Forty-eighth Street.

From his sixteenth-floor terrace, the crime prober looked out at the lighted towers of mid-Manhattan, at the Waldorf-Astoria where Frank Costello has his daily shave and breakfast, at Manny Wolf's on Third Avenue, where the town's sporting life likes to gather.

Below, under the dancing lights, wound the East River, on down past Brooklyn, where Murder, Incorporated, once produced so many corpses that it maintained its own funeral parlors to handle them.

To the north huddled Harlem, from whose tenement dwellers policy racketeers yearly extract several million dollars. Before the challenge of the big city, Rudy Halley, last Christmas, felt lonelier than at any time in his life.

"New York had been sublimely unconscious of everything our committee did," he recalls. "The papers had given little space to it."

Could Halley make a dent in the Big Town's tough hide?

There wasn't much time. Halley had little more than a month to cover the whole crime landscape. To save precious hours fighting New York traffic, Halley holed up in his apartment and called for help.

First to come was an old friend and investigating partner, Louis E. Yavner. A commissioner of investigation under the late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, Yavner had helped Halley expose gangster Waxey Gordon's dealings in federal surplus war assets during Truman Committee days. And he knew the seamier side of big-city politics.

"Louis," said Halley. "I've never been in politics here. I don't know the lingo and I don't know the people."

Yavner called two newspaper friends who brought to the apartment their paper's complete "morgue" of clippings on Frank Costello and Joe Adonis.

Through the crime prober's apartment during the next two weeks streamed men who know the Big Town: lawyers and judges versed in the city's back-room politics; specialists on policy and bookmaking from the offices of District Attorneys Frank S. Hogan (Manhattan) and Miles McDonald (Brooklyn); federal experts on narcotics, income-tax evasion—and the dread Unione Sicilione or Maffia.

### Links With the Underworld

From crime-cramming sessions that began with breakfast at 7:00 A.M. and ran to supper at 2:00 A.M., the sleepless Halley distilled a half-dozen "targets"—the underworld's links to New York City politics, the bookie and policy rackets in New York and the gambling casinos in New Jersey, the drug traffic in Harlem and the violence on the water front.

"The secret of a successful investigation," says Halley, "is the boiling down of thousands of facts, rumors, reports and press articles into an orderly story. It's like putting together a giant jigsaw puzzle."

In New York, there were so many pieces to the jigsaw they threatened to choke the investigation. When Halley deployed five investigators and four associate counsels to bring in background evidence, the supporting documents and staff memos started to pour in. Soon the naturalization and narcotics bureau files, police dossiers, canceled checks and accountants' records reached ceiling-high in the office in the United States Court House at Foley Square where he set up committee headquarters.

A staff man counted the documents. There were more than 5,000.

Halley jammed his brief case with the most urgent of the stuff and locked himself away for 48 hours of cramming. When he returned to headquarters he had the facts in his head. But he did not have them in his hands.

"I needed a man to whom I could say, 'Where's the paper with Anastasia's phone calls?' And—bingo—he'd know where the memo was. Or: 'Where is the grand jury presentment on Erickson?'—and right away, he'd have that."

What Halley needed was a "human I.B.M. machine, a thinking switchboard," as he put it.

He persuaded an experienced lawyer, Arnold L. Fein, to become one. Fein mastered the contents of the documents, a monumental feat of memory, and helped devise a method for locating specific items in a hurry. A sedate man, Fein was a pillar of strength—ever at Halley's elbow—during the New York hearings. When an elusive fact was needed during cross-examination, Fein could reach into his head for it—then hasten to the files and have the supporting document in Halley's hands in a matter of minutes.

When the jigsaw of facts had been assembled, Halley and his men drew a list of 50 witnesses, and were ready for the closed (secret) hearings. The time: 24 days after Halley had come to New York for Christmas. The star at the closed hearings was Costello.

"Costello was very free and very glib during the secret sessions," Halley recalls. "He pictured himself as an honest, decent, clean-living and maligned man. He wanted exoneration, and he was going to help out.

"I took very great care not to disturb his picture with one harsh or untoward question in cross-examination. It was just straightforward questioning in a polite and pleasant fashion."

What Costello revealed in the closed sessions made a success of the subsequent open New York hearings. For it was there that the racketeer disclosed—on the record—relationships with many politicians.

Halley now drew up his cast of characters for the spectacle that millions would witness—the open hearings.

"I planned," says Halley, "to have Bill O'Dwyer testify first. In defending himself he couldn't help talking about a lot of people. It would then be a case of letting nature take its course. Naturally, a lot of politicians whom he'd accuse of being associated with underworld characters would then want to come forward and tell the truth."

O'Dwyer's illness forced Halley to rearrange his stage directions. When the ambassador to Mexico made his dramatic entrance he presented special problems to his cross-examiner.

"O'Dwyer is a very brilliant man," says Halley. "He is an extremely likable guy, and there was no pleasure, no joy in questioning him. Besides, he'd been mayor of New York for five years. He knew much more about the subject we'd discuss—politics—than I could possibly know. And he's master of rough-and-tumble argument. Unless I had the documents at my elbow and could nail down the facts behind every question, he could make me look very silly.

"To make matters worse, it wasn't just a case of spreading facts on the record. We were probing a man's motives, his state of mind—before millions of people. Why was O'Dwyer in Costello's apartment? Why did he associate with that underworld character Irving Sherman? Why didn't he close up gambling in New York? Motives. Motives."

### Spectators Aided Prosecutor

For his encounter with O'Dwyer, Halley put on his blue-serge "going-to-courtroom suit." As Halley dueled with O'Dwyer, the spectators in the television grandstand warmed to the man in the horn-rimmed glasses. They wanted to be relentless prosecutors, too. Telegrams and telephone calls poured in.

"Stop his filibustering, Rudy," a Detroit housewife wired.

"Check the New York Times of July 8, 1948, against what O'Dwyer has just said," a telephone caller urged.

This was more than just a casual caller. Someone who had the low-down was watching.

A staff investigator unearthed a bound volume of the Times and charged in with it to the hearing room. Halley glanced at the circled news article, which revealed O'Dwyer's collaboration with Tammany Hall, and read it into the record as an answer to O'Dwyer.

The examination of another New York witness, Virginia Hill, presented problems, too. But of a different sort.

"Before the hearing," Halley recalls, "she had become hysterical in our office. Every time the boys asked her an embarrassing question, she became hysterical. We feared that she might get abusive on the

**Next Week**

John D. Weaver's Happy New Serial

**THE LOVE MAN**

•

**BASEBALL HERCULES**

By Tom Meany

stand and turn the hearing into a shambles. Senators aren't at their best when confronted with a hysterical woman.

"That's why I was so gentle with her. I had a simple goal with Virginia Hill. I wanted to show the kind of money that racketeers have to throw away.

"We knew she had spent $11,000—almost $2,000 a week—on a six-week vacation. We had every voucher she signed and every phone call she made while at Sun Valley. If I had let out on her and called her a gangster's moll, she might have fought back, and we wouldn't have got the spending into the record. Understatement was a much better weapon with her."

### Little Man Who Wasn't There

But the witness who might have told most wasn't there. He is the shadowy Irving Sherman, being sought by the FBI as this is written.

"He would have been a more fascinating figure than Costello," Halley says. "He had been associated with such gangsters as Lepke and Gurrah. He was an old friend of Costello's—yet a friend, too, of Bill O'Dwyer. When he traveled, a police inspector would drive him to the airport."

Here Halley sighed.

"He had very mysterious connections in Washington. We banked a lot on him. In fact, at one time, Irving Sherman was our number one New York objective."

Despite the reams of newsprint lavished on the New York underworld story, the most significant part has never been told. In New York, Halley found a key with which he unlocked the inner secrets of Florida crime—in the very first few days of the crime investigation.

Florida, in turn, led to Chicago and New Orleans. Here was the first clue to modern mobdom's nation-wide connections and operations.

This is how it happened.

Eleven months ago, when the crime committee was only four days old, Halley—newly arrived in Washington—saw something in his morning newspaper that made him grab his hat and head for the airport. Halley hadn't had time to pick a staff or even to find an office. These could wait. Up in New York, Frank S. Hogan, the district attorney, had seized the accounts and bank records of Frank Erickson, America's biggest bookie.

"Records make an investigation," says Halley. "They can reveal more in a couple of hours than laborious sleuthing can dig out in a couple of months."

Sure enough, the Erickson records in Hogan's office showed the existence of a New York-Florida underworld axis. Even more exciting, the Erickson accounts provided clues to further underworld secrets. They listed the accountants for the plush Florida casinos. These men knew the inside, intimate story.

"If we could nail these accountants and their books," Halley relates, "we would know a lot more about Florida's gambling, its extent, its big shots, how much protection was paid and, perhaps, to whom."

Halley boarded a plane for Miami, pausing only long enough to telephone Senator Kefauver in Washington and urge that the chairman, too, hurry to the airport and head for Florida.

As the plane roared southward through the night, Halley—a worrier—kept scaring himself to death. Suppose the accountants got wind of his coming and took it on the lam? Suppose, when the first subpoena was served, the underworld raised the alarm and began burning precious accounting records all over Miami? When the fretting Halley alighted at Miami at 1:00 A.M., he had a plan.

First, he stayed up the rest of the night to fill out subpoenas for a surprise raid. Then, with the sun coming up out of Biscayne Bay, Halley asked an aide, Downey Rice, an ex-FBI man, to round up ex-G-men who might be living in Miami. By breakfasttime, Rice had roused a half dozen of them. At 9:00 A.M., in Halley's room at the McAllister Hotel, the former federals were sworn in. They armed themselves with subpoenas and synchronized their watches as if for battle. One hour later, at the same moment, they began knocking on racketeer accountants' doors all over Miami and Miami Beach.

Meanwhile, Senator Kefauver had flown in, bringing with him Senator Lester Hunt of Wyoming. That, too, was part of Halley's plan. Unless there was some tribunal to bring them to, the subpoenaed accountants could refuse to part with their records. The closed hearings planned for 2:00 P.M., that day, would provide such a tribunal.

"We hit the jack pot," Halley recalls with satisfaction. "We had the actual operations details of the biggest gambling joints; we had sheets showing receipts—and they were fantastic. Over a million dollars for one casino in a three-month season. We had the breakdowns. How much the 'basic gambling room' took in. How much the 'New York crap game.' We found out how the profits were cut up and even learned who had the hat-check concessions.

"We learned how much went for 'ice' (protection). Eastern and Western gangsters have a different word for it. 'Ice' in Florida is 'juice' in California.

"The records led us to New Orleans and California. We even learned things about Saratoga in upstate New York.

"It was the biggest single break of the whole investigation."

Inspired by this curtain-raising break, Halley aimed for the toughest of all Senate investigations—a "live one."

"There are three kinds," says Halley. "You can simply call experts—crime-commission heads, police chiefs and so on—and have them tell what they know about crime, secondhand. Or you can have investigators on the stand. Or you can do what a district attorney has to do: dig out 'live' witnesses and have them tell their story out in the open. This kind of investigation is so tough there haven't been many in Senate history. But that's the kind I wanted."

Halley turned over his treasure haul of Florida gambling records to staff investigators and ordered them to track down witnesses to back up the documents. Then he flew back to Washington to organize a "live" investigation.

### Shy About Singing in Public

Six weeks of exhaustive digging followed. The investigators got the stuff in Florida. But as they got it, the gangsters took it on the lam. Witnesses would sing in private, but feared to testify in public. Halley had what he needed but couldn't make it come alive on the witness stand.

He hastened again to Florida. At the Miami airport, awaiting Halley's scheduled arrival at 11:00 P.M. were chief investigator Harold G. Robinson and associate counsel Downey Rice. When Halley's plane—delayed by engine trouble—failed to appear by 2:00 A.M. Robinson and Rice went to bed.

At 5:00 A.M. Halley wakened them.

"I'm here," he announced. "Let's get to work."

"Now?" mumbled Robinson sleepily.

"Now," said Halley.

And so with dawn breaking, three weary men sat together in the Columbus Hotel poring again over barrels of financial records that spelled out the Florida rackets story. They had their meals sent up and were still going strong at midnight.

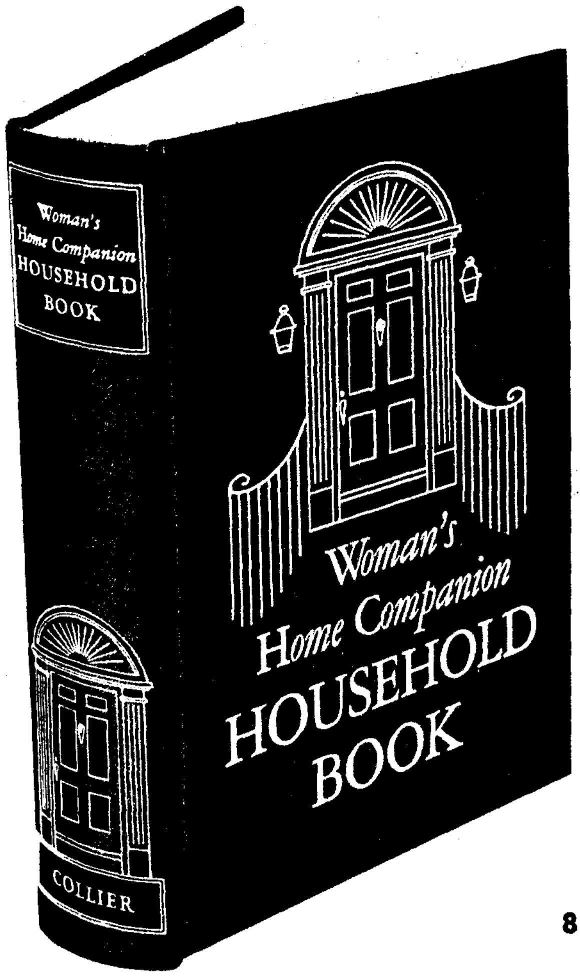
Over the urgent protests of his aides, Halley scheduled open hearings in Miami—to start within three days.

"In three days there are 72 hours," Halley argued. "But of course we'll have to do without sleep."

Halley raced the clock to line up in three days the live witnesses that six weeks of hard work had failed to produce.

One treasure-trove of potential witnesses was the office of Dade County Sheriff James A. Sullivan. Halley crowded a batch of deputy sheriffs into his hotel room and spent

WHY WAIT FOR THAT MORE ATTRACTIVE HOME?


Woman's Home Companion HOUSEHOLD BOOK
Woman's Home Companion HOUSEHOLD BOOK
COLLIER

**1,006 Pages**
**Actual Size**
**8½" x 6" x 2"**

Here in one big, colorful book, *Companion* Experts bring to Homemakers, easy-to-follow advice on the care and repair of those things that make the average home a better place to live in, to enjoy and to be proud of. Merely by undertaking with confidence their suggestions on the ordinary repairs and improvements around your home, you can save, many times over, the cost of this volume.

**"With prices for simple home repairs mounting to fantastic heights, many housewives and their husbands are turning their hands to odd jobs they never thought they knew how to do. All of these homemaking and repairing tasks are fully discussed and described in the *Woman's Home Companion Household Book.*"** THE BOSTON POST

"Bound in tough blue Fabrikoid and profusely illustrated, this attractive book tells the housewife and her menfolk how to keep their home in apple-pie order." CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

**"The *Woman's Home Companion Household Book* gives comprehensive and minute consideration of home maintenance and repair with a view to putting both beginner and experienced householders on their own and freeing them from complete dependence on repairmen."** NEWARK SUNDAY NEWS

"Probably the best of many books on the market on the varied subjects that come under the general heading of home care and maintenance. The *Woman's Home Companion Household Book* is a bride's dream come true. Should serve for a lifetime of profitable reference on any housewife's shelf." THE HARTFORD COURANT

**"The *Woman's Home Companion Household Book* is a comprehensive, well-organized and up-to-date reference book, useful for the experienced as well as the inexperienced householder."** SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS BULLETIN

**An IDEAL and USEFUL GIFT FOR ANY OCCASION**

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY** Col-8

The Companion Homemaker's Book Shelf
Crowell-Collier Bldg., 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Please send me a copy of the "WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION HOUSEHOLD BOOK" for a Week's Examination ON APPROVAL. If I decide to keep it, I will send you $1.95 and $1.00 each month until the total price of $4.95, plus a few cents postage, is paid. Otherwise, I will return the book at the end of one week and pay nothing.

Name....................

Address....................

City.................... Zone.............. State....................

(If you prefer to send your check or money order for $4.95 with this coupon, we will pay the postage. Same return privilege and money-back guarantee if not satisfied.)

most of one night haranguing them about their duty to talk.

No luck.

Another potential source of witnesses was the gambling fraternity—that is, if any could be found. Halley's men had discovered one Leon Gips, known as "Honest Frenchy," who wanted to talk. But Honest Frenchy was so ill with heart disease that the witness stand could be his deathbed.

When the hearing day arrived Halley still had no live witnesses other than the accountants he had bagged six weeks before. In desperation, he ordered his youngest investigator, William Garrett, freshly recruited from a Wall Street law firm, to latch on to the most likely prospect—an ex-deputy sheriff.

"Stay with him, coddle him, rag him, but get him to testify," Halley directed. Garrett, only a few years out of law school, promised to give it the old college try.

Lacking the "live witnesses" he wanted, Halley started—with a sinking heart—the committee's first open hearings.

Hours later, young Garrett burst into the hearing room. "He's broken," he shouted into Halley's ear.

Halley asked for a five-minute recess, extracted the ex-deputy sheriff's story in a few questions, then asked Chairman Kefauver to reopen the hearing.

### Sheriff's Secrets Revealed

The ex-deputy sheriff, R. L. Howden, described conditions in the office of Sheriff Sullivan, who subsequently was indicted, suspended from office by Governor Fuller Warren and reinstated when the indictments were dismissed by the state Supreme Court.

As Howden proceeded to name names, a burly man leaped up in the back of the room. "It's false, it's false!" he shouted.

"Will the gentleman come forward and be sworn?" asked Senator Kefauver in his most disarming manner.

The gentleman turned out to be Deputy Sheriff Thomas G. Burk.

Halley had never clapped eyes on him before, knew neither his name nor occupation.

"So we just started playing twenty questions," Halley recalls.

Halley found that Burk, earning only $35 weekly just a few years before, was now the owner of a home, purchased with $8,000 out of a tin box. He also owned a farm and a new $4,600 station wagon.

That night there was another surprise. Glancing up from his papers, during a hot evening session, Halley looked into the eyes of Honest Frenchy Gips, the bookie.

Honest Frenchy was in bedroom slippers. Overriding the tearful pleas of his wife, he had struggled to the hearing, an obvious fugitive from a sickroom.

"I want to be sworn," he gasped.

Honest Frenchy's story, including the classic line—"I been paying ice for 30 years but never seen the iceman"—gave convincing proof of corruption in Dade County.

Halley hadn't yet obtained the income-tax returns of Chicago's gangsters, and so he didn't know, or expose, the Capone mob's invasion of Miami Beach bookmaking.

But he flew back to Washington happy. He had painted a picture of local gambling and corruption. He had uncovered enough links so that he could now fan out to Kansas City, Chicago and New York.

What's more, he had a "live investigation" going.

The town that gave Halley his most terrifying—and terrified—witnesses, was Kansas City, Missouri.

Members of the Maffia in Kansas City made sullen witnesses at the closed hearings. Yet their grunted answers proved their undoing. One example was a Joseph Di Giovanni, whom Halley describes as the most "lurid character" he questioned.

A scarred man with a disfigured, narrow face, Di Giovanni snarled rather than spoke his answers. Under two hours of cross-examination, his eyes darted furtively like those of a cornered animal, and from his twisted lips came a fantastic story.

"Mr. Cline, will you get the mayonnaise for me? It's just to the right of the penicillin and the aureomycin—behind the immunogen"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"He couldn't read or write a line of English," Halley recalls. "He had hired a notorious Maffia killer in his business. He had been tried (and acquitted) for murder, arrested for kidnaping and sending Black Hand extortion notes. He had been convicted of bootlegging. Yet he headed one of the choicest liquor distributorships in the Midwest—and drew down $80,000 a year from it."

How did Halley get the witness to admit all this?

By digging out the court records and police files that gave the lie to Di Giovanni's closed-hearing testimony.

And yet with all of Halley's triumphs, he and the crime committee did suffer one frustration. Into Chicago Halley poured most of his investigators. There they worked longest. In Chicago, Halley held the most closed hearings—four. And he flew Chicago witnesses to Washington.

### In the Capones' Stronghold

"We knew that Chicago was the crime capital of America, the home of a nation-wide crime organization. Yet we never translated our findings into live testimony as we did in other cities. We exposed the bribery of the police, the wealth of the then district attorney's chief investigator, Captain Daniel A. Gilbert. We linked the Capones to Florida through income-tax returns, and we exposed the Guzik-Accardo invasion of the numbers rackets. But we never smashed behind that awfully thick wall that shields the Capone mob. We just skirted the edges."

The citadel of the Capones proved a headache from the start. For one thing, mobsters Tony Accardo, Little Jack Guzik, the Fischetti brothers and others melted away. Some fled to Central America.

Halley conceived the idea of chivvying the gangsters' families in the hope of prodding "the boys" home. Uniformed cops were placed at the entrance of the plush Sheridan Drive penthouse where the brothers Fischetti (Rocko and Joe) live. (Charlie died recently.) Police took up sentry duty before the swank suburban River Forest home of Tony Accardo for all the neighbors to see. But it wasn't until the Senate issued arrest warrants months later that some of the gangsters were brought in.

And then they wouldn't talk.

Halley devised a scheme for getting part of the mob story into the record anyway. From evidence already in the committee's closed hearings, Halley drew a chart. It showed the interlocking nation-wide interests of the Capone chiefs.

Then with "Enforcer" Tony Accardo on the stand, Halley glared hard into the granite face of the gangster and asked a series of "Isn't-it-a-fact?" questions. They were designed not so much to get information as to drive home facts already put in evidence.

"Isn't it a fact that you and Jack Guzik broke into the S. & G. bookie syndicate in Miami Beach?" Halley would ask.

Accardo would refuse to answer.

"Halley is his own best witness," a gangster mouthpiece complained. "Why doesn't he get sworn and take the witness stand?"

When the committee went to San Francisco last January, Halley stayed behind to direct the New York investigation and so missed matching wits with Arthur H. Samish, the Secret Boss of California, whose unique power was first described in Collier's in August, 1949. When the hearings wound up in Washington last March, Halley let others ask questions so that he could write the committee's final report, a job which Halley tried to do in five days. This was a job of supercramming, following months of cramming, that Halley, for once, couldn't pull off.

He keeled over, and woke up in Roosevelt Hospital in New York. From all parts of the country came thousands of letters. They were more than good wishes for the recovery of an invalid. They were fervent prayers for a crusader. "May God help you cleanse America," was the gist of many. After a bladder operation, Halley left the hospital on April 12th and resumed work on the committee's report.

When Rudy Halley was a small boy in high school, the school yearbook called him a "deep, deep logical thinker."

At the age of eleven, Rudy hit out along a straight line—toward the goal he achieved as one of the generation's greatest cross-examiners.

Born in Harrison, New York, he had been brought to Manhattan at the age of four when his father, a dentist, died. And at eleven he was one of the smallest and youngest kids in Townsend Harris High School, a school for exceptional youngsters.

"The teachers were all professors from City College," Halley recalls. "They took life very seriously, and jammed four years of work into three. In about a year I found out the only way to handle it was by short cuts."

One short cut was cramming.

"I'd do no work at all during the year and then cram it all in about two weeks at the end."

Even though young Halley didn't know it, this was the logical way to train for Senate committees when he would have to ram dozens of documents into his head on the night before a hearing.

### Too Young to Enter Columbia

At fourteen, Rudy Halley, the boy wonder, was knocking at the doors of Columbia University. When he was told to grow up for a year, he went home to loaf. A truancy officer cut this idyl short. Fourteen and no school was hooky to him. Young Halley had to take a high-school postgraduate course.

Columbia let him in at fifteen in 1928. By the time Rudy entered law school, on scholarships, the depression had settled down over the country. It was clear that only the top few of the law-school graduates would get jobs when they got out. Halley graduated in 1934, fourth in his class. He also made the Law Review.

A graduate lawyer at twenty, Halley got his first job—secretary to U.S. District Court Judge William Bondy. Always at Judge Bondy's elbow, ready to look up a point of law, young Halley spent so much time in the courtroom it began to feel like a living room to him.

He studied the great lawyers of the day as they performed in the court. He learned from the techniques of the late Max Steuer and Joseph M. Proskauer. After three years with Judge Bondy, offers beckoned. He could go to Washington with the New Deal at $4,000 a year. Or he could earn more at a job in a private law firm. There was a third alternative: to go into the United States District Attorney's office as an assistant at $2,600 a year, and Halley did, in 1937.

He was soon involved in cases that gave him the two techniques which were to make him famous: dead-pan cross-examination that slices through a witness' bluff to extract the secrets he seeks to hide, and the art of tracing the secret sources of a man's money by starting from the day he had none.

The technique of asking until they say "uncle" Halley first showed in the so-called "vanity publishing" case. One Carlo M. Flumiani, accused of mulcting aspiring authors with promises to publish, made an impressive witness in his own behalf. Like his prosecutor, Flumiani was a boy wonder. A brilliant man, he had won scholarships at Harvard. To his intellect he added other weapons. Every day, he brought his beautiful wife and two appealing babies to the courtroom.

Halley, although new to investigation, was precocious at this, too. Already he had learned how to dig out all the little facts that confront, confound and crumble a guilty man.

Under relentless questions about his naturalization, stock-exchange deals and assumed names, Flumiani wilted. After hours of this the witness screamed:

"Stop questioning me!"

When Halley did stop, the verdict was "guilty."

Halley's other method of breaking a man, even if he doesn't take the witness stand in his own defense, was used on Howard Hopson, the utility-company swindler. While tracing Hopson's money from the time he had none, on through his acquisition of 600-odd electric and gas companies, Halley was learning the method he would later use on Frank Costello, Paul (the Tailor) Ricca and others.

Hopson had erected a head-reeling pyramid of interlocking corporations. At the top were 40 personal corporations, partner-

# "Any way you figure it, THIS makes sense!"

"I'm Jack Connor, owner of the Central Liquor Store in Dover, Delaware. When you're as old as I am, you haven't forgotten what happened in this country between 1919 and 1933.

"Remember? 1919 to 1933 was the Prohibition era . . . the time we tried something that wouldn't work because it was about as democratic as Russia is today. We tried to change human nature by law—and that's a tough job in America.

"All we got trying to enforce *that* law was graft, gangster *killings*, back-alley bootleg dives and dirty, poison liquor. One of the things we *didn't* get was millions in lost tax revenue to Federal, state and local governments.

"It's different today, though, and I can't help but be thankful we finally woke up.

"Thanks to sensible laws the country can respect, I sell pure alcoholic beverages, made in spotlessly clean plants . . . with Uncle Sam supervising every move. It takes thousands of people all over the country . . . from the licensed distillery right down to your neighborhood package store or tavern . . . to make legal sale possible. That means jobs for thousands of people just like me.

"Legal sale has meant a lot of other good things, too. Like huge tax income for Federal, state and local governments . . . *more than any other product pays by far*. Like less per capita consumption than during prohibition, and a lot more *intelligent* drinking, too. Like the rich animal feeds the distillers return to the farmer after they process his grain. They don't need much . . . less than one bushel in a hundred . . . and even that does double duty.

"Any way you figure it, the way we're making and selling alcoholic beverages today is the best way for the government and the people. *This* makes sense!"

Jack Connor's message is sponsored by the producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages. As citizens and businessmen, we stand for the following aims in your community:

- • • *the encouragement of moderation by word and by example.*
- • • *the licensing of only orderly places of business.*
- • • *the strict observance and enforcement of the law.*

**LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.**

155 East 44th Street,
New York 17, N. Y.

We do not want the patronage of the few who abuse the right to drink

*Wonderful in any weather*

**alligator**

the coat you'll live in

*around the clock*

*around the calendar*

No other coat so useful, so practical, so smart! Water repellent or waterproof—at your dealer's—in your choice of weights, fabrics, styles, colors and wide range of popular prices!

Alligator
RAINWEAR

Alligator Travelweight . . . extremely high count lightweight fabric. A typical Alligator value.

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

**Alligator**

**RAINWEAR**

because...IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

**THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES**

La Province de
QUÉBEC
CANADA

Let this booklet be your guide to a delightful vacation in the romantic Province de Québec—where all summer sports are at their best —where you will be welcomed with French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels.

**LA PROVINCE DE**

**Québec**

**Write today for your free copy of this booklet to: The Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.**

**Wigwam Socks**

**Shrink-treated**

**WOOL**

**or Cushioned-fiber**

**100% NYLON**

Tepee
Socks
All-purpose
Athletic
Wool or Nylon
Anklets

*for every* **SPORT**

On the go . . . or just relaxing . . . Wigwam socks will help you get more enjoyment out of your leisure time. Springy, absorbent Wigwams cushion your feet . . . and they're STA-SIZED for long-lasting comfort! At leading sporting goods and department stores.

**HAND KNIT HOSIERY CO., Sheboygan, Wis.**

ships and trusts belonging to Hopson and his two sisters. These, in turn, controlled the giant Associated Gas & Electric system. And this system controlled 600-odd operating companies selling electricity, gas and streetcar transportation.

Somewhere in this maze, government agencies suspected, was buried a huge swindle. For ten years, the Federal Trade Commission, the Department of Justice, the Internal Revenue Department, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Power Commission and other agencies tried unsuccessfully to unravel it.

Halley, working with Hugh Fulton who later became counsel for the Truman Committee, got a grand jury indictment in six weeks.

They did it by rebuilding Hopson's pyramid from the ground up, finding that he took money from one company to buy another. The questions, even though they weren't asked of Hopson, who refused to take the stand, were so searching that the jury had an answer: guilty.

Halley and Fulton are now law partners as well as close friends. Halley says: "Fulton is the best lawyer I ever met." When Fulton became chief counsel for the Truman Committee, Halley went along as executive assistant. And when Fulton resigned as counsel, Halley stepped up.

His first investigation unearthed the evidence that later sent ex-Mayor James M. Curley of Boston to jail, on mail-fraud charges. (He served five months, and President Truman commuted his sentence in 1947.)

In the Truman Committee, Halley ran afoul of Bill O'Dwyer for the first time. As a colonel in the Air Force, O'Dwyer gave a clean bill of health to an airplane-engine company accused of producing faulty engines. Halley and Fulton branded this a "whitewash," and the 10 senators in the Truman Committee backed them up unanimously. This tussle was recalled in a heated exchange when O'Dwyer faced Halley before the crime committee.

In 1945, when the Truman Committee came to an end, Halley, its counsel, was thirty-one. Once again the offers poured in, many from government. Halley made himself a promise. He'd stay out of politics and political jobs for ten years and devote himself to law practice with his friend Hugh Fulton in the firm of Fulton, Walter & Halley. But Senator Kefauver changed Halley's mind.

The Department of Justice had urged Thomas Murphy, subsequently appointed New York City police commissioner, for the post. But Kefauver chose Halley on the recommendation of another noted investigator, New York State Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora, counsel for the famous Wall Street investigation of 1933-34. Kefauver was so happy with his choice that he told Halley last December: "If you leave the committee, I'll no longer want to continue as chairman."

At law, Halley was earning $70,000 yearly. A special act of Congress permitted him to keep this law practice (and income) while working for the crime committee for a nominal $6,000 yearly. (The salary is $17,500, but Halley turned back $11,500 so that the committee could hire several more investigators.)

In his private life, Public Prosecutor Halley is lonely. Twice divorced, he tries to be a family man. He sees his children, Marian, nine, and Henry, six, whenever he can and talks glowingly of how bright they are. "My little girl and boy are much smarter than I was," he says.

His first wife, Grace, says Halley, "is one of my best friends." When Halley is away from New York, she sends him notes about the children. And when Halley visited Truman recently it was with "Grace and the kids." Halley's first marriage lasted 14 years, his second, to Marie Halley, also a friend, one year.

The crime committee was due to expire on May 1st. Halley was swamped with offers to go into the movies, appear on television, write for magazines. They came to $150,000 but Halley spurned them all. He didn't want to capitalize on the fame won with the committee.

Halley is sure the Crime Investigating Committee did a good job, but he says they just didn't have enough time to dig out the most fascinating crime story of all—that of the Maffia criminal supergovernment in America.

"If there had been two years' time instead of just 11 months, and if there'd been a staff of 200 investigators instead of just a dozen," sighs Halley, "we might have learned the truth about the Maffia." THE END

## Give a Man Rope

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

that. Big—everything about her was big, including her tongue. . . .

On Saturday, when the shopping was done, he tied the horses to *Mevrou* Coetzee's hitching post and went into the house with Nella. They drank coffee and ate rusks. *Mevrou* Coetzee said how pretty Nella was, and he said, "*Ja*, she's a *mooi meisie* and ripe as a plum. That is why I need that notice."

"It's ready," *Mevrou* Coetzee said, and she pointed to it.

"What does it say?" Smitty asked.

"It says that it is forbidden to loiter on the road or to move off it under danger of prosecution."

"That will keep the young bloods off," he said. He winked at the widow.

"Young bloods?" Nella said.

"*Ja*," he said. "When they come courting now, they must come right up to the house and no loitering behind trees waiting for my *mooi meisie* to come out to them. No," he said, "mine is a respectable house, and the courting must be done properly in the parlor, with the horse tied onto the stoep."

"But I—" Nella said.

"*Ja*, you," he said, "you have come to an age when young ladies begin to have thoughts in their heads that are beyond making butter and baking bread. Thank you," he said to the widow, "thank you, Selina," and, picking up the board, he went out to the cart.

Nella said, "*Oom*, Jan, what is this about men? There are no men."

"No," he said, "but there will be," and he began to laugh.

"It is not a laughing matter," Nella said, "to say things like that about me. I am a good girl. I do not go behind bushes with men. And besides, there are no men."

"It is the plan," he said. And he laughed till he was doubled up.

THE next day being Sunday, Smitty did nothing. He drove Nella to church and thanked the Lord for delivering the enemy to him in so convenient a manner, and for the length of the tongue He had given to Selina Coetzee.

On Monday morning, by eight o'clock, the board was up and the trap was baited. The board and Selina's whispers would be enough. Jan took his rifle from its place over the kitchen fire and leaned it against the wall of the stoep. Now all he had to do was to wait.

Nella asked him what the rifle was for.

"To enforce the law," he said. "To keep men on the straight and narrow path."

"Men?" she said. "What men?"

"The men who will come after my little pot of gold, my beautiful little maid."

"Uncle," she said, "are you well? Shall I make you coffee and fix you a purge of herbs?"

"You will see," he said, "and I need no purge."

"*Ja,*" she said, "I will see."

He said, "And no going behind the bushes!"

This time she laughed, but she blushed a little also because of the ideas he was putting into her head.

It was a week before anything happened. Then one day, while he was working at his forge, sharpening the teeth of a harrow, Nella came running.

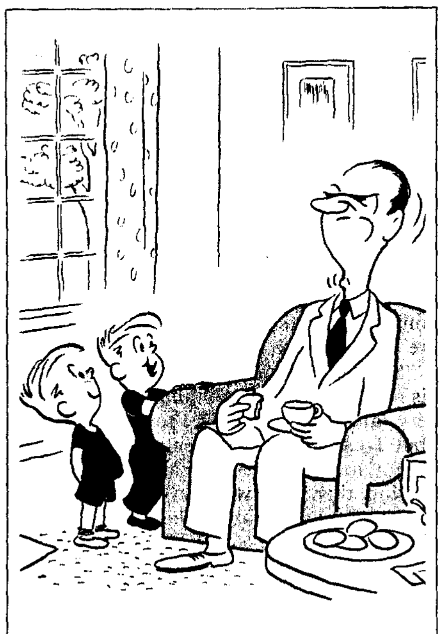
"Uncle," she said, "there is a cart coming with four horses and in it sits Jarrold with another man."

"The bait," he said. "He nibbles like a fish that sees a worm."

"I shall hide," she said.

"*Ja,*" he said. "Hide like a modest maid till I call. Prepare coffee."

He went to the stoep and sat on a bench, with his rifle across his knees. The cart pulled up. A boy got out and went to the horses' heads. The two men got down. Leaning his rifle against the wall, Jan went to meet them. Holding out his hand, he said, "I am Jan Smit."



**"Keep your eye on it now . . . *There* it goes!"**
COLLIER'S EDWIN LEPPER

"Jarrold," the lawyer said.

"*Ja,*" Jan said, "I have seen you in church."

"This is Mr. Fanshaw."

Smit put out his hand. "Come onto the stoep and drink coffee."

He shouted for coffee. Nella brought it.

"Now," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"This gentleman," Jarrold said, "is interested in your farm."

"It is a most interesting farm," Smitty said. "You saw my notice, perhaps. That is why I put it up. The farm is so interesting that I wish to keep it to myself." He picked up his rifle again, stroked the butt, and put it down.

Jarrold said, "Well, it's no use beating about the bush. My client wishes to buy Sterkfontein."

"The farm is not for sale," Smitty said.

"We would pay well."

"It is not for sale. A man does not sell his home."

"Well, perhaps you would sell the mineral rights?"

"Mineral rights? What minerals? There are no minerals here, *Magtig!*" he said. "I made this place. I know every foot of it."

"*Ja,*" Jarrold said, "but under the ground there may be some. It would be a speculation."

"Ah," Smitty said. "You wish to speculate? There is nothing wrong with that."

"Then you will sell the rights?"

"*Ja,* I will sell the rights. But not the farm."

"And we can prospect?"

"No," he said. "No prospecting, no holes, no strangers. If you want to speculate, you speculate."

"And the price?" Jarrold said.

"Ten thousand pounds in gold," Smitty said.

"You are mad," Jarrold said.

"I am of sound mind. I do not wish to sell. There are no minerals. And, what is more, I will only give you a week to make up your minds. I do not wish to be bothered all the time."

WHEN they had gone, he stood on the stoep, with his rifle in the crook of his arm, watching them go. Young Molteno was the man he wanted now, and, saddling up his horse, he rode in to see him.

Molteno did transport work. He was a young man who would make a good husband for Nella. *Ja,* they were as good as married already, only they did not know it. With her married, he'd continue his courtship of Selina—not that she wouldn't jump at him like a fish after a fly in a pond, but there was no hurry about it, and it was pleasant to be called an oak by so handsome a woman, a fine woman who must weigh two hundred and fifty pounds if she weighed an ounce. Frikkie Molteno was easily found, and Smitty put the thing up to him —not the marriage, but the trick he wanted him to play, for this trick was the linchpin that held the structure of his plan together.

"If you want to make some money, Frikkie," he said, "I have a plan."

"*Ja, Oom* Jan," Frikkie said. "I want to make money. Money is good."

"It is good and this is easy. Do what I say and the money is yours—a hundred pounds, maybe."

"A hundred pounds?"

"*Ja.* You will go to the lawyer, Jarrold, and tell him you will bring him two bags of earth from my farm, just where my road crosses the drift, if he will give you a hundred pounds."

"He will laugh at me."

"He will not laugh if you look wise and say, '*Meneer,* a hundred pounds for such earth is cheap—who knows what you may not find in it?' Say, 'With that earth you will have something to show. Surely, with so much at stake, it is worth *speculating* a hundred pounds?' Use that word, Frikkie—'*speculate*'—and watch his face."

"I will use the word."

"But that is not all. He will say, 'How will you get it, since old Smitty sits on his stoep with his rifle in his hand and lets no one halt on the road?' And then you will say, 'I have a plan.' And he will say, 'What do you know about this matter, anyway?' And you will say, 'I know that diamonds are valuable and that before long others will be in the race. Others who will be glad to pay a hundred pounds for the earth. I only came to see you first because you are a good man who goes to church on Sunday.' "

Frikkie said, "I heard something about diamonds."

Smitty said, "And you have an old ox that you are going to slaughter."

"*Ja.* Old Bloom. He is past work now. But what has this to do with the matter?"

"It has this to do. When Jarrold says, 'What is your plan?' you will say, 'I will go over the right of way with my wagon, and when I reach the spruit one of my oxen will fall dead.' "

"Why will it?"

"Bloom will fall dead," Smitty said. "You will see that he does—with poison. At the drift you will stop as if to fix a skey or a strop, and put poison into his mouth so that he falls dead."

"I could not poison Bloom," Molteno said. "He is a good ox. It would be like poisoning a friend."

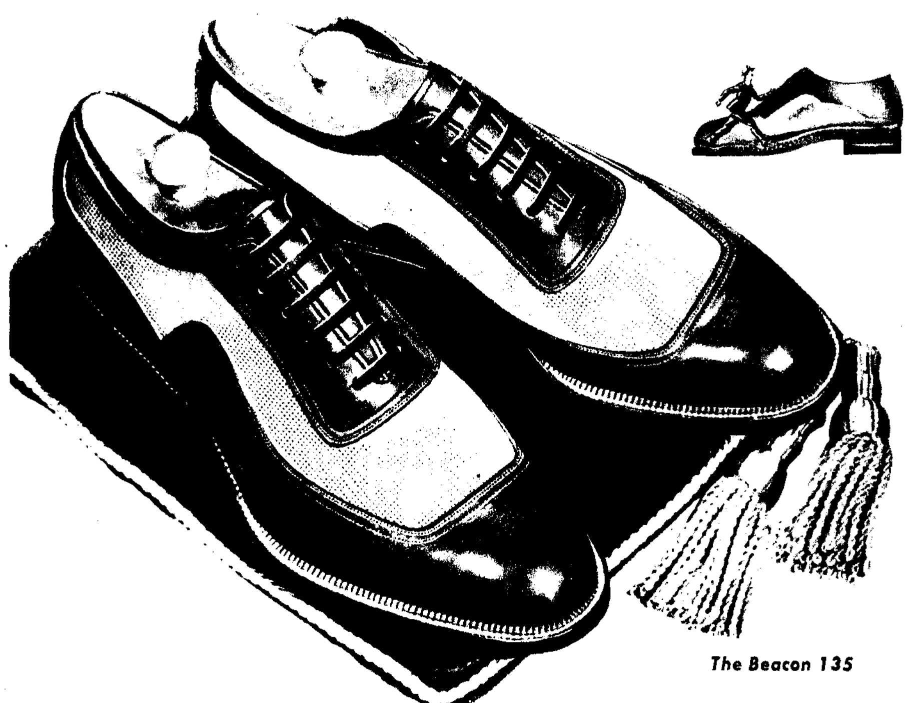
"You were going to shoot him," Smitty said.

"To shoot is different."

"You can shoot him," Smitty said, "but you must tell Jarrold you will poison him."

"That I can do," Molteno said.

"And then you say to Jarrold, 'When he is dead, I will go running to the house and say, "Smitty, one of my oxen is dead by the spruit. He died suddenly and I had best bury him in case he had a contagious disease." ' And Smitty will say, 'Yes, Frikkie,



The Beacon 135

You're two feet deep

in cool 'n cushioned comfort

PATENTED
AIRFILM
SHOES
MID-STATES SHOE CO.
CROSBY SQUARE DIV.

H-50

Airfilm Shoes with nylon mesh. Your feet are air-cooled above, air-cushioned below. A springy layer of captive air cells beneath the insole cushions every step, takes the jar out of walking, provides welcome relief for callused feet. *You actually walk on air.* Look for America's *only* pneumatic-cushion shoes at leading stores, or write for free descriptive folder with sample of Airfilm material. *The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin*

*"Airfilm" is a registered trade mark of Airfilm Corporation*

Holds a **WHALE** of a Lot... Folds Flat as a FLOUNDER!

**The MEEKER 749 Billfold**

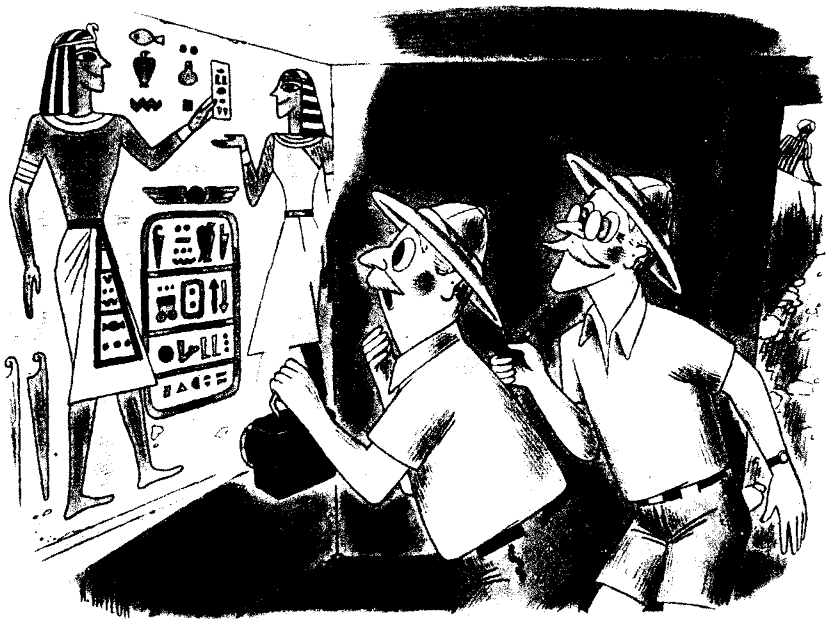
There's oceans of room for currency, checks, etc., in the new MEEKER 749 Billfold — with (shh!) a secret pocket for big bills. And its two handy card pockets carry as many or as few cards as you wish. Streamlined, too, and smartly fashioned in many rich, fine leathers, it's a beauty of a billfold. $6 and up — at Dealers Everywhere.

Patent Applied For

Because of its unique gusset expansion at *both* bottom and sides, it opens up to unbelievable capacity — without bulking.

MEEKER MADE Fine Leather Goods

The MEEKER COMPANY, INC., Joplin, Mo.
New York: 347 5th Ave. • Chicago: 36 S. State St.



"It says:
'American Express Travelers Cheques accepted here.' "

**More travelers are discovering** the convenience and safety of American Express Travelers Cheques every day. They're the most widely accepted cheques in the world—as spendable as cash — *anywhere*. And if your American Express Travelers Cheques are lost, stolen, or destroyed, you get a quick refund.

**Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS,** Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

CONVENIENT AS CASH—100% SAFE

AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

Get this NEW
FISHING CATALOG
only 10¢

32 pages of valuable fishing tips—fishing calendar, casting instructions, etc.

Complete listing of the famous Eagle Claw Hooks and Wright & McGill Tackle, the most complete quality line made.

Send 10c for copy today!

© 1951 W. & M. Co.

WRIGHT & McGILL CO.
Box 7-C4, Capitol Hill Sta., Denver, Colo.

TENDER
TIRED
HOT FEET

SPEEDILY RELIEVED!

For real foot relief, use Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder every day. Gives you a comforting "lift" . . . eases new or tight shoes . . . relieves tender, tired, sore, sensitive feet . . . helps prevent that clammy, burning feeling caused by nylon hose . . . helps guard against infection of Athlete's Foot. Get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder today! Only 15¢, 40¢ at Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores.

Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER

No other laxative
gives you ALL
these advantages–

- DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE TASTE
- GENTLE, EFFECTIVE ACTION
- EASY TO TAKE
- SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC TESTING
- ECONOMICAL–12¢ & 30¢

America's Biggest Selling Laxative!

bury him deep.' When you bury him, you will fill two bags with gravel from the drift. That is the plan."

"It's a pretty plan and I will do it."

"Then, *totsiens jong, totsiens* and good luck."

THE very next day, Jan saw Molteno's wagon coming by. He watched it stop at the drift.

"Nella!" he shouted. "Comb your hair and put on your Sunday dress and the pink kappie I got you."

"*Ja,* I will if you say so, but why?"

"Because I say so—and fast."

He heard a shot in the distance and saw Frikkie running toward the house. It was a long run.

"*Magtig!*" Frikkie shouted when he got near. "My ox is dead—so suddenly I think it may be a plague. What shall I do?"

"Do?—you young rascal. Bury it. Bury it deep and fast. Come, I will get you a pick and shovels and give you two boys."

While the ox was being buried, Smitty told Nella to take coffee and rusks to the drift. In an hour she was back, her face as pink as her kappie.

"What happened?" he said.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing, Uncle. They buried the ox, and Frikkie Molteno is coming to see you tonight."

"To see me?"

"To see us."

"You see what my notice has done?" he said. "It has brought a fine young man to our door. What did he say to you?"

"He said—" She paused. "He said he did not know I was so grown up."

"And nor were you. But now that you are, you cannot ungrow again."

Frikkie Molteno came as he had said he would.

"I got the money," he said, "and I'm grateful to you." He came close and whispered. "Bloom suffered nothing," he said.

"He has the earth?" Smitty asked.

"*Ja,* he has it."

"Good. Then sit with the girl. Pretend it is her you came to see. She must know nothing." He got up and went to the kraals to see his beasts. . . .

"So you're back," Smitty said when Jarrold and Fanshaw came a month later. "What do you want now?"

"We're going to take a chance," Jarrold said. "We're going to speculate."

"You are mad. You are reckless men."

"We're sportsmen," Jarrold said. "It's a gamble but we'll buy."

"Only the mineral rights, remember," Smitty said.

"*Ja,* the mineral rights. Bring the gold, Fanshaw."

He went out and came back with a boy to carry the little bags. It took three trips to the cart.

"The gold," Jarrold said. "Ten thousand golden sovereigns, and we have the deed. I will read it to you."

The deed was plain and straightforward. It stated that Johannes Smit ceded the mineral rights to John Creswell Fanshaw for the sum of ten thousand pounds, to be paid in gold.

"Nella!" Smitty shouted. "Come here!" He put the paper into her hands. "Read it," he said. "Read it aloud."

"You do not trust us?"

"*Meneer,*" he said, "trust is a big word. I trust you, but since I have no letters, and since you drew up the contract, it seems just to me that one of my blood should read it also. Read, girl."

Nella read. It was correct.

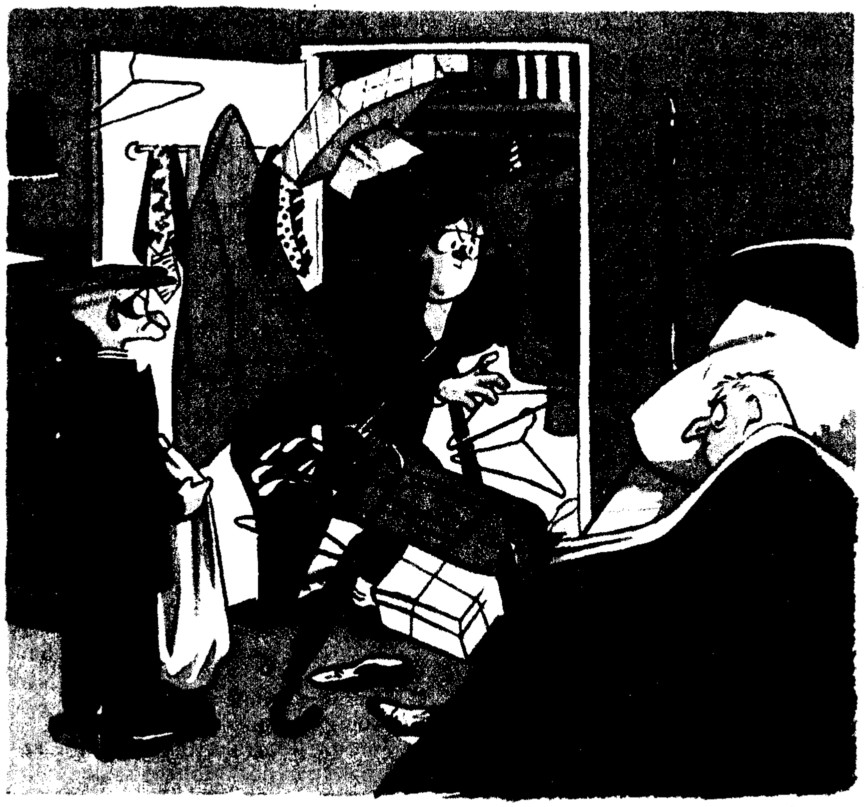
"Now we will count the gold," Jan said. They began to empty the bags one at a time on the table while they counted. Each heap, as he counted it, was pushed into an empty flour bag, except for one sovereign which was kept out as a check. At last it was done. Smitty counted the single coins. There were ten of them. "Ten thousand pounds," he said. "Now I will sign. Bring the quill and the ink, Nella."

"Sign here," Jarrold said. Smitty signed his name, Jan Smit, with immense care, and very large. "I do not like to sign," he said, "but I can see no danger in this. A man taught me to sign," he said. "A stranger passing this way who was held up by a storm. It took almost a day before he was satisfied." He looked at his signature with pride, and drew a thick line under it.

"Now we will sign, with the girl as a witness," Jarrold said.

The others signed.

## BUTCH



"Aw, quit complainin', Butch. If th' guy wants t'hide his valuables in a closet instead of a wall safe, that's *his* business"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Jarrold put the deed into his pocket.

"Now," Smitty said, "we will have a glass of dop. On an occasion like this, one should drink to the success of one's venture, should one not, *Meneer* Jarrold?"

Smitty poured the brandy and raised his glass. "To success," he said. "And now you can prospect, though I doubt if you will find much."

"We are in no hurry," Jarrold said. "It is just that we were afraid someone might get in ahead of us. You can't keep something like that quiet. And now we must be going."

Smitty watched them drive off.

*Ja,* he thought, till we meet again.

THE next day, Smitty put on his best Sunday suit, and told Nella to put on her pink dress and pink kappie. "Like a rose you are, my fair one," he said. "A pink blushing rose."

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"Many things, my child. We are going to the bank with the money which will come to you one day. After that I have some private business to do, but you will be safe enough in Frikkie's hands till I come back."

"Frikkie?" she said, blushing. "Oh that Frikkie! You are going to leave me alone with him?"

"With him and his ma," her uncle said.

"Oh," she said, "you are a very wicked uncle."

"I am a very clever one," Smitty said.

"Uncle," she said, "I do not understand what has been going on—with Jarrold, I mean."

"*Nee*, you do not understand, my child, because you have had other things on your mind, but the plan has worked. It is finished. Only the final nail remains to be driven, and the hammer is in my hands."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, my child, there are no diamonds here. Jarrold and Fanshaw got a sample of soil from Frikkie Molteno, salted it with stolen stones from Swartpan, and on the strength of the sample they raised the money to buy the farm. It is not their money, my child. It is the money of many people who hoped to take advantage of a simple farmer. Nor did they tell these people the price was ten thousand pounds. No, my child. They said it was more—much more—and the difference they put into their pockets."

"How did you know what they would do?"

"I know because I know jackals. It was something Jarrold could not resist. When he knew no one could prospect, he hired Frikkie to get the soil from the drift. When he found nothing in it, he put diamonds into the sample so that they could start a company. Now they will sell out their shares before work starts."

"And what will you do, Uncle?"

"We will go to the police, and they will find stones in Jarrold's possession which he cannot explain."

"And then?"

"And then he will pay the price. Then he will go to work on the breakwater at Cape Town with the others of his kind. The other illicit diamond buyers. *Ja,*" he said, "I knew that if I gave him enough rope, he'd hang himself."

When they reached the dorp, he pulled up at *Mevrou* Coetzee's house.

"I thought we were going to the bank," Nella said.

"I am going to the bank, but first I have business here, and you, my girl, will wait for me at Frikkie's house. If he is not there, wait with his ma, and tell her to send for him. Say that I am coming." . . .

Selina Coetzee was pleased to see him. "You thought you would catch me with my house in disorder and my hair in curlers." She laughed at the idea.

"No," he said, "I have come to take you for a drive. I have something in the cart that you must see. Come," he said. "Put on your kappie and come to the bank with me."

They drove to the bank, and, leaving her, he went in and returned with the manager and two boys.

"There," he said, pointing to the back of the cart.

"What have you got?" Selina asked.

"Gold," he said.

They unloaded the bags of gold. Selina stood by his side while the money was weighed.

"*Magtig!*" she said. "I did not know there was so much gold in the world. And to see it weighed out like potatoes—that is something to see."

"Ten thousand pounds," the bank manager said.

"*Ja,*" Smitty said. "Now we will go back to your house and you will make me coffee."

"You are a masterful man," Selina said.

"And now that I am rich," he said, "I shall be more masterful. There will be no more delays and no more talk. You will marry me, Selina. This is your last chance. If you do not, I will find another woman."

"So it is me who had delayed things? Me, who was a ripe fruit waiting for your hand to pluck me. Me—"

"Make coffee," he said.

"*Ja,*" she said.

He followed her into the kitchen. "When we have had coffee, we are going to the police," he said, "and then to Frikkie Molteno."

"Why the police?"

"To tell them that Jarrold has some stolen diamonds in his possession."

"Perhaps he got them on Sterkfontein?"

"There are no diamonds there. *Magtig*, do you think I have never washed out that ground by the sluit?"

"But you showed me diamonds, Jan. I told—"

He began to laugh. "*Ja,*" he said, "I showed you my little *blink klippies,* and you told my secret. *Magtig,* I love you, Selina. To tell you a secret and not have you tell it again would be like expecting a hen not to cackle when she has laid an egg."

"I only told—"

"*Ja,* the *predikant's* wife, and the sign painter, and the attorney Jarrold when he came to call and asked you about the notice board that was being painted for me. You see, my love," he went on, "that was something Jarrold could not resist. A diamond farm that could not be prospected, for ten thousand pounds. A free gift, almost, from an old Boer who thought he was clever."

"But if there were no diamonds?"

"He put them in for his friend Fanshaw. He got them from Swartpan. Many are stolen there. It would not be the first time a farm has been salted with stolen stones."

"*Ja,*" she said, "I see." Then she said, "And Nella? How does Nella like the idea of your marrying again?"

"She does not know—and she will soon be married herself. To Frikkie Molteno, though she does not know it yet. Even now she is with him. And that, too, I arranged by setting them side by side a time or two, and that, with a young man and a maid, is enough. With older people it might take longer."

"*Ja,*" she said, "it might take years. But we shall make a handsome couple."

"*Ja,*" he said. "You are like wine—you go to my head."

SHE said, "I had many offers of marriage, Jan. I am a fine-looking woman. It would be foolish to be so modest as not to recognize the fact."

"Like wine," he said.

"A fine-looking woman," she said again, "with property in the dorp and money in the bank. But my heart was set on you."

"That was natural enough," he said.

"And I knew, Jan, that if I gave you enough rope you'd hang yourself. *Ja,*" she said, "give a man rope."

"What is it that you said, Selina?"

"I said give a man enough rope, and he'll hang himself. That is what you always said. *Magtig.* I remember the first time you said it, and I thought: What a man. What intelligence, a heart of gold, rugged as an oak and intelligent as well. So few men are intelligent, Jan." THE END

Why So Many Decide To BECOME CATHOLICS

Every week . . . all over the world . . . thousands of people are received into the Catholic Church as converts.

In some cases, they are prominent, even famous people, and newspapers and magazines will interview them to ask: "Why are you adopting the Catholic Faith?" Usually, however, these converts are just average people and nobody bothers to ask them "Why?"

Yet the reasons which prompt the average person to become a Catholic are tremendously impressive. They are worth the most careful study of all who seek the salvation of their immortal souls, and who search for spiritual truth in a world of confusion.

It isn't easy to become a Catholic. It involves more than a mere declaration of faith and regular attendance at a nearby church. Thorough instruction in Catholic beliefs and obligations comes first, and a firm and fervent conviction must be demonstrated. The Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Penance and Holy Communion must follow. And these are only the beginnings of Catholic life and Catholic obligations.

Nobody would undertake to meet such rigid requirements out of mere curiosity, or as a passing fancy. It may be assumed, therefore, that the average person who is thinking of becoming a Catholic has been moved by some strong reasons to feel this way. Is it merely because he has friends and neighbors who are Catholics . . . because the Catholic Church spans the earth and dates back to the Apostles . . . because in the Catholic Church there is unity of creed and worship, authority and a distinctive form of ritual?

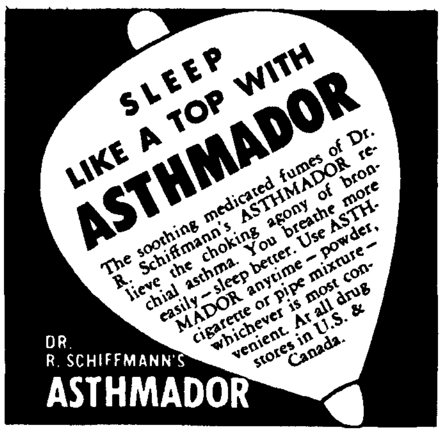
Any one of a hundred reasons may be responsible for the initial interest of a Catholic convert. But what is it that prompts so many of them to investigate Catholic beliefs and teachings, and then say to themselves: "This is it!"?

The answer comes from the lips of numerous average people who were not originally Catholics but are today. They tell in a clear and understandable way what they found when they looked into the teaching, worship and history of the Catholic Church with an open mind . . . and into the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. They answer questions which may linger in your mind in a way which any non-Catholic can easily understand, for they too once stood on the outside and, in some cases, were even antagonistic to everything Catholic.

Free

An interesting pamphlet which you cannot obtain elsewhere . . . describing the experiences of average people who were originally non-Catholics but are now devoted members of the age-old worldwide Catholic Church . . . explaining how and why they became Catholics . . . how and why the Catholic Faith can aid and enrich your own personal and family life. For your free copy, write today, ask for Pamphlet No. C-27.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



SLEEP LIKE A TOP WITH ASTHMADOR

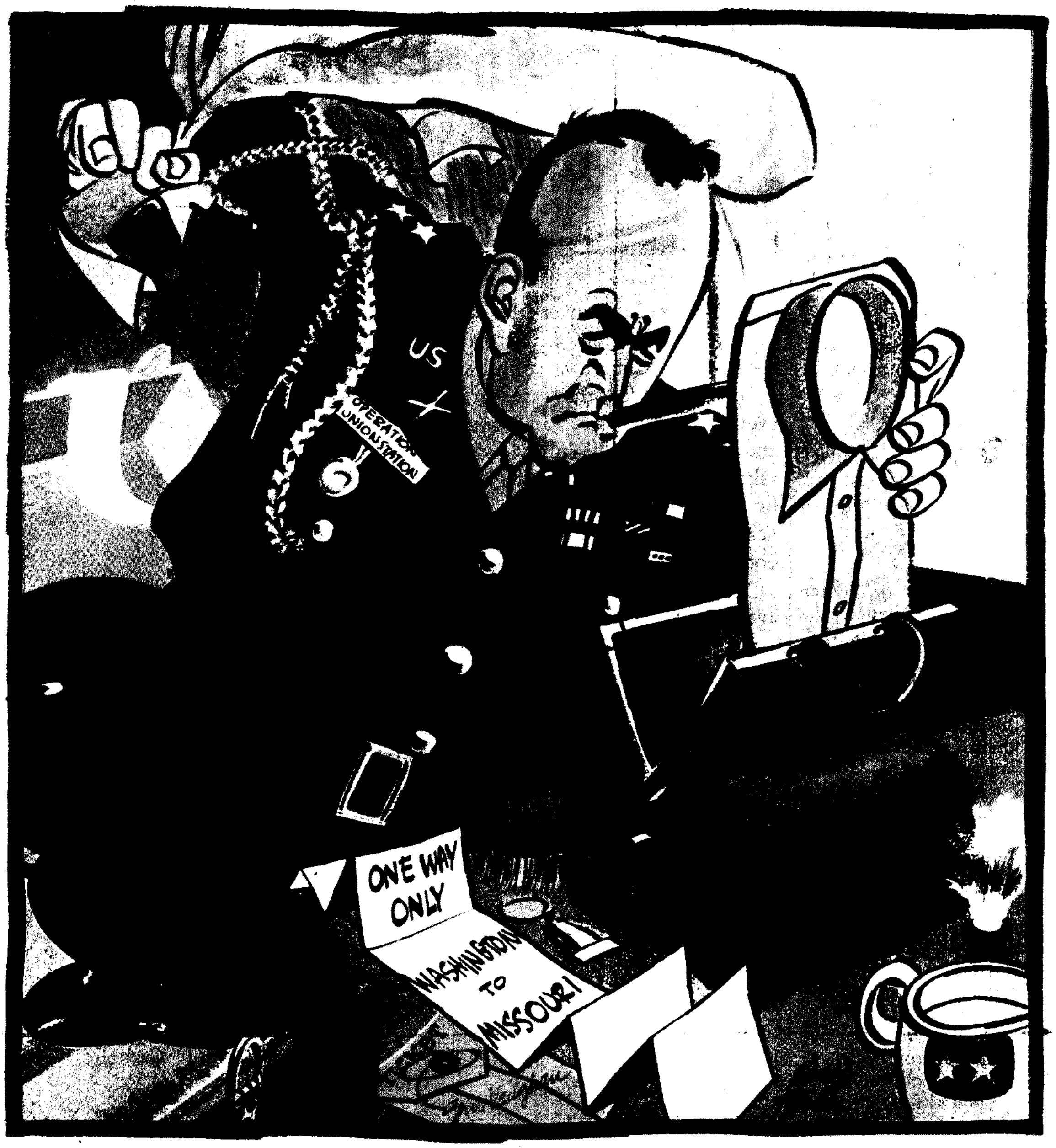
The soothing medicated fumes of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR relieve the choking agony of bronchial asthma. You breathe more easily—sleep better. Use ASTHMADOR anytime—powder, cigarette or pipe mixture—whichever is most convenient. At all drug stores in U.S. & Canada.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S
ASTHMADOR

*Examine this*
MONEY-MAKING PLAN
***without cost or obligation***

Say good-bye to money worries by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, and ALL popular magazines. For money-making supplies, without cost or obligation, ***mail a penny postal with your name and address to:***

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUB. CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



HARRY DEVLIN

# Please Study This, Mr. President

IT ISN'T SURPRISING that this department, along with a great many other people, endorses the general sentiments of Senator Fulbright's recent speech on the need for a moral revival in government. For those sentiments were essentially the same as some which have been expressed on this page from time to time.

We believe, with the senator, that democracy is "more likely to be destroyed by the perversion of, or abandonment of, its true moral principles than by armed attack from Russia." We agree with him when he says, "Scandals in our government are not a new phenomenon in our history. What seems to be new about these scandals is the moral blindness or callousness which allows those in responsible positions to accept the practices which the facts reveal." And we say amen when he declares, "I am unwilling to accept the view that nothing can be done, that the moral deterioration, which is so evident to all, must continue to its logical conclusion, which is the destruction of our free democratic system."

We are somewhat less in accord with his proposed remedy for this moral laxity. Mr. Fulbright suggested that Congress appoint a commission of eminent citizens to define the ethical standards of conduct in public affairs. This seems rather hopeless, for two reasons. In the first place, the proper standards of conduct are already known. And under present conditions there is little chance that the code of ethics would be enforced, even if it were redefined.

The senator didn't name names in his speech. But it is quite evident that the civic and political immorality to which he alluded took place in the realm of those who owe their jobs to Presidential appointment. The jobs range from stenographer to directorship of an agency. And so long as the President approves the behavior of the people who hold them, there isn't likely to be any improvement.

The President's defense of this political prostitution has caused a general feeling of cynicism among his countrymen. And it is our sincere conviction that it has done something else that is decidedly worse. We believe that the moral climate of the White House has infected our whole society. Today, as Mr. Fulbright pointed out, scandals in government are being condoned. We might think of that as we look about us at the many examples of dishonesty and ethical laxity in our national life.

In the last few months, particularly since the Kefauver and Fulbright inquiries, there have been signs that a feeling of public indignation is being added to the prevailing cynicism. This seems to have started spontaneously with individual citizens, and to have developed to a point where it is having its effect on local and state governments and on Congress. But the sentiment for a moral cleanup hasn't penetrated to the White House.

The American people are accustomed to look to the White House for leadership. They expect a certain dignity and consistency from the man who lives there. Mr. Truman, by his unyielding refusal to admit any imperfection in his friends or his administration, has failed to provide a full measure of any of these qualities. He can be statesmanlike at one moment, and at the next he can ignore the political pandering in his own official household, and berate those who call it to his attention.

Through this capriciousness he has lost a good deal of public confidence. His position with Congress has obviously been weakened, and for the same reason.

Now we feel sure that Mr. Truman could remedy this unhappy situation quickly and easily, and at the same time regain a lot of lost prestige. He could do it without the appointment of any ethical policemen. All he needs to do is clean house. And by all means he needs to start with Major General Harry Vaughan.

We think that the American people are heartily sick of the Missouri gang's chief of staff. His arrogant assumption of position and privilege far beyond his status of military aide to the President is an insult to the Presidency and to the nation.

Collier's has been suggesting—to say the least—that the country could dispense with General Vaughan's services since the occasion when he swore at a group of reporters in Washington's Union Station, threatened to withhold "White House favors" from them, and wound up by offering to punch one of them in the nose. We have followed his career through the episode of his efforts to get lumber for a race track during the housing shortage, and through the famous deep-freeze incident. We have read his letter introducing his pal Johnny Maragon to the officer in charge of foreign liquidation of surplus war material in Europe, when Johnny was working for a Britisher named George Dawson. (Dawson, with Johnny's and the general's help, is alleged to have made $100,000,000 reselling American surplus material in Europe.)

And we watched with fascination while a Missouri congressman introduced, and a Missouri President signed, a private bill making the Missouri general's Australian secretary a legal resident of this country, even though the Australian immigration quota was full.

We are tired of reading and writing about General Vaughan. We are tired of General Vaughan, period. He has ceased to be a nuisance and has become a national disgrace, and a symbol of a lot that is wrong with this country today. There are others of the White House entourage who are expendable, but Target No. 1 is certainly General Vaughan.

Mr. Truman has demonstrated that he is not averse to firing generals. He risked and won considerable unpopularity when he dismissed General MacArthur, a man whose military genius the President himself has acknowledged. Military genius is one thing that even Harry Vaughan's best friends wouldn't accuse him of having. Yet MacArthur is out and Vaughan remains.

There is no danger to the national security if General Vaughan is removed. There is no danger of any angry repercussions from the public if Mr. Truman removes him. So, Mr. President, we earnestly request you: Send the general home to Missouri.

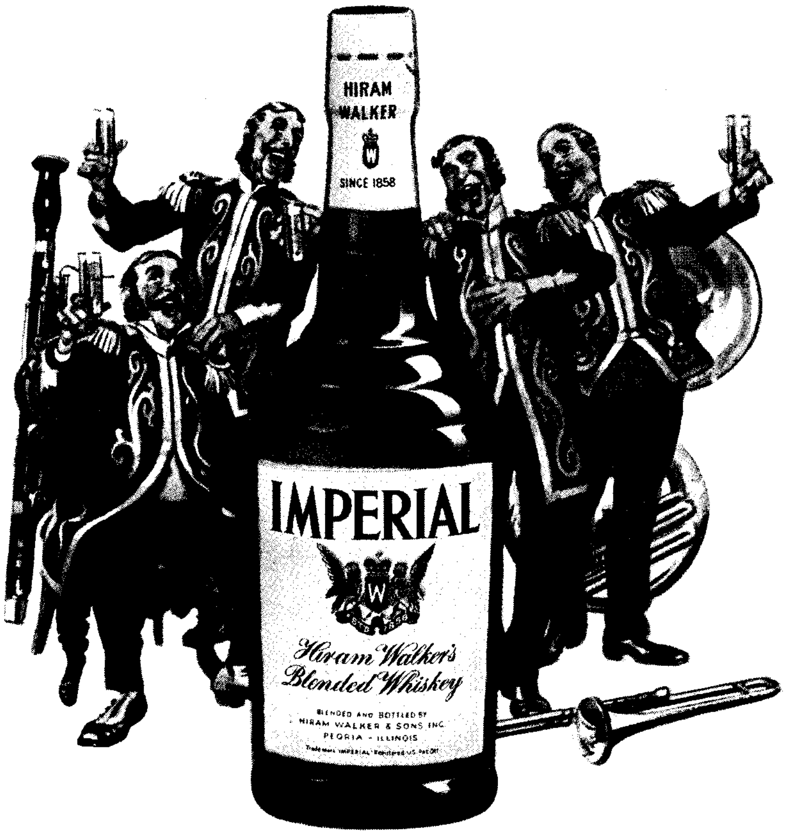
# The old bassoo, the tuba, too–

The old bassoo, the tuba, too,
made music loud and grand

And there was fun for everyone
who joined the old town band.

ALBERT DORNE

That day's gone by—but, friend, don't sigh—
its flavor's still at hand—


HIRAM WALKER
W
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
W
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA · ILLINOIS

Just tell the man you want

# IMPERIAL

**Hiram Walker's 93 years at fine whiskey-making makes Imperial good!**

Blended whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

# Why did you change to CAMELS, LISA KIRK?

"...because I wanted a mild cigarette that wouldn't let me down on flavor! Camels have everything I'd been missing—mildness that agrees with my throat—rare flavor I never found in any other cigarette!"

LISA KIRK

Broadway Singing Star.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

## The Camel 30-Day Test tells you what you've been missing!

Just make the *sensible* smoking test in your "T-Zone" (T for throat, T for taste). You'll prove for yourself how mild a cigarette can be. No tricks—no one-puff experiments—just smoke Camels regularly for 30 days. The 30-Day Camel Mildness Test tells you how well Camels agree with your throat.

Flavor is something else—*over* and *above* mildness. Camels give you *more* flavor—for *more* smoking enjoyment. Your taste will tell you what you've been missing when you change to Camels—as your steady smoke!

Mildness is one thing. Flavor another. Put them together and you have 2 reasons why...

**MORE PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS** than any other cigarette!

**NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS—**

**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING**

CAMELS!

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.